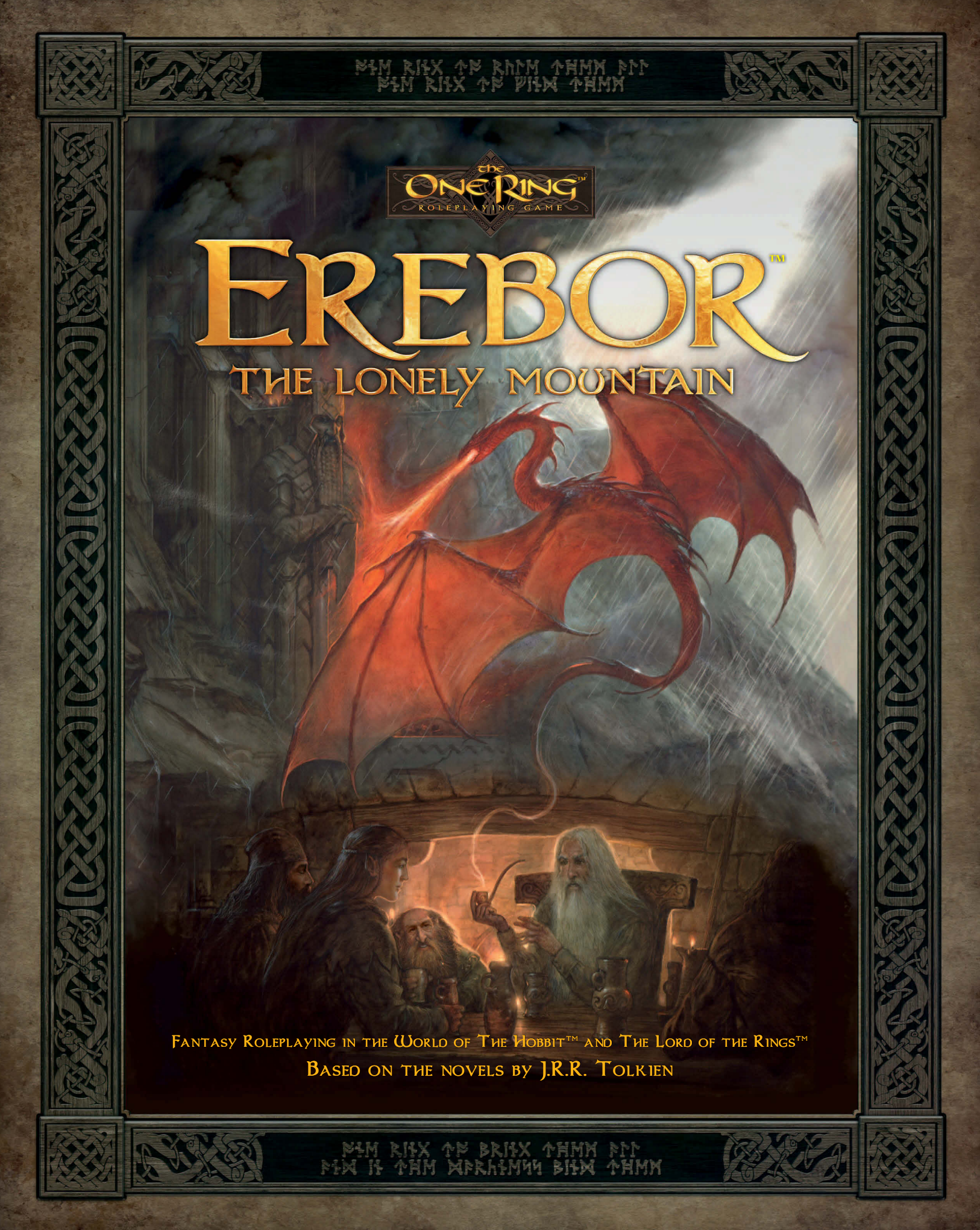
The One Ring™
Roleplaying Game
Erebor™
The Lonely Mountain
Fantasy Roleplaying in the World of The Hobbit™ and The Lord of the Rings™
Based on the novels by J.R.R. Tolkien

- CREDITS -

Written by Gabriel Garcia, Andrew Kenrick, Mark A. Latham, T.S. Luikart, Francesco Nepitello, James M. Spahn and Kenneth Spencer.
***The One Ring* rules designed by** Francesco Nepitello and Marco Maggi.
Additional Rules Development by Amado Angulo

Art Director: Jon Hodgson
Cover Art by John Howe
Art by Jon Hodgson, Sam Manley, and Jan Pospíšil.
Editors: Andrew Kenrick and Francesco Nepitello
Graphic Design and Layout: Paul Bourne
Line Development Team: Jon Hodgson, Robert Hyde, Andrew Kenrick, Dominic McDowall and Francesco Nepitello.
Proofreaders: Ian Grainger-Allen, David Rea and Jacob Rodgers.

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- Introduction -

For many centuries, the lands about the Lonely Mountain were part of the Desolation of Smaug, abandoned by all who feared the Dragon. But since Bard the Bowman slew Smaug, the kingdoms of Erebor and Dale – their fates entwined – are resurgent, their cities rebuilt, their fortunes revived. In the North, there are no greater wonders than Erebor and Dale.

Erebor: The Lonely Mountain takes *The One Ring Roleplaying Game* east of Mirkwood, to the Kingdom under the Mountain and the Kingdom of Dale. As well as describing both the cities of Erebor and Dale, it also details one of the most terrible foes a hero might hope never to face: Dragons.

The first section, **The Kingdom under the Mountain**, describes Erebor, its denizens and the wonders that might be found there. The second section, **Treasure of the Dwarves**, details the artifices of Durin's folk, fabled items crafted with skills now lost to the world.

The third section describes the city of **Dale**, foremost sanctuary of Men in Wilderland, followed by the regions that surround the Mountain, from the Grey Mountains in the north to the Nether Marches in the south-east. Each region contains descriptions of major features and the wildlife that will typically be seen in the area, along with brief accounts of whatever inhabitants dwell there.

The next section, **Concerning Dragons**, describes the Great Worms, kin to Smaug and forever a bane upon Durin's folk. As well as providing ample background and rules for Dragons, it also describes what might be found within a Dragon's hoard, and presents two fully hatched worms.

The War of the Dwarves and Orcs presents a history of the long war between Azog and King Thráin, as well as outlining several ways that a Loremaster might bring its dark legacy to the fore in their own game.

Finally, two new Dwarven Heroic Cultures are presented for play; the **Dwarves of the Iron Hills** and the **Dwarves of the Grey Mountains**.

How to use Erebor: The Lonely Mountain

This supplement is a guide to the places and peoples of this part of Middle-earth, and is an invaluable source of new gaming material that expands upon what has been presented in *The One Ring Roleplaying Game*. It is intended primarily for the Loremaster, who can use this material to greatly enhance an ongoing campaign. Players – especially those playing Dwarven or Barding heroes – may be allowed to read some of this guide, but others should generally refrain from doing so.

The Passing of Years

The material presented in *Erebor: The Lonely Mountain* assumes the year is contemporary with the start of *The One Ring* campaign, 2946 of the Third Age. Smaug has been dead for five years and Dale and Erebor have been rebuilt, but much work still continues. For Loremasters who wish to set their games later, perhaps to use alongside the material in *The Darkening of Mirkwood* campaign, they can do so with little modification.

The Kingdom Under the - Mountain -

It seemed as if darkness flowed out like a vapour from the hole in the mountain-side, and deep darkness in which nothing could be seen lay before their eyes, a yawning mouth leading in and down.

Erebor is the last great stronghold of the House of Durin. Built deep within the Lonely Mountain, it is more than just a city, or a mining complex, or a fortress: it is a palace of gems and marble, a mansion of emerald and iron, a redoubt of diamond and steel. Great streams of gold run through the living rock of its foundations and the columns of its halls are dense as the trees of a forest.

The Lonely Mountain dominates the north-east of Wilderland, standing guard over the Dalelands like a great sentinel, a solitary peak rising between Mirkwood and the Iron Hills. Shaped like a star, with six ridges extending outwards from a central peak, this snow-capped mountain has been the site of bitter struggle, bloodshed, and much toil for many centuries. Other Dwarven holds have risen and fallen, Erebor alone has been reclaimed and rebuilt anew; not once, but twice. Its long history has become legend among the Dwarves, much of its lore has been lost in Dragon-fire; many secrets and dark mysteries may yet lie within the depths of the Mountain, waiting to be rediscovered.

When Smaug finally fell from the skies above Esgaroth, Erebor was once again free, but there weren't many among those who first entered its befouled halls who dared dream of restoring them to their former glory. It took all Dáin Ironfoot's will and energy to transform the blasted peak back into one of the wonders of the North. The old trade routes leading to the Mountain are being reopened; the Men of Dale and Lake-town prosper once more; and peace reigns between Durin's folk and the Elves of Mirkwood. In just a handful of years, the Dwarves have restored the upper levels of their stronghold, while

The Folk of Durin

The Dwarves keep themselves apart from the rest of the Free Peoples and what few of their tales they share with outsiders are strange and sometimes contradictory. Even the Elves know little of them, saving only that they believe the fire of Aulë the Smith burns within all Dwarves, driving them to create cunning things with their hands.

It is held by the Dwarves that their race is divided into seven folks, each one descending from a founding father. Durin was the eldest among the Seven Fathers and the first to awaken in Middle-earth. The kings of his House, known in the Common Tongue as the Longbeards, have always been regarded with a special reverence by all Dwarves.

Durin made his home under the Misty Mountains, in the halls of Khazad-dûm, and the Longbeards dwelt there, building and delving the great city of the Dwarrowdelf. Durin lived an exceedingly long life, even as the Dwarves measure age, so long that he was called 'the Deathless'. Yet he eventually passed away and was buried with great honour in Khazad-dûm.

According to the lore of the Longbeards there seems to be an additional meaning to Durin's fame as the Deathless. For they say that his family line survived the passage of the centuries unbroken, and that five times an heir has been born in the House of the Longbeards who was so alike to his forefather in appearance and manner that he inherited the name of Durin. To this day, many Dwarves hold that this was Durin reborn.

King Dáin of Erebor, the King under the Mountain, is a direct descendant of Durin and the majority of the Dwarves of Erebor are Longbeards, or have permanently aligned themselves with that House, and are collectively known as "Durin's folk".

reopening many of the lower passages and tunnels that were blocked by the Dragon. Yet in recent years it seems that a shadow may again fall over the Lonely Mountain. Even from within their fortified mountain-halls, the Dwarves hear tell of a growing darkness. Doubt festers among those who feast in the well-lit halls of Erebor, as fell creatures gather in the wilds and, they say, smoke rises from Mount Doom far to the south.

A History of Erebor

It is recorded that Dwarves have inhabited the Lonely Mountain since it was first colonised by Thráin the First in the year 1999 of the Third Age. Though it appears that the days of peace may have returned, the history of Erebor is one fraught with conflict.

The Founding of Erebor (1999-2210)

The Dwarves of Erebor were originally from Khazad-dûm, the greatest Dwarf-hold of Middle-earth. However, in the year 1980 of the Third Age, the Dwarves dug too deeply for Mithril beneath their mountain home, and unearthed a terror of the ancient world in the depths beneath the city. King Durin, the sixth to bear that name, was slain. The following year his son, Náin, was killed too and the Dwarves abandoned Khazad-dûm soon after. Darkness and terror filled the halls of Khazad-dûm and it soon bore a new name: Moria, the Black Pit. The Dwarves scattered across Wilderland, seeking new homes. Some followed their new king, Thráin the First, beyond Mirkwood, until at last they settled around the year 1999 in an old mining colony under the Lonely Mountain.

Beneath the Mountain Thráin and his followers delved, finding great riches. The foundations of a new Dwarven mansion were soon laid. King Thráin and his followers laboured incessantly, for they sought to restore the honour of their folk, building a city that was worthy of any of the realms of the Dwarves of old. Their hopes and resolve were rewarded when among the deepest roots of the Lonely Mountain they discovered what would become the greatest treasure of Durin's folk: the Arkenstone, the Heart of the Mountain. Blessing their good fortune, the Dwarves set about their task with redoubled strength and all was well, for a time.

Durin's Bane

The Dwarves do not know what befell Moria, nor indeed, do any of the Wise. The inhabitants of Khazad-dûm know only that an unseen terror struck at them, something that came up out of the mines. They refer to it as "Durin's Bane" as, whatever it was, it killed their King.

Today, many years after the fall, some Dwarves of Erebor believe that the time has come at last to reclaim the halls of Khazad-dûm. But King Dáin once peered into the Black Pit and fears that it would take more than the strength of the Dwarves to free Moria from the evil that now dwells there.

The Desertion of Erebor (2210-2589)

Ten years into the reign of Thorin the First, son of Thráin the Old, the King resolved to remove the royal house of Durin's folk from Erebor to abide in the Grey Mountains. At the time, those peaks were mostly unexplored and their vast riches unexploited, and many Longbeards had already begun gathering there. Collecting his treasures, including the Arkenstone, Thorin and most of the denizens of Erebor left their city and moved to a new mansion. At the time, this decision was celebrated, for too long had the Longbeards been divided, yet it was to prove an ill-fated choice.

The Dwarves prospered in the Grey Mountains for many years, accumulating a great wealth, while Erebor lay unfinished and almost deserted, inhabited only by a few hardy miners. But late in the reign of Náin the Second, a plague of Dragons began to afflict the Dwarves. Those Great Worms dwelt and multiplied in the cold wastes beyond the mountains to the north, and in the year 2570 they began attacking the Dwarves without warning and in greater numbers as time went on.

In the following years, the Dwarves lost many mansions to the greed of Dragons; King Dáin the First himself and his second son Frór were slain before the gates of their own hall by the great Cold-drake, Raenar. Soon after, the Dwarves fled the Grey Mountains. The newly crowned

King Thrór and his followers returned to Erebor, while his younger brother, Grór and some of their folk, went with the King's blessing to the Iron Hills in the east.

The Second Kingdom and the Founding of Dale (2590-2770)

The Dwarves of Erebor thrived under Thrór's rulership; the Arkenstone returned to the Great Hall of Thráin in the deep vaults and their treasure stores soon replenished. Great works were begun beneath the Mountain, as the Dwarves mined and tunnelled and made wider halls and many workshops. The wealth and generosity of the King under the Mountain gained him the friendship of the Northmen living along the River Running; the Dwarves traded them beautiful things, shining weapons and sturdy mail, mainly in exchange for food-supplies. Soon, the town of Dale arose at the foot of the Lonely Mountain, with both peoples greatly profiting by their commerce (see page 34 for the history of Dale). Peace and prosperity reigned for many years, until one fateful day a great shadow flew over the mountain...

The Reign of Smaug (2770-2941)

What possessed the great Dragon Smaug to leave the Grey Mountains and fly south is not known. Perhaps he bore the Dwarves some ill-will that had festered for centuries since the war fought by his kin against the folk of Durin; perhaps he had simply learned of the scale of the Dwarves' wealth beneath Erebor, and was driven by gold-lust as many Dragons are. Whatever the reason, Smaug the Golden, the greatest fire-breathing Dragon of his age, swept down upon the Lonely Mountain like a hurricane. He set the woods about the mountain ablaze, then slaughtered the Dwarves as they came forth from the Front Gate to meet their foe. His fiery breath turned the River Running to steam and, striking from amidst the clouds, he slew the warriors of Dale, including their lord, Girion. Returning to the Mountain, Smaug crawled in through the open gate and left no Dwarf he found alive.

A few of of Durin's folk managed to escape the Dragon's onslaught, including Thrór and his son Thráin, both of whom managed to flee by means of a secret door. Smaug set about sealing the passages of the Mountain, save for the Front Gate, which alone was large enough to allow him access. He gathered the treasures of Erebor into a vast pile within the Great Hall of Thráin, which became his bed. In the years that followed, Smaug drove forth the people of Dale, and ravaged the countryside surrounding the Lonely Mountain for many miles. The region soon became known as the Desolation of Smaug and all who valued their lives avoided it.

The Bitter Years (2770-2941)

Thrór, along with many other Dwarves in exile, set up home far to the south, in Dunland, where they scratched out a meagre living. Bitter and despairing, Thrór passed the last great treasure he possessed, one of the Seven Rings of the Dwarves, to his son Thráin, and taking leave of his kin, journeyed to the gates of Khazad-dûm; in that darkened hall, he was slain by Orcs, and the name of Moria's new king was branded in Dwarven runes upon his brow: Azog. Thráin and his sons, Thorin the Second and Frerin, consumed by rage and grief, called all Dwarves to a great war of vengeance against the Orcs and Goblins that infested the Misty Mountains. The War of the Dwarves and the Orcs is described elsewhere (see page 88), but suffice it to say that more than half of the Dwarf-host perished in the final battle in the valley of Azanulbizar; but vengeance was theirs, for Azog was slain, and the Orcs and Goblins were crushed for long years after.

After the war, the Dwarves dared not enter Moria and reclaim their lost realm. Instead, they chose exile again and dispersed. Thráin and Thorin, now called the Oakenshield, for defending himself with a stout branch when his shield failed him at Azanulbizar, wandered west with their people into Eriador, eventually repairing north to a modest mansion along the eastern edge of the Blue Mountains. Long years of hard labour followed, and the folk in exile prospered in small measure, slowly increasing their wealth and numbers.

At last, in the year 2845, Thráin left the Blue Mountains with a small party, including the brothers Balin and Dwalin. Travelling east, a hard rain drove them to camp under the eaves of Mirkwood and, in the morning, Thráin was gone, never to be seen again by his kin. Unbeknownst to the Dwarves, the King of Durin's folk had been captured by emissaries of the Dark Lord Sauron and dragged to the fortress of Dol Guldur. There, the Dwarf-lord was tortured and Sauron reclaimed the last of the seven Dwarf-rings, before leaving Thráin in the dungeons to rot. Several years later, while searching the abandoned fortress, Gandalf

the Grey came upon a dying Thráin, who was so weak and crazed that he could not even remember his own name. Thráin gave Gandalf his last two possessions: the key to Erebor and the map to the Lonely Mountain, and died shortly thereafter. Gandalf left the Dwarf without learning his identity, an ignominious end for a king.

The Quest for Erebor and the Battle of Five Armies (2941)

Many years later, Gandalf encountered Thorin Oakenshield in Bree, seemingly by chance. There, Gandalf realized the Dwarf he had encountered in Dol Guldur had to have been Thráin, and in Thorin, he saw a way to remove the Dragon from the Lonely Mountain and restore the Dwarves to Erebor. Together, the Grey Wizard and the Dwarf-lord crafted a plan to retake the Lonely Mountain.

Thorin and Company crossed Wilderland through many dangers, but managed to reach the Back Door to Erebor on Durin's Day of the year 2941. The Hobbit Bilbo Baggins stole into the Mountain, where he discovered that the diamond waistcoat of Smaug the Golden was not without flaw. As Smaug destroyed Lake-town, he was slain by Bard the Bowman, descendant of Girion. The Lonely Mountain was freed from the Dragon.

After Smaug's death, Thorin's Company claimed the treasure as theirs by birthright, and declared Thorin King under the Mountain. However, Bard and Thranduil, the Elvenking of Mirkwood, each demanded a portion of the treasure as reimbursement for the damage that Smaug had inflicted upon their ancestral homes and people; Thorin, seized by Dragon-sickness, refused them. Thorin's cousin, Dáin Ironfoot, arrived at the Mountain from the Iron Hills with his own forces, summoned by Roäc the Raven. Bolstered by Dáin's presence, Thorin declared it his intention to go to war with the Elves of Mirkwood and the Men of Esgaroth, who began to gather in great numbers outside the Lonely Mountain, set on besieging the Dwarves. All might have gone differently indeed, if not for a sudden attack by an army of Orcs and other foul creatures led by Bolg, son of Azog. Realising their common foe, the Free Peoples stood together against them in the Battle of Five Armies. Though the army of Elves, Men, Dwarves and, at the last, Eagles, was victorious, Thorin received a mortal wound, and his nephews Fili and Kili died defending him. With his dying words, Thorin renounced his own selfishness and greed, so parting from Bilbo Baggins in friendship. Thorin was entombed beneath the Lonely Mountain, the Arkenstone given into his keeping, and the ancient sword Orcrist placed upon his breast.

The Restoration of Erebor (2941 - present)

With the death of Thorin, it was left to his cousin Dáin Ironfoot to take up the mantle of King under the

Mountain. King Dáin became an ally and, soon, a friend of Bard the Dragon-slayer, now acclaimed as the new lord of Dale. Together, the two set about building their kingdoms. Dáin sent word to all the scattered exiles of Durin's folk that Erebor was theirs once more and, slowly, they began to return to the Lonely Mountain.

As more and more Dwarves flocked to the Kingdom under the Mountain, the great rebuilding began. To this day countless new chambers have been excavated, old tunnels reopened, treasure reclaimed, statues repaired or carved anew, and the halls have slowly been restored to their former glory. The work continues still, with new halls being opened and new expansion projects planned yearly.

Though much has been renewed, King Dáin ordered the Great Hall of Thráin cleared of all wealth, cleansed of the Dragon's reek, and then left empty, for Smaug slept there far too long and whispers of his dark dreams yet remain. Vacant, silent and still the Great Hall of Thráin lies now, a reminder of all that was lost, even as Erebor rises strong and secure once more.

Erebor

Between the two southerly spurs of the Lonely Mountain lies a dark cavernous opening, from which the thundering waters of the River Running surge. On either side of that cleft, stand massive pillars of ornately engraved stone, each one carved out of the living rock of the Mountain itself.

The mouth of the cavern is not just a hole in the cliff-wall, but a mighty arch, formed from huge blocks of carefully placed marble. Some of the stones here are pristine, others have been scorched by fires so hot that they partially melted. Beneath the arch is a set of massive wooden gates braced with dark metal, opening to a wide passageway paved with stones so well-laid, that a slip of parchment cannot be placed into the seams between them.

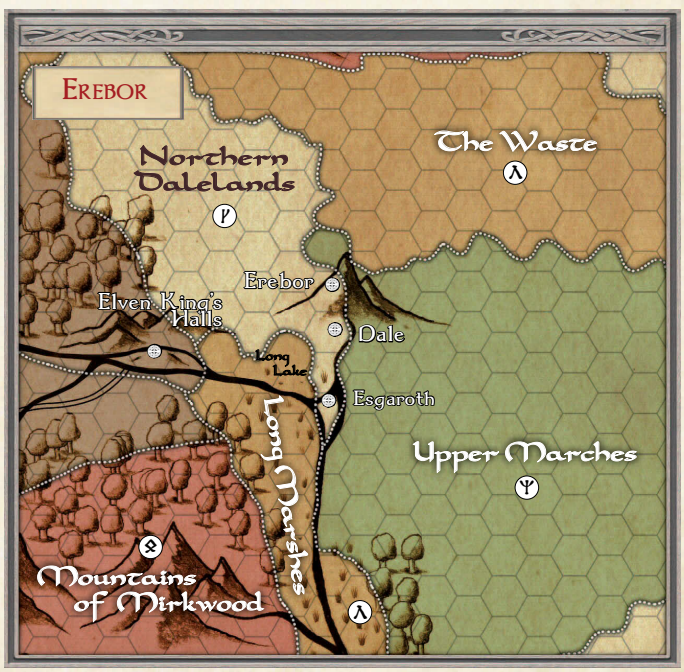
Before the gates stand Dwarven warriors clad in shining mail, firm and resolute, with hard eyes and searching looks for all that wish to enter the realm of Dáin, King under the Mountain, stronghold of Durin's folk, the Kingdom of Erebor.

The Last Home of the Dwarves

A visitor entering Erebor through the Front Gate for the first time will be awe-struck by the sight within. What lies beyond its monumental threshold is no cold, gloomy mine, but a royal mansion, spread across many levels and lit by huge lanterns, innumerable torches and sunlight from reflecting mirrors. It is a vast kingdom filled with halls and chambers, workshops and treasuries, and crossed by underground streets, tunnels, alleys and squares, stretching for many miles into the depths of the Mountain.

It is hard to believe at first that Erebor is an underground hold, although the lack of blue skies above and the scent of earth on the air may at long last prove stifling to those who favour the sight of distant mountains and open meadows. For a Dwarf, however, even one who has never before set foot inside Erebor, the subterranean city feels like home. The tough bones of the Lonely Mountain under their feet, the heat and smoke of the furnace, the smiting of hammers on countless anvils, and the scrape of tools against rock; everything conspires to make even the most itinerant Dwarf want to set down roots.

The most important city of the Dwarves of Durin's folk in the Third Age is divided into the Upper Halls, the Lower Halls, the Deeps and the buildings rising on the Mountain's Sides.



Erebor - The Lonely Mountain

1 - The Front Gate
2 - The Great Chamber of Thrór
3 - The Great Hall of Thráin
4 - The Back Door
5 - The Chamber of Mazarbul under Erebor
6 - Tomb of Thorin Oakenshield
7 - The River Running
8 - Ravenhill
9 - Dale

Entering the Lonely Mountain

Since the reclamation of Erebor, travel to the Lonely Mountain is relatively safe. Dale thrives once more, as does Lake-town, which was built wholly anew after Smaug's death. Entering the fortified mountain-city, however, is not such an easy task. Dwarves are often suspicious, and the dark days of Smaug have done nothing to ameliorate their spirit. Erebor is guarded ceaselessly, and ravens can be seen circling the skies above the Mountain and the surrounding region at any hour. The Front Gate is closed soon after nightfall, and a strong garrison surveys all who pass through it during the day. Those expecting a warm welcome from the Dwarves of the Lonely Mountain are in for a bitter surprise.

- Dwarves of any house not currently dwelling in the Lonely Mountain are welcome to visit Erebor, though if they wish to stay, or acquire a home or workshop, they must show what skills they have to offer their peers. A Craft skill rating of 3 or more, or a Valour score of 4 or more, is sufficiently impressive to grant them a place.

- Merchants and traders who show up at the Front Gate are invariably turned away and instead directed to the townships of Dale and Esgaroth, as is anyone seeking an apprenticeship with a Dwarf-smith. Only a handful of young Bardings are granted the privilege of entering Erebor on a regular basis, as they are pupils coming to visit their masters thanks to special agreements, often tied to promises and favours tracing back to the days of the Battle of the Five Armies.

- Adventurers who wish to enter Erebor for the first time must be accompanied by someone who has already access to the Dwarven realm – either a Dwarf of Erebor or a patron who is respected in the Mountain (Gandalf or Beorn, for example). Otherwise, they will be refused admittance.

- Everyone else wishing to enter the Kingdom under the Mountain is stopped at the Gate and asked to give a reason for their visit. Wanderers moved by idle curiosity are not granted access, as is anyone not travelling to Erebor on an official errand from some friend of the Dwarves.

- Companions who have the King under the Mountain as a patron may send word to him at the gate and ask for permission to enter.

Normally, when someone is granted admittance they are not allowed to go beyond the Upper Halls of Erebor. Anyone caught trespassing will be imprisoned.

The Upper Halls

The locales found in the upper levels of Erebor are for the most part the largest and most impressive. They were built to instil fear and reverence into the hearts of those who crossed the threshold of the Kingdom under the Mountain. But as with a floating mountain of ice, the Upper Halls are just a small part of the great realm of the Dwarves.

The Front Gate

The Front Gate of Erebor stands as a great monument to the power and skill of the Dwarves. It is a tall arch, wide enough to allow the march of many Dwarves abreast, cut from the formidable rock of the mountainside. A large, high bridge leads to it, and from the roadway a traveller can look out right across the River Running, down into the valley where Dale rises, and beyond to the south.

The sheer scale of the Front Gate, while providing an intimidating bulwark for many centuries, contributed to the downfall of Erebor in 2770. As the only portal wide enough to grant him ingress, Smaug the Golden assaulted the Front Gate and used it to enter the Dwarf-citadel, reducing the wondrous underground kingdom to ruin. Smaug eventually sealed all other gates into Erebor that he could find, the better to protect his ill-gotten hoard.

Upon Dáin's coronation, the King decreed that every Dwarf leaving the Kingdom under the Mountain on business should return one year hence, bringing marble suitable for building, as tribute to the kingdom. As an exemplary gesture, Dáin brought a huge block of red porphyry from his own home in the Iron Hills and used it as the Front Gate's new lintel. Even though Dáin's order has since been lifted, entering the Front Gate bringing a small piece of marble is considered a token of respect and two large piles of these "marble offerings" now lie on either side of the hall immediately past the gate. All who pass through the Gate of Erebor do so under the watchful eyes of the guards under the orders of Dwalin, one of the renowned members of Thorin's Company. A vast system of pulleys and wheels allows the mighty doors to be opened and closed with great speed. Beyond the gate, the Main Road of Erebor plunges into the depths of the Mountain.

The "Stone Guard"

The warriors that keep guard over the Gate and streets of Erebor are stout Dwarves, old veterans of many wars. They all have seen some two hundred winters or more, and are on indefinite leave from their King, free to mind their families and personal businesses. It is entirely of their own will that they have taken up the duty of keeping a watch over their underground home, under the nominal lead of Dwalin, their eldest. Equipped with their most trusted gear, mended mail coats and notched axes and shields, they are affectionately referred to as the 'Stone Guard', as opposed to the famed Iron Guard of the King under the Mountain.

Attribute level:	6
Specialities:	Erebor-lore
Distinctive Features:	Robust, Stern
Relevant skills:	Axe ♦♦♦, Awareness ♦♦♦, Search ♦♦
Endurance:	18

The River Running

Alongside the passage that runs through the Front Gate flows a rushing stream, the source of the River Running. Its boiling waters are funnelled into a narrow channel that splits into two arms at the Gate, letting the river descend beneath the bridge outside in two falls before flowing in a wide loop around Dale and back to the southern spur.

The river then flows towards the Long Lake, where the Men of Lake-town ply their trade, starting the long course that will bring its waters across Rhovanion and thence east to the Sea of Rhûn, past the land of Dorwinion. Even after the arrival of the Dragon at the Lonely Mountain and the exile of the Dwarves, the River Running remained an important trading route for the Elves of Mirkwood, the old town of Esgaroth and many of the lands to the south.

Now, the great bridge to the Front Gate is restored, and the waterfalls that feed the River Running cascade from the Mountain, forming a natural defence for the Dwarf-hold and a means of hauling heavy trade goods to the docks of Dale. The river has once more become the lifeblood of prosperity in the region.

The Great Chamber of Thrór

The Great Chamber of Thrór is the seat of the King under the Mountain. Lying a short distance from the Main Road leading to the Front Gate, the pulsating heart of Erebor is a wide feast-hall, hewn from a large, natural cave, but decorated with such skill that each corner of it is filled with sculptures and graven runes providing the finest examples of Dwarven stone-craft.

It is here that Dwarves and emissaries come to pledge their allegiance to the King, while great gatherings are held on feast days, to eat and drink, sing and cheer. At other times, the King holds his council within the hall. Then, both entrances to the Great Chamber are set under heavy guard until the council's business is complete.

When the great restoration works began, the King made it a point of honour not only to bring the hall back to its former glory, but to surpass it. The chamber's high roof echoes once more to the sound of the King's speeches, the songs of his warriors and the cheers of the Dwarves. The seat of the King under the Mountain dominates the hall, set against the great Cup of Thrór, a huge golden chalice that is one of the most valuable treasures in the hold.

The hall is accessed by large, gold-chased doors of foot-thick oak at the front and rear. Those to the front lead eventually to the Main Road that runs through the Front Gate. Those behind the Cup of Thrór lead down to a long series of stairs and passages, and thence to the Great Hall of Thráin, which was where the Arkenstone was once kept. Off to the side of the hall lie a series of functional rooms: a council room for the most secret meetings or private

The King's Council

The King under the Mountain rules over a fractious folk, a congregation of many different clans that have not been subject to a crown for many centuries. For every clan there are a dozen chieftains, and many ill-tempered warriors, and even more smiths and miners used to carrying out their duties following the instructions of no one but themselves. But Durin's folk are once again united, and everyone must learn to work together if the kingdom is to be preserved.

With this goal in mind, the King regularly calls for a council to deal with any problem or concern affecting Erebor as a whole. While Dáin ultimately decides what will be done, those summoned to attend are called to offer the King useful advice on the matter at hand, from the smelting of ore, to the troubles of the miners and to the brewing of good beer.

The council's greatest worth lies in helping to mediate the disagreements between the various divisions of Dwarves working under the Mountain. All the major groups within Erebor are asked to send representatives: the miners, the smiths and the merchants all send several members, representing different factions within those groups. Many important and influential Dwarf advisors are also called to appear at the council, including various members of Thorin's Company.

The full council meets rarely, as there are few issues that require everyone to be present and even on such occasions, many of its members prefer to be about their work, and will often send apprentices to speak for them. On the rare occasions that the King has desired to see the full council, Dáin has had to send members of the Iron Guard to roust some of them from their workshops.

Companions who bring grave or important news to the attention of the Lonely Mountain may be summoned before the council to discuss what they have learned. Indeed, a Dwarf of high Standing and Wisdom may be asked to sit upon the council.

audiences with the King; a vast kitchen and adjoining pantry in which feasts are prepared; a guardroom and armoury; and the King's private library, from which few but the King himself know that a secret passage leads out to the eastern slopes of the Mountain.

The Iron Guard

> The dwarves are exceedingly strong for their height, but most of these were strong even for dwarves. In battle they wielded heavy two-handed mattocks... their beards were forked and plaited and thrust into their belts... and their faces were grim.

The King's personal bodyguard is composed of tough Dwarves of the Iron Hills, and new recruits continue to be drawn from the finest warriors from Dáin's former home. Many among those of superior rank are close kin to the King, cousins and nephews of different degrees of lineage.

Every visitor admitted to the Chamber of Thrór is subject to their stern gaze, seen glowering from behind their grim iron face-masks, wrought to be hideous to behold. The bodyguards of the King are known as the 'Iron Guard', a testament not only to their homeland, but also to their will and courage, even if some would say that their monicker betrays that their loyalty is not to the Kingdom under the Mountain, but to its current king: Dáin, the Ironfoot.

Attribute level:	6
Specialities:	Erebor-lore, Orc-lore
Distinctive Features:	Grim, Hardy, Honourable
Relevant skills:	Mattock ♦♦♦
Endurance:	26

The Lower Halls

It might be said that the true home of Durin's folk lies in the Lower Halls of Erebor. Here, the extension of the excavations is astounding, and the number of rooms, chambers and halls is beyond measure. The life of the Dwarves of the Mountain thrives in the depths, away from the light of the sun and the prying eyes of strangers.

Stángard

The main residential district of Erebor is called *Stángard* in the tongue of the Northmen used by the Dwarves of the Mountain (meaning "Stone enclosure", or "Stone court"). It can be compared to a wide township, consisting of many homes, shops, drinking halls and counting-houses. Six wide, winding stairways stretch out from a central square, one for each spur of the Mountain, each one leading to a different part of Stángard. The stairways are numbered, the First Stair being the one leading to the part of the city lying below the Southern Spur of the Lonely Mountain, the one pointing in the direction of lost Khazad-dûm (despite its name, the ridge is oriented to the south-west).

The great part of the Dwarves of Erebor live in Stángard, and from here they descend daily into the chambers and shafts known as "The Deeps" to mine for ore and gems; others head into the many workshops and furnaces of the Mountain to craft the wondrous jewellery, weapons and armour for which Erebor is justly famed.

When not going about their business, which can be rare in Durin's folk, for they have a tendency to bury themselves in their crafts, many Dwarves spend their time in the square that forms the centre of Stángard. Here is where food-supplies are bought and drink can always be found, for the Dwarves work the mines and foundries of Erebor in great ongoing shifts throughout the day and night, resulting in hungry and thirsty miners and smiths coming off work at nearly every hour. Dwarven voices raised in song continually ring out of lively drinking halls here, to be stilled only rarely by a tale well told.

Except for fellow Dwarves, few visitors ever walk the carven streets of Stángard, or see the rare Dwarf-children run between the stalls and shops of the square, or hear the tinkling of small tools as delicate jewellery is crafted by the Folk of Durin as a pleasant way to pass the time.

The Great Hall of Thráin

This vast chamber was once Erebor's main hall for feasting and celebration, and also where the finest of the Mountain's treasures was kept safe: the Arkenstone. That was before the coming of Smaug, who chose to make this his lair, lying on his bed of gold and gems amongst the bodies of the dead. The Great Hall is no longer filled with the riches of Erebor; they have all been moved to smaller, safer vaults and the hall cleansed as best the Dwarves can. The Great Hall lies often empty now, a dark place deemed unwholesome still by King Dáin, used mainly as a passageway between other halls.

The Great Hall of Thráin can be accessed down many long stairs and winding passages from the Great Chamber of Thrór, and also from the secret Back Door in the side of the Mountain. Other passages lead away from the Great Hall to artisan workshops, vaults filled with treasure, and the Chamber of Mazarbul under Erebor. The side-chambers of the Great Hall have also been cleared, and it is here, in silent repose, that Thorin Oakenshield's tomb lies.

The Forges

The "Forges" are a general reference that Durin's folk make to the many smithies, workshops and furnaces spread among the depths of the Lonely Mountain. There are forges of various kinds on every level of the Lower Halls. Those of the deeper levels tend to be furnaces where precious metals, iron, and steel are smelted and worked. The forges nearest to the residential district of Stángard are often the workshops of jewellers, engravers and stone-cutters. In the higher levels of the Lower Halls reside the laboratories of toy-makers and those rare Dwarves who pursue some of the more esoteric of their crafts, such as the carving of certain special runes and the writing of moon-letters.

The Smiths of Erebor

The countless workshops of the Lower Halls ring day and night with the sound of smiths' hammers and the tinkling of small tools scraping over stone. Though the metalwork of the smiths of Erebor is not as majestic as their forefathers', they still make armour and weapons that are the envy of the best smiths of Men. In stonework though, their skills may yet surpass those of their ancestors. While the Folk of Durin are completely loyal to King Dáin, they still guard the secrets of their respective crafts quite carefully.

Attribute level: 5
Specialities: Smith-craft or Stone-craft
Distinctive Features: Steadfast, Secretive
Relevant skills: Craft ♦♦♦♦

The Back Door

In a hidden, steep-walled bay, nestled between the two westernmost spurs of the Lonely Mountain, can be found a disused path – an overgrown trail of rough-hewn steps that winds its way up the mountainside, to a narrow, grassy ledge. This ledge is known only to a few as "the Doorstep", for it marks the location of a secret door, once known only to the line of Dwarf-kings of Erebor.

From the outside, the Back Door has been cunningly concealed to blend into the natural rock face; all but impossible to find, and even harder to open except with the Key to Erebor. From the inside, however, it can be opened more readily – if not easily. Despite the door's weight, it swings silently, and the passageway beyond is smooth-sided and smooth-floored, gently descending eventually to the Great Hall of Thráin. It is likely, then, that the original intent of the door was as a secret escape route for the King under the Mountain in the event of a siege, whereupon he, his family and his guards could leave Erebor undetected, with the greatest of their treasures in tow.

The Chamber of Mazarbul under Erebor

Beyond the Great Hall of Thráin, protected by a sturdy stone door, lies a wide rectangular hall. This chamber holds the great library and records of the Dwarves of Erebor. Ignored by Smaug (for he could smell no gold here) the hall holds books, stone tablets, ledgers, scrolls, and annals stretching back to well before the foundations of the Lonely Mountain. The dry air of the chamber serves as an excellent preservative for the paper here and many of the centuries-old books appear as if they were recently written. Dwarves are always on the lookout for ancient manuscripts of their folk to bring to this hall, and would pay handsomely any adventurer who would

return from the ruins of a fallen mansion of the Dwarves with any sort of document. Little by little, Munin, the Keeper of Records, is adding to the collection with great care and reverence, hoping that the time will come when the chamber will be the greatest repository of knowledge in the North.

The Tomb of Thorin Oakenshield

Though Thorin succeeded in liberating Erebor from the clutches of Smaug, he fell in the Battle of Five Armies. The returning Dwarves constructed a great tomb for their fallen hero, set in an ante-room accessed through the Great Hall of Thráin. Here, Bard the Bowman and Thranduil of the Elves visited the fallen Thorin to pay their last respects. Bard placed the Arkenstone upon Thorin's breast, where it lies still. Thranduil placed Orcrist at Thorin's side, where it will emit a brilliant glow if Erebor is ever again endangered by Orcs and their foul kin.

Visiting Thorin's Tomb

They buried Thorin deep beneath the Mountain, and Bard laid the Arkenstone upon his breast.

Any hero visiting Erebor might wish to pay a tribute to Thorin Oakenshield, the fallen hero of the Battle of Five Armies. Many among those who live in Wilderland today owe their freedom to him, not only those belonging to the folk of Durin. But his last actions tell of a tormented soul consumed by the Dragon-sickness, who finally made peace with himself and his friends looking for, and finding, a heroic death.Visitors wishing to see the final resting place of Thorin are led through the Great Hall of Thráin, where Smaug once dwelt on his bed of gold, and thence to the side-chamber that houses the Dwarf-lord's magnificent tomb, adorned with the Arkenstone itself and the Elven blade of his sword Orcrist.

- When a hero visits the tomb of Thorin for the first time, he receives 1 point of Hope if his Valour score is higher than his Wisdom. Otherwise, he receives 1 extra Experience point at the end of the session. If the hero's Wisdom and Valour are matched, the player chooses his boon.

The Arkenstone of Thráin

"That stone of all the treasure I name unto myself, and I will be avenged on anyone who finds it and withholds it."

Found in the deep mines of Erebor in the earliest days of the Dwarf-hold's founding, this pale jewel – known as "the Heart of the Mountain" – is the greatest treasure ever unearthed by the Dwarves. The skill of the Dwarf-smiths transformed the already beautiful stone into a fist-sized orb, with a thousand flawless facets; it shines with an inner luminescence, but when the merest sliver of outer light falls upon it, it gleams like water in the sunlight, shot through with the colours of the rainbow.

In the centuries after its discovery, the Arkenstone became an heirloom of the Kings of Durin's folk. Thráin's son, Thorin, carried it away into the Grey Mountains where it remained until King Thrór brought it back to the Great Hall of Thráin. When the Dragon Smaug sacked Erebor, the Arkenstone was thought lost, lying among Smaug's treasure trove in the bottommost cellar until Bilbo Baggins discovered it and gave it to Bard. After the Battle of Five Armies, enmity was set aside between the leaders of the Dwarves, Elves and Men, and Bard of Dale placed the Heart of the Mountain in Thorin's tomb. Nearly a thousand years after its discovery, the Arkenstone is buried once more beneath the Lonely Mountain.

The Arkenstone is a Wondrous Artefact with a Greater Blessing of Awe (See *Rivendell*, page 107).

The Deeps

As they had with Khazad-dûm before it, when the Dwarves first colonised Erebor they began delving deep into the caverns under the Mountain. Beneath it, the Dwarves found gold and precious stones in abundance, and over the centuries the scale of the mines grew along with their fame. Yet, the Dwarves that delved here did so

with memories of Moria and have have exercised greater caution in how deep they are willing to go.

The mines are organised into many 'deeps', which range from simple shafts where the Dwarves work for ore and gemstones, to large vaults, storerooms, cellars and workshops. In some deeps, great smelters work night and day, producing ingots for the forge halls high above. Other deeps produce coins of silver and gold.

The heart of the deeps is a huge central shaft, filled with great spans of stone stretching between various dig sites. Mines of every shape, size and type are bored out from this shaft, though many are presently filled in or collapsed. Since the restoration of the hold, only a fraction of the old mines have resumed operation, but even so it is an impressive venture. Some of the closed shafts are still marked with ancient warning runes. They lead to far older caverns that were blocked in the time of Thorin the First, possibly to protect Durin's folk from terrors burrowing in the depths. None still live who can remember what, if anything, lies down those dark tunnels, but some whisper of unquiet spirits and scuttling monsters, and about the earth itself opening up to gobble down trespassers. Sentries patrol the bridges of the central shaft and the disused tunnels regularly, lest something hideous stir beneath the earth and catch Erebor unaware.

The Mountain's Sides

While the delver mines in the depths of Erebor, the mason builds atop its summit. The Dwarves have started a number of construction endeavours upon the sides of the Lonely Mountain that will keep them busy for decades to come and that will surely make the house of the folk of Durin one of the wonders of the North.

Thráin's Towers

The most ambitious of all of the projects of the Dwarves of Erebor has been under way since the refounding of the realm. The foundations of six identical watchtowers have been laid in the living stone of the stony ridges that make up the Lonely Mountain, and unprecedented fundings are being set aside for their construction. For their purpose will not simply be that of giving the dwellers of the Lonely Mountain a warning should enemies approach their fastness, but to give them a weapon against their direst of enemies: the Dragons.

The objective of King Dáin is to create a chamber inside each tower capable of capturing the winds, in the manner of those built of old by the Dwarves of the Grey Mountains. Under the right combination of air currents, these "Chambers of Winds" were known to resonate mightily, creating a thunderous dirge capable of deafening and keeping away the Worms of the North.

But the secrets of their construction seem to escape the grasp of the most cunning engineers of Durin's folk; complex calculations are being made in great secret every day, and countless drafts for the structure of Thráin's Towers have been drawn and discarded. Maybe some specification about the materials to be used has been lost, or maybe magic was employed and no trace of its use survived in the records? With each passing day, King Dáin considers with more attention the counsel of those who suggest that an expedition be organised to go and find an intact "Chamber of the Winds", to examine... (Loremasters should see *Tales from Wilderland*, pg. 153.)

The Ice Terrace

High upon the southern slope of the Lonely Mountain, a mere bowshot down from the heights where the snow does not melt, the first of many planned terraces has been carved out of the mountainside. The Ice Terrace overlooks much of Wilderland. Looking down from its lofty position, one can easily see Dale far below, Lake-town to the south, and the dark reaches of Mirkwood stretching out to the south and west. Yet the terrace was not built for peering down, but for gazing up. The Ice Terrace is both Erebor's observatory, used for charting the course of stars and the moon, and its most unusual workshop. A large portion of the terrace holds an enclosed laboratory with a ceiling of clear crystal. Here, moon-letters are engraved, and the lights of the night sky are sometimes caught by master stonecutters in cunningly wrought gems.

Ravenhill

An outlying height at the extremity of Erebor's great southern spur, Ravenhill is the site of a large guard-tower directly overlooking the River Running and the city of Dale.

The height takes its name from the long-lived ravens that roost above the watchpost's chambers. At the time of the

destruction of Erebor, the chief of these magnificent birds was Carc, known by the Dwarves to be exceptionally wise and, like many of his kind, capable of speech. When Thorin returned to the Lonely Mountain 171 years later, Carc was dead, but the ravens remained, led by his son, the ancient and balding Roäc (see page 19).

The ravens of the hill have always been loyal allies of the Dwarves, relaying messages and secret tidings for Durin's folk in exchange for gold and trinkets to scatter about their mountainside nests. Those Dwarf warriors who man the guard-post today are chosen from amongst the bird-friends of Erebor, so as to maintain good terms with the ancient ravens who provide the Kingdom under the Mountain with far-ranging spies.

Dwarf companions who have befriended a *Raven of the Mountain* will always find a warm welcome here, and can find out much that has been learnt by the winged denizens of Ravenhill.

Notable Characters

Since the refounding of the Kingdom under the Mountain, Erebor has become home to a host of mighty and revered lords of the Dwarves. To rub shoulders with such heroes is a singular honour extended to few, and their very presence in the Lonely Mountain brings renown to the hold.

Dáin Ironfoot, King under the Mountain

There now Dáin son of Náin took up his abode, and he became King under the Mountain, and in time many other Dwarves gathered to his throne in the ancient halls.

Dáin Ironfoot, son of Náin and cousin to Thorin, is now King under the Mountain. Once lord of the Iron Hills, he has ruled over Erebor since the death of his cousin Thorin Oakenshield following the Battle of Five Armies, and has overseen an unprecedented period of peace and prosperity for the Dwarves of the Lonely Mountain.

King Dáin is stern and proud, known throughout the land as a strong ruler. He has forged peace not only with the Men of Lake-town but also the Elves of Mirkwood, and he became famed for his generosity. By replenishing the long-dwindled wealth of Durin's folk and brokering alliances with his neighbours, Dáin has assured Erebor's position as the mightiest stronghold in the North. He does, however, remain suspicious of his new allies; he has a deep mistrust of Elves, and while he trusts Bard, he is wary of the weakness of Men as far as the temptations of the Shadow are concerned.

Dáin came to prominence as a mere stripling during the War of the Dwarves and Orcs, and he joined the fray in the battle at Azanulbizar. His father was killed by the great Orc, Azog, at the east entrance of Moria, and the young Dáin, filled with rage, raced up the steps of the gate and slew Azog where he stood. Such a feat from one so young was seen as near-impossible, and that single act of martial prowess and courage turned the battle in the Dwarves' favour. However, when the Dwarves looked to their new lord for their orders, Dáin showed the sage judgement that he has carried into rulership ever since. He looked into the darkness of Moria, and knew that, even with the Orcs driven out, it was no longer a home for Dwarves. He led his people away from Khazad-dûm, never to return.

Dáin Ironfoot maintains the proud traditions of a warrior-king; he keeps his friends close and his enemies closer, the crown placed upon his troubled brow, his war gear always ready.

Encountering Dáin

Dáin is almost two centuries old, but as any hale Dwarf-lord he is not so old that he can no longer swing an axe or instil respect in those around him. He is stout, even for a Dwarf, and it is clear to all who meet him that great strength still flows through his limbs. His plaited red hair and forked beard are streaked through with silver, and his wrinkled skin is tough and leathery. He looks every inch the warrior-born, and yet in conversation he is measured, insightful and quietly spoken. Even though he now has a Mithril crown upon his head, he still wears the humble iron-shod shoes of a miner. Like all Dwarves he is direct, yet he is not without either patience or subtlety. Unlike some of his kind he is reluctant to cause offence and slow to anger – though there is no doubt that it would be unwise to raise his ire.

When not within his private quarters in the upper levels of the mountain, Dáin is most often found in the Great Chamber of Thrór, holding council or presiding over his official duties. Sometimes he reads alone late at night in the Chamber of Mazarbul, paces the bottommost cellar or stands for many hours beside Thorin's Tomb.

A hero may request an audience with the King under the Mountain, but Dáin is a stickler for formality and does not grant his time lightly. More likely, a hero will be summoned to Dáin's presence, coming to the King's attention due to some great deed, or given some task to complete to prove his allegiance to the Lonely Mountain. A public audience, to pay tribute or swear fealty, is undertaken in the Great Chamber of Thrór, with the Dwarf council and the Iron Guard in attendance. If the Hero has earned a private audience, however, he will be taken to the council-room or some other chamber while business is discussed.

Dáin as a Patron

It is not easy to win the confidence of a Dwarf, let alone one who has seen as much battle and toil as Dáin Ironfoot. It is harder still to mislead, flatter or trick him, for his steely eyes seem to penetrate the very heart of all who linger in his presence. For those he trusts, and those who are honest, Dáin is a warm host and shrewd advisor, but he has many demands on his time – a sure way to fall out of his favour is to bother him repeatedly with trivialities. Companies that have King Dáin as a Patron may come and go from Erebor as they like, though they are expected to act with proper decorum at all times.

Attribute level:	8
Specialities:	Erebor-lore, Orc-lore
Distinctive Features:	Proud, Stern
Relevant skills:	Axe ♦♦♦♦, Battle ♦♦♦♦, Courtesy ♦♦♦, Insight ♦♦♦♦, Persuade ♦♦♦
Endurance:	28

Munin, Keeper of Records

A venerable Dwarf of many winters, Munin is the head archivist of the Chamber of Marzabul under Erebor. Lore of the elder days that exists nowhere else in the North, save perhaps the halls of Rivendell, lies within his charge. Companions with the support of King Dáin, or another noteworthy Dwarf, may be able to get his assistance in researching old records, as his memory remains quite sharp, though he is short with outsiders and any he considers to be wasting his time. Munin has a long white beard that just touches the floor. He is thrilled beyond speech that Erebor was recovered when he feared it lost forever. Unfortunately, despite his amazing grasp of ancient lore, dealing with Munin can be trying; at his advanced age (well over 200) his hearing is failing, however, he refuses to accept this and abhors shouting as he believes it implies disrespect. Those talking with Munin have to raise their voices high enough to be heard, but not so high as to make him think he is being yelled at.

Attribute level:	4
Specialities:	Old lore
Distinctive Features:	Gruff, Steadfast
Relevant skills:	Lore ♦♦♦♦

Roäc the Raven

The chief of the great ravens of Ravenhill, Roäc is ancient even for one of his kind. When Thorin and company came to Erebor for vengeance upon Smaug, Roäc was already more than 150 years old, and marked by age.

It was Roäc who flew to Thorin's Company with news that Smaug had been slain by Bard the Bowman, and who sent his ravens to Dáin of the Iron Hills with word to bring reinforcements to protect the treasure of Erebor.

The son of Carc, said by the Dwarves to be the greatest lord of the ravens ever to have lived, Roäc has inherited much of his noble father's wisdom. He rightly warned Thorin that the treasure which had brought him to Erebor would be his death, and even now is a trusted ally and counsellor to the Dwarves. Roäc is now so ancient that he rarely leaves his mountainside nest, but his ravens range far and see all – there is no movement within the north of Wilderland that Roäc does not know of.

The Surviving Members of Thorin's Company

The Dwarves who joined the Quest for Erebor have all become justifiably renowned among their folk. Indeed, the Bardings of Dale and the folk of Lake-town sing the names and deeds of the companions of the Oakenshield. While they did not receive a fourteenth share of Smaug's treasure, they are all quite wealthy and many of them serve the Kingdom under the Mountain in one way or another.

Glóin the Emissary

The skill of most Dwarves, it is said, lies in their hands, whether they are wielding tools or weapons. While Glóin is a veteran of a great many battles, and can swing an axe with the best of them, his truest tool and weapon is his tongue. Since the Battle of Five Armies, Glóin has swiftly become one of the most favoured of Dáin's envoys. He is trusted to advance the interests of the Lonely Mountain in such a way as to make Erebor's position clear, while not unduly upsetting allies. A trying position, but Glóin does it with grace, even on the rare occasions when he has to deal with Wood Elves, who he regards poorly.

Glóin serves as the Kingdom under the Mountain's main ambassador to Esgaroth. He has a well-appointed mansion in Lake-town where he spends several weeks a year, working on a wide variety of trade issues with the Men of the Lake. His valiant son Gimli regularly accompanies him on his journeys on Erebor's behalf. Glóin is exceedingly well-spoken and generally kindly to all (save Wood Elves). At all times, he considers himself a representative of King Dáin and bears himself accordingly. Glóin favours white garments, or brightly coloured ones trimmed with white, matching the colour of his forked beard.

Attribute level:	6
Specialities:	Trading
Distinctive Features:	Fair-spoken, Vengeful
Relevant skills:	Courtesy ♦♦♦, Insight ♦♦♦, Persuade ♦♦♦

Óin the Healer

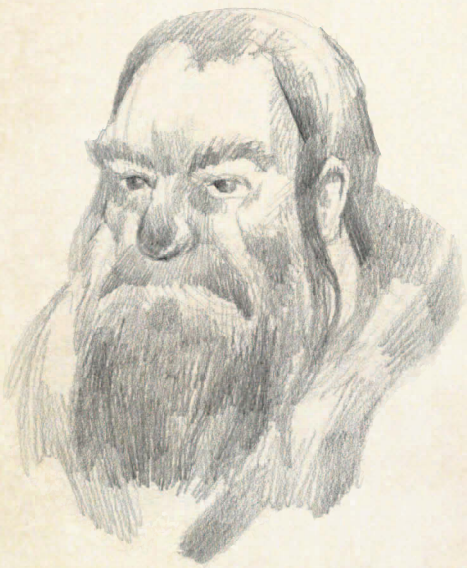
Óin is the older brother of Glóin. The two have little in common, save their knack for building fires and their love for one another. Where Glóin is subtle, Óin is blunt. Where Glóin can make even the most unpleasant news easier to hear, Óin is brutally, painfully honest. Far more belligerent than his younger brother, Óin remains a fierce warrior but a skilled healer. His expertise with herbs, potions and salves is profound, almost rivalling that of the Elves of Rivendell.

Like his brother, Óin too, has become an emissary for Dain, but Óin is typically sent on longer journeys to folk who prefer action to fair speech. Óin has a sharp sense of humour, though he skewers himself as readily as others he meets on the road. Óin keeps his beard short, a habit he developed after a particularly unpleasant encounter with spiders in Mirkwood. Óin favours brown garments, the better to go unnoticed in the Wild.

Attribute level: 6
Specialities: Fire-making, Herb-lore
Distinctive Features: Bold, Forthright
Relevant skills: Inspire ♦♦♦, Travel ♦♦♦, Healing ♦♦♦

Bifur the Trader

Bifur is the son of a smith from the Iron Hills and a far-travelled Dwarf, who has seen much of the North and the West. After the Battle of Five Armies, Bifur took on a position as one of Dáin's emissaries to Erebor's trading partners. He now spends much of his time travelling between Ironthorpe, near the Iron Hills, and the Lonely Mountain, ensuring that the regular shipments of ore that move along the road between the two don't go 'astray'.

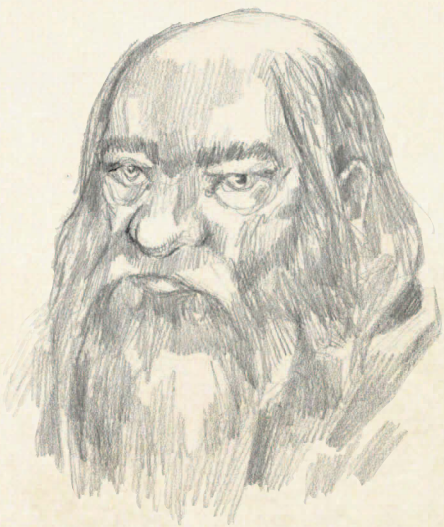


Bifur is a sturdy middle-aged Dwarf with silver streaking his black beard. He carries an elaborately carved walking cane bound with strands of Mithril, a family heirloom, though his mattock is often near to hand as well. Bifur occasionally needs the help of adventurous sorts to guard especially valuable shipments or look into unusual matters he has heard about on the road. Bifur tends to speak in quick bursts of words, saying several things at once in rapid succession, before falling silent for an uncomfortably long amount of time afterwards.

Attribute level: 5
Specialities: Smith-craft, Stone-craft
Distinctive Features: Energetic, Wary
Relevant skills: Awareness ♦♦♦, Mattock ♦♦♦, Travel ♦♦♦

Bofur the Miner

Cousin of Bifur and brother of Bombur, Bofur was raised in the hard environs of the Blue Mountains. A miner and occasional explorer, Bofur developed a real thirst for adventure during his travels with Thorin's Company. Favouring his mattock in battle, Bofur proved himself a skilled warrior, time and again fighting fearlessly to protect his king.



Nowadays, Bofur is most often to be found overseeing the excavation of the old deeps, where he takes charge of any expeditions into newly opened tunnels. There are few Dwarves who know the tunnels and mines as well as Bofur, and his prestige among Durin's folk has only increased in the dark tunnels beneath the Lonely Mountain.

Bofur is a hardy soul, as like as not to start a rousing song when excavating and one of the first to throw himself into danger if accidents occur or trouble arises. Bofur's son, Bofri, is an emissary to the Woodmen of Mirkwood, where he endeavours to follow in his father's footsteps by leading an expedition to reopen the Old Forest Road (see *Heart of the Wild*, page 84).

Attribute level: 5
Specialities: Mountaineer, Smith-craft
Distinctive Features: Adventurous, Robust
Relevant skills: Explore ♦♦♦, Mattock ♦♦♦

Bombur the Fat

Brother to Bofur and cousin to Bifur, Bombur's immense size and voracious appetite caused frequent problems on the Quest for Erebor, but his culinary skills and uncanny ability to sniff out provisions in the unlikeliest of environments along with his jolly nature made his presence essential to the morale of the party. Bombur is a well-known and beloved figure in both Dale and Erebor, a frequent guest in the dining halls and kitchens of both kingdoms. Since the Battle of Five Armies, he has dedicated himself to ensuring that good food is readily available in the North and has quietly backed several spice merchants and taverns.

Bombur's garrulous nature and friendly demeanour aid him in his true duty: spying. Bombur hears all the gossip of both Dale and Erebor, along with a great many secrets. He filters what he has heard for truth and regularly passes what he suspects along to his fellows on the King's Council. Bombur is always looking for new and "interesting" folks who can help him stay "in the know" on any important matters in Wilderland. He prefers to swap one choice bit of news for another, but he will readily pay real coin for valuable information.

Bombur is a rotund Dwarf, with an explosive laugh as big as his belly. Despite his love of eating, he keeps his large yellow-hued beard fastidiously clean. He expects most folks to underestimate him, assuming he is a foolish glutton and little more – he greatly values those that can see him clearly.

Attribute level: 5
Specialities: Cooking, Herb-lore
Distinctive Features: Cunning, Hardy
Relevant skills: Courtesy ♦♦♦, Insight ♦♦♦♦, Song ♦♦♦

Balin the Statesman

The elder son of Fundin, Balin was already a noted hero among the Dwarves when he accompanied Thorin on the Quest for Erebor. Balin is known for his deep wisdom, and the hard experience gained in many battles against the Orcs. He was Thorin's closest advisor and, of all the Dwarves on the Quest for Erebor, became the closest to Bilbo Baggins, a friendship he still treasures.

Balin presently sits on the King's Council and his advice is widely heeded. He often travels on the King's business, acting as an emissary for Dáin. In the course of his duties, he regularly speaks with traders in Dale and frequently talks with King Bard.

Balin is an ageing Dwarf with bright eyes, a long white beard and a dark red cloak. He is always interested in news from afar and regularly speaks with travellers on his regular visits to Dale. Balin is somewhat disquieted about the state of the North, though he is hard pressed to put his finger on what troubles him. He buries his concerns in regular travel, while occasionally studying old records about Khazad-dûm and ruminating on the past accomplishments of his folk.

Attribute level: 7
Specialities: Mountain-lore, Orc-lore, Rhymes of Lore
Distinctive Features: Adventurous, Fair-spoken
Relevant skills: Awareness ♦♦♦♦, Courtesy ♦♦♦♦, Insight ♦♦♦♦, Lore ♦♦♦♦

Dori the Merchant

Noted as the strongest amongst Thorin's Company, Dori is a staunch warrior and accomplished musician. Unlike his brother Nori, Dori's pessimistic outlook and grumbling disposition make him ill-suited to the life of a toy-maker and he certainly doesn't share his brother Ori's love of books. Dori instead decided to establish himself as a merchant and, with his connections, he swiftly became one of the wealthiest and most successful traders of Erebor.

Due to his cautious propensity to always expect the worst, and plan accordingly, Dori is the Dwarf to know when it comes to matters of trade into or out of the Lonely Mountain.

A hale Dwarf of late-middle age with a carefully plaited grey beard, Dori regularly travels between Erebor and Dale, with sporadic trips to Lake-town throughout the year. His dour expression seldom lightens, save when he explores the possibility of a swifter death than whatever doom he thinks is most likely eminent. Despite his outward appearance, Dori is a good-hearted soul. He occasionally quietly arranges for "likely fellows" to help out folks in desperate need, paying them from his own pocket, though he absolutely insists that such arrangements be kept strictly confidential.

Attribute level: 5
Specialities: Erebor-lore, Trading
Distinctive Features: Cautious, True-hearted
Relevant skills: Axe ♦♦♦, Persuade ♦♦♦, Song ♦♦♦

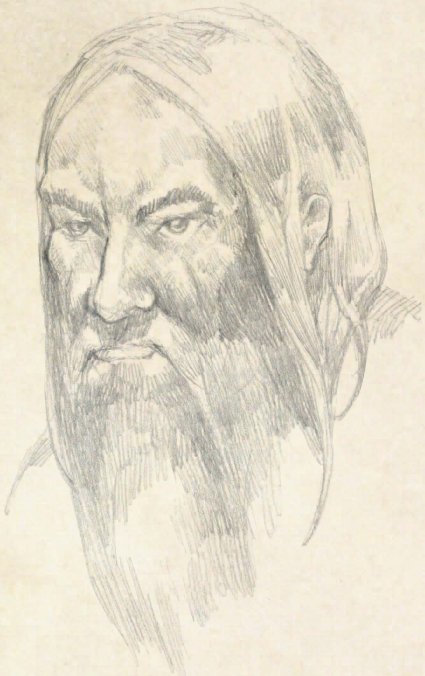
Dwalin the Warrior

Like his older brother Balin, Dwalin is renowned amongst the Dwarves, though his reputation is far darker than his brother's, for he is not only skilful, but utterly ruthless in battle.

Dwalin was perhaps Thorin Oakenshield's staunchest supporter in the Quest for Erebor, and even now he mistrusts Elves and Men, remembering Thranduil's dungeons and their eagerness to make war on the rightful King under the Mountain. He is outspoken and fearless, even towards his king, and these qualities have earned him Dáin's respect and his adoption as the informal head of the Stone Guard.

Surprisingly tall for one of his race, Dwalin stands a head above most Dwarves and is half again as wide as many men. His beard is a dark blue in colour, and he thrusts

the braided end through his belt, so as not to get in his way in battle. Dwalin is quick to take offence and slow to trust, but he never forgets his friends, along with his (many) foes.



Attribute level: 6
Specialities: Erebor-lore, Orc-lore
Distinctive Features: Hardened, Suspicious
Relevant skills: Axe ♦♦♦♦, Awe ♦♦♦♦
Endurance: 25

Ori the Scribe

Ori is a scribe and artisan, more commonly found with a pen in hand than an axe or a stein of ale. Since the Battle of Five Armies, Ori has devoted himself to the studies of the lore of his people, collecting scrolls and tables from across Middle-earth in the hopes of recovering more of the lost treasures of the Dwarves. He frequents the Chamber of Mazarbul under Erebor and has become a valued confidant of the Keeper of Records, Munin.

Ori is a slender Dwarf, with a modest brown beard and ink-stained hands. He is fairly bookish and somewhat reserved, though great passion arises within him when discussing the lost glories of the past and those that may yet be recovered.

Heroes who uncovered old artefacts of any sort, though especially Dwarven ones, will find that Ori can identify them and their potential properties as if he were a Lore-master. Ori sometimes has uses for courageous adventurers willing to explore old ruins. He already has several expeditions into the Grey Mountains planned for the right company.

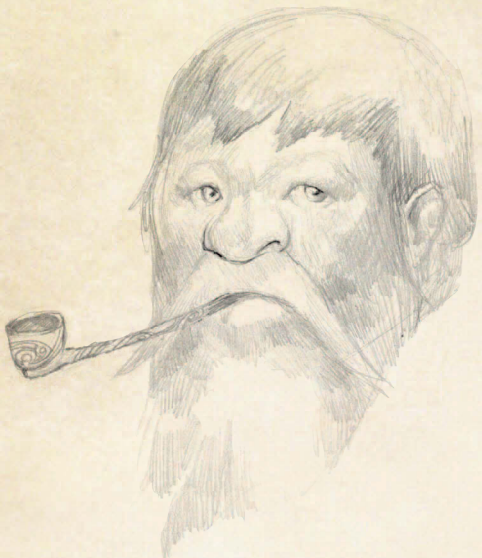
Attribute level: 5
Specialities: Old Lore, Story-telling
Distinctive Features: Curious, Trusty
Relevant skills: Explore ♦♦♦, Lore ♦♦♦♦, Search ♦♦♦

Nori the Toy-maker

Hailing from the Blue Mountains, Nori joined Thorin on his quest to Erebor in part because he had fallen on the wrong side of the law and decided it was no longer wise to remain amongst his folk there. Nori joined his brothers Dori and Ori on the quest without asking too many questions, a decision that he sometimes came to regret. A spirited Dwarf, with a love of fine food and pipeweed that made him singularly appreciate the companionship of a Hobbit on the quest, Nori proved his worth many times over in the Wild.

Although he considered giving in to wanderlust after the Battle of Five Armies and leaving the Lonely Mountain with his share of the treasure, his brothers persuaded Nori to stay and try to make something of himself. To Nori's great surprise, he found that he is a highly skilled toy-maker, though he loves the delight on the faces of children when they play with his creations far more than the work that goes into making them.

Nori is a stout Dwarf who is far quicker on his feet than most would believe from his girth. He favours purple hoods and frequently smokes from a beautifully engraved long-stemmed pipe, with which he gestures when talking. Nori is a regular seller at the Toy-market of Dale every month and many Barding children know him on sight. Many of his toys are quite clever, with secret compartments and hidden properties.



Attribute level:	5
Specialities:	Smith-craft, Smoking, Wood-craft
Distinctive Features:	Energetic, Nimble
Relevant skills:	Craft ♦♦♦♦, Riddle ♦♦♦, Song ♦♦♦

Things to do while in Erebor

Under the stewardship of King Dáin, Erebor has grown into a bustling centre of trade in Wilderland, and a haven for all Dwarves. Though it is a heavily fortified stronghold and a busy mine, it is also a thriving city, and there is much to see and do within, for those permitted to enter.

Staying in Erebor

Erebor is the greatest stronghold of Durin's folk left in the world, but it is not necessarily always a "safe place". There are treasures in Erebor that the Dragon caressed for long years, cracks deep beneath the Lonely Mountain that lead to uncertain ends and caverns where traces of corruption still linger.

Effects on Shadow

Any companion with the Dragon-sickness Shadow Weakness who spends a Fellowship phase in Erebor must make a Corruption test. Failing the test with an Eye result causes the hero to gain a Shadow point; they lingered too long in the darkness or gazed longingly upon a treasure they should not have. Dwarven companions who choose the *Heal Corruption* undertaking while staying in Erebor may make up to two rolls using **Craft**.

New Fellowship Phase Undertakings

These undertakings can be chosen by companions spending a Fellowship phase in Erebor.

Pay Homage to the Ravens of Ravenhill (Bardings and Dwarves Only)

> "I knew many among the ravens of the rocks when I was a dwarf-lad."

The ravens of the Lonely Mountain are a breed apart from normal birds of Middle-earth. Of great intelligence and longevity, the ravens have long held strong ties with the Dwarves, serving as messengers, spies and scouts. These great birds know much that happens throughout the North, if their trust can be gained.

Dwarven and Barding heroes spending a Fellowship phase in Erebor or Dale may choose this undertaking and spend some time with the birds of Ravenhill. By showing due deference to the magnificent birds there, they may gain the friendship of a raven, or, if they are Dwarves already possessing the *Ravens of the Mountains* virtue, they may reinforce their existing bond.

Choosing this undertaking gains a hero the opportunity to summon a raven as per the *Ravens of the Mountain* virtue (see *The One Ring Roleplaying Game*, page 108) during the following Adventuring phase, and profit from one of the possible benefits offered by it.

Dwarves already possessing the *Ravens of the Mountains* virtue may ask their raven friend to join the company for the length of the following Adventuring phase. The presence of the raven friend adds 1 to the Fellowship rating of the company. Additionally, when the Dwarf companion is fighting, the raven may be sent to harass one foe, making it Weary for the length of the battle.

Search the Deep Tunnels

They climbed long stairs, and turned and went down wide echoing ways, and turned again and climbed yet more stairs...

At night, when the hold grows quiet, the deepest tunnels of the Lonely Mountain wake to the sound of scratching and digging. Goblins – or other fell creatures – search constantly for a way into the deeps. The guards of Erebor are ever-vigilant for danger, but the King is always looking for volunteers who will help him secure the foundations of his realm against intruders.

Assisting the Dwarves of Erebor in searching the deep tunnels is hard and perilous work, as the adventurers must spend days and nights in total darkness, many miles underground among the deep roots of the Mountain.

To assist the guards of Dáin, companions spending the Fellowship phase in Erebor must make a **Search** test and consult the table below. A hero may gain a Success die if he possesses an applicable trait (like *Tunnelling* or *Quick of Hearing*, for example).

- **Failure:** *Not a gleam of light.* You spent many hours crawling in the dark, trying to locate that elusive sound of scratching that you have been hearing every time you stopped to rest. Unfortunately, your searching has availed to nothing, and you return to the surface empty-handed and frustrated: gain 1 point of Shadow.

- **Success:** *A Little Help.* Your efforts have been of help and the guards of Erebor are grateful. Gain 1 Advancement point in the Perception skill group.

- **Great Success:** *Down in the Deep Places.* You searched tirelessly for weeks and with your help the guards of Erebor secured many of the lower passages. Gain an Advancement point in the Perception skill group and 1 Experience point.

- **Extraordinary Success:** *Echoes in the Dark.* You proved fundamental in locating the source of an extensive delving by Goblins or other underground creatures. The ruthless guards solve the problem by provoking a cave-in and congratulate you for a job well done. Gain 1 Advancement point in the Perception skill group, 1 Experience point, and a gift from the grateful chief of the guards. The gift is worth Treasure points equal to the roll of one Success die.

- **ᚠ and at least one ᛈ**: *Eradicate the Problem.* Same as a great success (gain 1 Advancement point in the Perception skill group and 1 Experience point). Additionally, you were able to gather information about the origin of the threat. It is up to the Loremaster to decide the details, but you may use the information as you wish. You might keep it to yourself to investigate the matter with your fellow companions, or propose that King Dáin let you lead an expedition in the next Adventuring phase.

- **Failure and ᛟ**: *Underground Accident!* You and some of the guards fell victim to a cave-in or similar accident, and the Dwarves put the blame on you. It could have been accidental, but it might have been provoked by those foes you were supposed to find and that might have found you first. You remained trapped for days and had to be rescued: You gain a Success die roll worth of Shadow points and may not choose this same undertaking the next time you spend the Fellowship phase in Erebor.

Help Compile the Erebor Index (Dwarves Only)

...on all sides stretching away across the unseen floors, lay countless piles of precious things, gold wrought and unwrought, gems and jewels, and silver red-stained in the ruddy light.

The Chamber of Records of the Lonely Mountain used to have an index of all the treasure guarded in its vaults

and halls, but that record was lost when the old keeper of the Chamber of Mazarbul was caught by Smaug while he was trying to bring out a number of tomes from a secret passage. King Dáin has ordered a new index to be compiled, a task of monumental import. For this reason, ancient Munin is welcoming scholars willing to aid him in identifying all the treasure currently stored in Erebor. Even with their help, it will take him years to complete the assignment.

A Dwarven companion with a **Lore** rating of at least 3 who is spending a Fellowship phase in Erebor may choose this undertaking. Assisting Munin in his toilsome task allows the companion to pore for hours on end over dusty books and crumbling parchment, all concerning lost precious items and fabled wondrous artefacts: For the length of the following Adventuring phase, should the hero find treasure, it would be considered as a hoard with an additional * (see Rivendell, page 85).

For example, a Dwarf companion spends the Fellowship phase helping Munin to compile the Erebor Index. In the following Adventuring phase, the Dwarf and his company find a cave filled with old gold, a trove worth Treasure 50. Due to his studies, the Dwarf considers the cache of gold to be worth Treasure 50 instead (allowing him a Magical Treasure roll).*

Study with a Master Craftsman

> **"...in metal-work we cannot rival our fathers, many of whose secrets are lost. [...] Only in mining and building have we surpassed the old days."**

The skill of the Dwarven smiths of Erebor may not match that of those who worked the forges before the Dragon came, but the quality of their metal-work is still without rival in a world of twilight. Moreover, the finesse attained by the masons of the Lonely Mountains has no peer. To study under the tutelage of a master artisan of Erebor is a privilege, and their experience is a wealth not to be squandered.

A companion who has spent a Fellowship phase studying under a master craftsman of Erebor may gain his next **Craft** level at half the cost in Advancement points.

Treasure of - the Dwarves -

On silver necklaces they strung
The flowering stars, on crowns they hung
The dragon-fire, in twisted wire
They meshed the light of moon and sun.

The Dwarves toil ceaslessly to bring forth wonders from their halls of stone, yet with each passing age they and their works have diminished. The Dwarves have always believed that crafting knowledge should be held close, to be revealed only when earned by a worthy apprentice. Thus, with every master who dies without passing down their secrets, another bit of lore is lost forever.

Over the ages the Dwarves have lost many master craftsmen. The destruction that heralded the end of the First Age drowned the great Dwarven cities of Belegost and Nogrod, slaying many. What few survivors there were fled to Khazad-dûm, but then they delved too deep and that ancient home of the Dwarves was abandoned too.

A few centuries later, the Dragons of the Withered Heath descended upon the Dwarf-holds of the Grey Mountains bringing ruin, but none so much as Smaug the Golden when he burnt Erebor. Finally, apprentices and masters beyond count died at the Battle of Azanulbizar, the knowledge they held irreplaceable.

But not all is lost. In the Twilight Years of the Third Age, the Dwarves can still forge good armour and keen swords, even though the ancient secrets of metalwork that they once knew have been forgotten. And in dark places under the earth much treasure waits to be discovered by those who dare brave the darkness.

Dwarven Craftsmanship

The *Rivendell* supplement contains rules for creating magical treasure, and specifically *Precious Objects, Wondrous Artefacts* and *Famous Weapons and Armour*. Following those rules, when the Loremaster endeavours to create an ancient sword or suit of armour of extraordinary quality for the players to find, the origin of its craftsmanship must first be determined (see page 96 of the *Rivendell* supplement).

If the item is to be of Dwarven craftsmanship, then the Loremaster may add an additional level of detail, choosing exactly from which Dwarven mansion the artefact came from, picking one among *Nogrod, Belegost, Khazad-dûm* or *Erebor*.

Nogrod and Belegost

In the First Age, Nogrod and Belegost were magnificent Dwarf-holds, dug under the peaks of Ered Luin. They were destroyed when Beleriand was broken, and their folk scattered in exile. But the work devised by the Dwarves in their forges still lies in ancient hoards, or in the hands of great heroes.

Legends hold that the making of mail of linked rings was first devised by the smiths of Belegost, and that their cunning handiwork produced hauberks that were both beautiful and impervious to fire, and masked helms wrought in hideous shapes to daunt their foes. But in the forging of arms none among the craftsmen of Dwarf-kind surpassed those of Nogrod, and no one was more renowned than Telchar, the maker of Narsil, the sword of Elendil the Tall.

- In game terms, mail armour and headpieces from Belegost should have a full complement of **three** Qualities, all **three** of which can be Enchanted Qualities, including the new Quality *Fireproof*. Moreover, headpieces forged in Belegost can have the *Gleam of Terror* Quality (normally attributed only to close combat weapons, see page 99 of *Rivendell*).

- Likewise, weapons forged in Nogrod should have **three** Qualities, all **three** of which can be Enchanted Qualities, including the new Quality *Piercing*.

Khazad-dûm

It was in Khazad-dûm that many skilled Dwarves found refuge after the ruin of Beleriand. There the folk of Durin discovered true-silver, the precious metal that the Elves call *Mithril*. Stronger than tempered steel, but amazingly

light and easy to work with, the bright silver metal allowed the smiths of Khazad-dûm to create true works of wonder.

- Famous Weapons and Armour from Khazad-dûm should have at least **two** Qualities, and can have a third Quality, but only **two** of their Qualities can be Enchanted Qualities.

Khazad-dûm and Eregion

During the Second Age, the Dwarves of Khazad-dûm became great friends with the Elves of Eregion. Such a friendship between those two peoples had never existed before and has not since. No small number of Khazad-dûm's great works incorporated the skills of both the Dwarves and the Elves.

An item crafted in Khazad-dûm *may* incorporate the benefits coming from both Dwarven and Elven craftsmanship. For example, a weapon could be a Bane for Orcs with the Enchanted Quality *Luminescence*, yet also burn with the Dwarven *Flame of Hope*.

Finally, a number of Famous Weapons and Armour forged in Khazad-dûm may also have a Blessing, a quality normally found only in Wondrous Artefacts. In such a case, a single Blessing counts as an Enchanted Quality. Such items generally have one of the following Blessings: Athletics, Awareness, Awe, Battle, Inspire or Stealth.

Erebor

Before the coming of the Dragon, the Dwarves of the Lonely Mountain still excelled at making sharp blades and sturdy mail, but their cunning was not comparable to that possessed by their forefathers in the First or Second Age. This notwithstanding, their wealth was known and envied throughout Middle-earth... which may have been what brought upon them the wrath of Smaug.

- Famous Weapons and Armour from Erebor may have up to three Qualities, but only one of their Qualities can be an Enchanted Quality.

New Enchanted Qualities

The following Enchanted Qualities may be attributed to Famous Weapons and Armour of Dwarven craftsmanship.

Dwarf-wrought

Craftsmanship: Dwarven
Item: Any

An object possessing this Quality is obviously the work of an ancient master Dwarf-smith who wrought it in the deeps of time. Maybe Telchar of Nogrod himself made it, or even his old master. It is blessed by a surpassing beauty, it never rusts and shines as if burnished anew even when left unattended for centuries.

Wearing or carrying such a rare and prized object increases the Tolerance of an encounter by a value chosen by the Loremaster and ranging between +1 to +3. The value should be based on the appreciation for fine craftsmanship of the character encountered.

Fireproof

Craftsmanship: Dwarven (Belegost)
Item: Armour, Headpiece

The Dwarves of Belegost were said to be able to withstand fire more hardily than any of their kind. This was partly due to their ability in fashioning armour that was almost impervious to heat and flame.

The wearer of an item blessed with this Quality does not suffer harm from any source of flame, including Dragon-fire, for a number of rounds equal to the wearer's Valour.

Piercing

Craftsmanship: Dwarven (Nogrod)
Item: Close combat weapon

The Dwarves of Nogrod could forge blades and spear-heads so sharp that they could penetrate the toughest of armour, and were feared even by the mightiest servants of the Enemy.

Foes struck by a blade possessing this Quality roll one less Success die in their Protection roll (to a minimum of 1).

Venomed
Craftsmanship: Dwarven
Item: Close combat weapon

Old legends preserved in the chamber of records in Erebor and whispered among the Northmen tell how Dwarves of Eastern mansions came under the Shadow and turned to evil. No one is alive today who could confirm such tales, but in treasure-hoards it is still possible to find instruments of war of Dwarven craftsmanship, marked with baleful runes that no smith of Durin's folk would confess to know; engravings capable to make a foe sick as if poisoned. When you are using a weapon bestowed with this Quality and you inflict a loss of Endurance on an adversary for the first time, your foe is considered to be Weary for a number of rounds equal to your Valour score or your Shadow rating, whichever is higher.

Famous Dwarven Weapons and Armour

The following section contains a number of famous weapons and armour made by the Dwarves in ages past. The Loremaster may wish to add these to his own Magical Treasure Index (see *Rivendell*, page 90).

Agarial
Type: Short sword
Craftsmanship: Dwarven (Nogrod)
Qualities: 1. Dwarf-wrought 2. Piercing 3. Superior Fell

Notes: A blade thought lost forever at the end of the First Age and forged as part of a set of similar weapons by Telchar himself, Agarial is akin to the blade used by Beren to steal the Great Jewel from the Iron Crown of Morgoth. Though it is an instrument of death, Agarial is a thing of surpassing beauty, a work of skill without peer in the world today.

The Black Axe of Beleriand
Type: Great Axe
Craftsmanship: Dwarven (Nogrod)
Qualities: 1. Grievous 2. Superior Keen 3. Venomed

Notes: A dangerous blade whose tragic history is one of great deeds and terrible sorrow, the Black Axe was wielded by many chieftains of the Edain in the First Age.

War-mask of Belegost
Type: Helm
Craftsmanship: Dwarven (Belegost)
Qualities: 1. Ancient Close Fitting 2. Gleam of Terror 3. Fireproof

Notes: A headpiece worn by a legendary Dwarf-lord, this helm incorporates a full faceplate intricately engraved to look hideous and grotesque, revealing only a glint of its wearer's eyes when worn. The helm has what appears to be scorch marks covering it that neither craft nor magic can remove, yet it is otherwise unmarred.

The Shield of Anar (Rhingalad)
Type: Shield
Craftsmanship: Dwarven (Khazad-dûm)
Qualities: 1. Cunning Make 2. Superior Reinforced 3. Blessing: Inspire

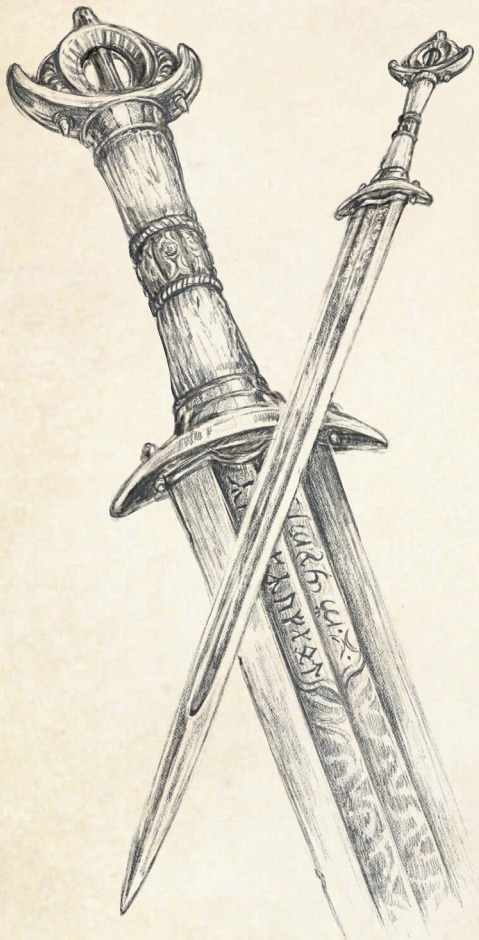
Notes: A sturdy shield forged from iron and embossed with gleaming *ithildin* runes, the Shield of Anar burns with a cold light which, in the hands of the right hero,

hardens resolve and lifts the hearts of others, driving them on to valiant deeds. Called *Rhingalad* by the Elves and still sung of in song, it disappeared during the fall of Eregion when its bearer, Anar the True, gave his life that the last children of Hollin could flee safely with Elrond of Rivendell.

Angrenithil

Type: Long Sword
Craftsmanship: Dwarven (Khazad-dûm)
Banes: Orcs
Qualities: 1. Grievous 2. Foe-slaying 3. Superior Fell

Notes: Forged in the final century before the fall of Eregion, Angrenithil is made of shining steel and Mithril, though this is only evident by moon or starlight when the blade's runes glow in the dark. Forged in friendship between a great Dwarven and Elven smith, bound with their mutual hatred of their chief foes, the blade is truly perilous to Orcs.



Though Angrenithil is long lost, the Goblins of the Misty Mountains fear it still. In their rough tongue they name it "moon shanker" and they curse it, along with anyone who may bear it.

Drake-bane

Type: Spear
Craftsmanship: Dwarven (Erebor)
Banes: n/a
Qualities: 1. Grievous 2. Superior Keen

Notes: When Dwarves forge arms for their own use, they generally prefer to craft weapons other than spears. But during their struggle with the Dragons in the Grey Mountains, they found it prudent to not always draw close to their scaled foes. This is but one of a number of spears that was forged with similarly optimistic names.

Dwarven-smithing

"They spoke most of gold and silver and jewels and the making of things by smith-craft,"

While the ancient secrets of metalwork are lost to the Dwarves, even in the twilight years of the Third Age a master smith can still manage to forge something wondrous, though it will take years to find the right materials and a lifetime's worth of skill to succeed.

- A determined smith can attempt to create a new weapon or piece of defensive gear blessed with **one** Enchanted Quality (see *Rivendell*, page 98).

To do so, the hero must choose the *Dwarven-smithing* Fellowship phase undertaking described below over the course of several years. During this time, the Dwarf will work the forge or spend time searching for *great materials*, metals and tools that may expedite the accomplishment of the task.

- A Dwarven smith can only enchant one item in his lifetime – the work of long years and the draining act of exerting all their prowess cannot be readily repeated.

New Fellowship Undertaking: Dwarven-smithing (Year's End only)

A Dwarf hero possessing a **Craft** skill of 4 or more can return home for a Year's End Fellowship phase and spend the cold season in his forge to attempt a great work. To succeed, the Dwarven-smith must accumulate 9 Craftsmanship points.

To gain Craftsmanship points during a Fellowship phase, the smith may make a **Craft** roll, spend Experience points or gain permanent Shadow points, or a combination of the three.

- The base difficulty of a **Craft** test is TN 20, unless the smith is using one or more *great materials* (see below). Gain 1 Craftsmanship point on a successful roll, 2 points on a great success, and 3 points on an extraordinary result.

- Spending Experience, the smith gains 1 Craftsmanship point for each 3 Experience points he chooses to spend.

- Finally, the smith may acquire Craftsmanship points by gaining permanent Shadow, at the cost of 1 point of permanent Shadow for each Craftsmanship point gained.

At the end of each Fellowship phase, take note of how many Craftsmanship points have been accumulated so far, to resume the work in a later Fellowship phase (the companion will have to choose the *Dwarven-smithing* undertaking again).

Trying to infuse a piece of war gear with an Enchanted Quality is not only a lengthy process, but also an endeavour wrought with peril.

- The first time that the smith chooses to gain permanent Shadow for Craftsmanship points, the hero becomes *driven*, and will think of little else but finishing the task. From that moment on, the companion must always choose *Dwarven-smithing* at Year's End; should the Loremaster allow for two undertakings that phase, one of them must be *Dwarven-smithing* (see also *The One Ring Roleplaying*, page 197). Finally, failing a smithing **Craft** roll gains a *driven* hero another Shadow point (not a permanent point though).

But there are advantages in being driven:

- A *driven* smith sees the difficulty of all smithing **Craft** rolls reduced by a level (TN -2, to a minimum of TN 12).

Great Materials

The following list includes precious ores and tools that may greatly help a master smith in accomplishing their great work. Each item available lowers the difficulty by 2 to a minimum of TN 14.

A hero choosing the *Dwarven-smithing* undertaking may forfeit the opportunity to roll Craft or spend Experience to accumulate Craftsmanship points to gather one *great material* from the list below instead. No roll is required, but each item may only be chosen once, reducing the difficulty of Craft rolls to a minimum of TN 14 – unless the smith is driven.

- Unwrought Moria-silver (Mithril).
- A set of ancient smithing tools from Eregion.
- Fireheart gems from the lost Fireheart Mine in the Grey Mountains (see page 63).

Alternatively, the Loremaster may allow the hero to come by the required materials while adventuring.

But my armour is made of Mithril!

Loremasters may note that while a Dwarven-smith can forge a suit of armour using Mithril as a great material, they cannot give it the *Mithril Armour* Quality as that Enchanted Quality has a prerequisite. This is intentional. Mithril armour of old had near-impossibly fine chain links the likes of which cannot be forged in the Third Age. Alas for the withering of the world.

- Moreover, the first time a ᚠ is rolled during a smithing **Craft** roll, the smith is no longer considered driven, but may modify one of the item's numerical properties by 1.

For example, a sword might have its damage increased to 6 or its Edge lowered to 9.

When the Dwarven smith finally accumulates their ninth Craftsmanship point, the masterwork is complete. The smith chooses one of the following Enchanted Qualities to add to the newly-forged artefact (and he won't be able to choose the Dwarven-smithing undertaking ever again):

Ancient Close Fitting, Ancient Cunning Make, Piercing, Cleaving, Crushing, Flame of Hope, Gleam of Terror, Rune-scored Armour, Runes of Victory, Superior Fell, Superior Keen, Superior Reinforced.

A hero may later augment a Dwarven masterwork by adding Qualities when gaining new Valour levels, using the normal rules (up to a maximum of 3 Qualities, including the Enchanted Quality).

Extended Example of Dwarven-smithing

*Svior the Stout sets out to make a mighty axe that honours his ancestors. Svior is a master craftsman, with a **Craft** skill of 4 (favoured, as for all Dwarves), so he has the expertise to succeed.*

Svior found some unwrought mithril while adventuring in Wilderland, but to be sure he spends the first smithing Fellowship phase gathering a set of ancient tools from Eregion. On the following Fellowship phase he chooses the Dwarf-smithing *undertaking again and enters the forge.*

*The Target Number for the **Craft** test is 16 (base of TN 20, -4 for two types of great materials).*

*His **Craft** test yields a 10 on the Feat die and on the Success dice: 6*, 5, 4, 2. A great success, resulting in 2 Craftsmanship points. Svior additionally spends 6 Experience points, and chooses to gain 1 permanent Shadow point, so that his undertaking results in a total of 5 Craftsmanship points – more than halfway through. But now Svior is driven, and bent on finishing his great work with all his strenght...*

The following Fellowship phase, Svior must choose the Dwarven-smithing *undertaking again. The difficulty for his **Craft** roll is now TN 14 (-2 for being driven). The roll produces a ᚠ on the Feat die, and on the Success dice: 4, 3, 3, 1, an ordinary success. However, the ᚠ allows him to increase the axe's Damage from 5 to 6 (but Svior ceases to be driven). Unfortunately, Svior doesn't have any Experience points to spare at this point, and he doesn't wish to increase his Shadow, so he adds 1 from his success for a total of 6 Craftsmanship points so far.*

Determined to finish his great work, Svior spends 15 Advancement points on his Favoured Crafting skill, raising it to 5.

On Svior's fourth Dwarven-smithing *undertaking, his **Craft** roll produces a 7 on the Feat die and on the Success dice: 6*, 5, 3, 2, 1. A great success! With 2 Craftsmanship points to add to his total of 6, Svior is short of 1 point! Will he spend Experience, or gain another point of permanent Shadow to finish what he started? Or will he wait another Fellowship phase?*

- Dale -

"There lies all that is left of Dale," said Balin. "The mountain's sides were green with woods and all the sheltered valley rich and pleasant in the days when the bells rang in that town."

Travellers heading north from the Long Lake along the western bank of the River Running will find their feet upon an old road called the Merchants Way. Before them, grey and jagged, rises a single broad peak, dominating the landscape: the Lonely Mountain. Soon, the boggy ground of the Long Marshes gives way and the road becomes surrounded by lush fields, tilled to the horizon, overflowing with grains here, a small orchard over there. To the west, they can see the dark edge of the forest of Mirkwood, but it does not look so foreboding here, for they look upon the easternmost edge of the Elvenking's Woodland Realm.

After a day of the Lonely Mountain looming ever higher, a southern spur of the mountain arises before them, beckoning them forward. Beneath the great watchtower set upon the height known as Ravenhill, the Running River twists and turns away, to run in a wide loop about a valley encircled by two vast arms of the Mountain. The Merchants Way follows the river up into that valley, where a great city rises: the heart of the swiftest-growing nation in the North, the realm of the Dragon-slayer, a kingdom of Men built before the gates of a kingdom of Dwarves, forged from the broken ruins of the last realm to bear its name...

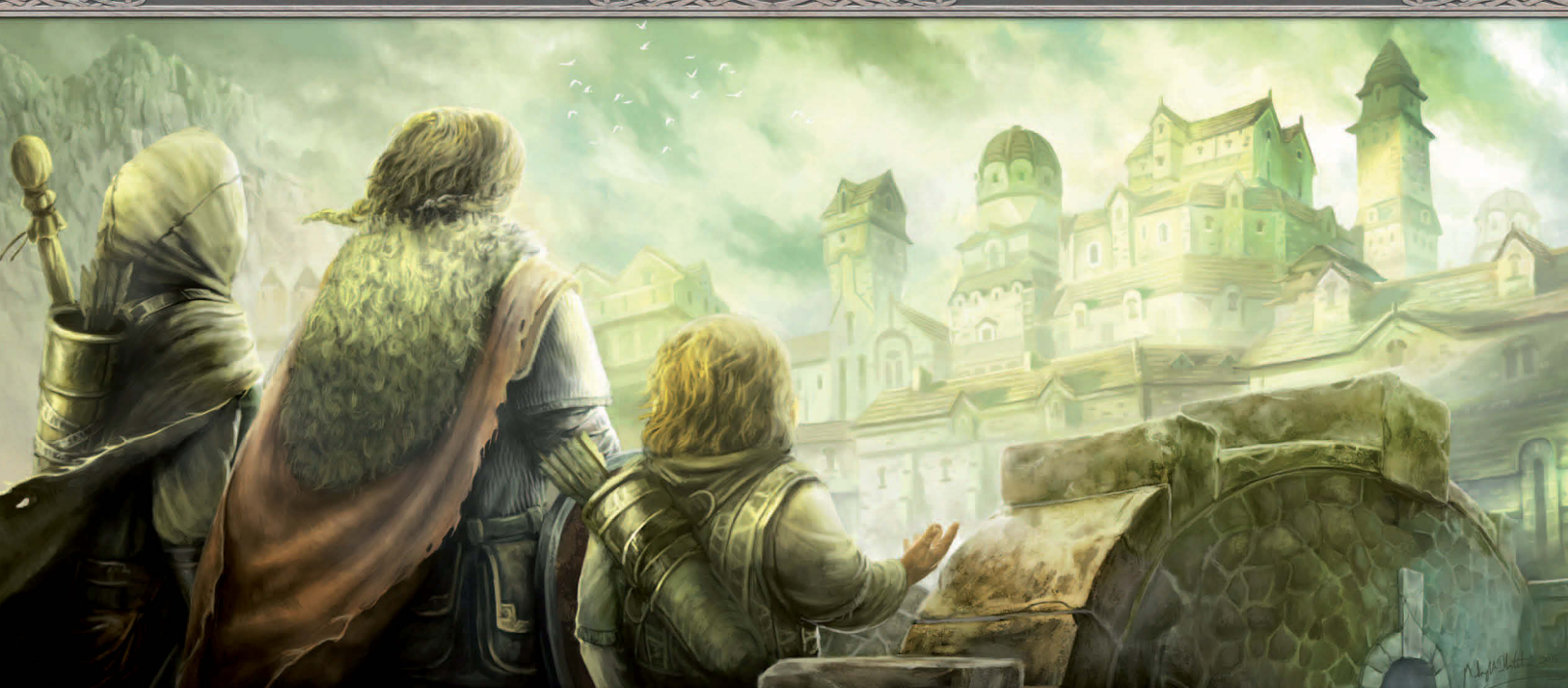
Dale.

A History of Dale

The First Founding (2590-2770)

In the year 2590 of the Third Age, King Thrór relocated to Erebor from the Grey Mountains, bearing the Arkenstone back to the halls where it was first found. Thrór's father, Dáin I, had been slain before the doors of his own hall by a Cold-drake the previous year, and Thrór sought a new beginning for his people. He found it in the halls first carved by his ancestor, Thráin I. The Dwarves greatly extended the original mines beneath the mountain, discovering gold and jewels in abundance. Ever larger workshops and bigger halls were carved out of the rock, and Durin's folk prospered.

The riches beneath Erebor were many, but a Dwarf cannot eat stone, even if some legends may say otherwise. Fortunately, they were greatly aided in their endeavours



by the fair-haired Northmen who lived south of the Lonely Mountain, along the Running River. The wealth of the King under the Mountain brought these Northmen into the valley before the gates of Erebor, where they eventually founded the city of Dale, becoming the main providers of food for the Dwarves in exchange for their work as skilled smiths and masons.

Erebor and Dale flourished for nearly two centuries, the wealth of both realms celebrated in song.

Of Dwarves and Men

The relationship between Dwarves and Men began so far back in time that no one among either folk remembers exactly how and when it all started. The Dwarves have never kept precise records of their dealings, and Men soon forget. There was a time, though, when such relationships were common throughout Wilderland and mutually profitable, especially between the Northmen of Rhovanion and the Longbeards.

For the folk of Durin once considered the lands between the Misty Mountains and the Grey as their own, and the Men inhabiting the Vales of the Anduin and the eaves of Mirkwood were many. Wherever the Longbeards had a mansion, Men worked for them as shepherds, herdsmen and land-tillers, and the Dwarves provided them with weapons and arms and other useful tools that their own poor metalworking could not produce without great cost and toil. Together, Dwarves and Men prospered, defending themselves from the ravages of Orcs and other enemies for many centuries, supported by bonds of mutual trust and friendship.

When the great mansions of the Dwarves of old started falling, one by one, in their decline they brought down those colonies of Northmen that depended upon their trade with them. Dwarves and Men were both much diminished in Wilderland, with only Erebor and Dale (or the Iron Hills and Ironthorpe, see pg. 66) surviving to recall the power both folks enjoyed in times long past.

The Coming of the Dragon (2770-2941)

In the year 2770, Thrór, old even by the standards of his long-lived folk, was still King under the Mountain. Many rulers had arisen and passed among the Northmen since the foundations of Dale, but in that fateful year, Girion was lord. From the north, driving the wind before him, came Smaug the Golden, greediest and most powerful of the Dragons in his day. In flames, the Great Worm laid waste to Dale. Girion fell defending his city, though his wife and young son escaped south along the river to Esgaroth. Smaug went into the halls of Erebor, slaying all who dared stand before him as he took the Lonely Mountain as his own.

The Dwarves were utterly broken, scattering east and west. The Northmen soon deserted their homes, for Smaug had a wicked heart and a taste for maidens. Taking what little they had left, the folk of Dale fled their once great city to live diminished lives as poor fishermen and simple traders along the western banks of the Long Lake in Esgaroth, itself a mere shadow of its former glory. The predations of the Dragon destroyed the countryside for vast distances about the Mountain and the Lake-men rebuilt Esgaroth onto the Long Lake itself, reasoning the lake was the best defence they had against the Dragon's fire. Though Smaug slept for greater and greater stretches of years at a time, the once-abundant valley of Dale, then the lands beyond, were tainted by his foul presence and fell into ruin.

The Death of Smaug and the Rise of King Bard (2941-present)

With the events surrounding the coming of Thorin's Company, Lake-town felt the Dragon's wrath for the first time in many long years, but in thinking Men weak and himself invulnerable, Smaug was deceived. Bard the Bowman, descendant of the line of Girion, ended the Dragon in a single fateful shot, with a black arrow forged in Erebor of old.

For his deed and his great courage, Bard was hailed as a hero by his people and some voices declared that he should be king. For his part, Bard did not claim dominion over the folk of Lake-town, acknowledging himself as merely a servant of Esgaroth's Master. But in those dark days a fire was surely awoken within the Bowman. It was Bard who led the forces of Men at the Battle of Fire Armies.

In the aftermath of the victory at that great battle, he was granted a fourteenth share of all the Dragon had stolen, in part due to his deed in slaying the Dragon, but also in keeping with his return of the Arkenstone of Thráin, and perhaps, the wisdom of the new King under the Mountain, Dáin. Bard dealt his wealth well, assisting the folk of Lake-town survive through a hard winter, before seeking his own kingdom in Dale. In rebuilding Dale, Bard had a great deal of help from his new allies, for the Elvenking Thranduil joined King Dáin in offering their assistance in restoring Dale.

For many years Dwarves, Elves and Men laboured to build Dale anew. Their task is not yet accomplished, for the heart of the Bowman harbours great ambitions. Nonetheless after long years of hard work, Bard assented to be crowned King.

The Kingdom of Dale does not yet extend far beyond the city, but Bard dreams of a wider realm of Men stretching across the North. For now, Dale flourishes, with new farms founded, new fields tilled, and new constructions begun on a weekly basis. Lake-town remains a fiercely independent city, but even so, many of the folk of Esgaroth look to King Bard for guidance and leadership. Dale's relationship with Erebor remains its strongest one, for just as of old, Dale has become the breadbasket of the Lonely Mountain and the markets of Dale are filled with the work of Durin's folk.

The City of Dale

Dale lies directly before the gates of Erebor and the headwaters of the Running River, within a wide valley encircled by the great southern and south-eastern spurs of the Lonely Mountain.

The mountain sides, long barren due to the Dragon's influence, grow green again, though they lack the great trees they once bore. Due to the mountain's ridges, Dale lies often in shadow. The sun rising over the south-eastern spur doesn't directly touch Dale till mid-morning, when the first rays reach the front gate of the Royal Palace and shade is cast again once the sun has passed into the west behind the southern spur.

Dale is enclosed by a tall crenellated wall that encompasses more space than the town presently occupies, for it was built upon the foundations of the old fortification that encircled the ancient city. Along the north, all of the east, and part of the southern wall, the River Running flows, before heading south down to the Long Lake and beyond. Outside of the southern reaches of the wall stands a large complex of landings and quays where a constant stream of traffic comes and goes along the river.

The Gates of Dale

The crenellated rampart surrounding Dale is an imposing fortification, standing as high as five men and thick enough that two horses could trot abreast along its top. For such was the majesty of the curtain wall of Dale of old, before Smaug burnt it and time ravaged it, a grandeur that King Bard wanted to revive, should another army of Orcs or worse dare to assail them again.

The city walls are regularly patrolled by the City Guard, who at every round send signals and receive answers from the Dwarf warriors stationed in the watchtower atop Ravenhill; from their vantage point on the side of the Mountain the Dwarves may see if enemies are approaching Dale long before anyone nestled in the city's sheltered valley could (see page 17).

Building the wall took several years and many hundreds of craftsmen toiled under the watchful eyes of Dwarven masons. It was completed in early 2945. The wall has but two openings along its great length: the south-facing

The City of Dale

1 - Traders Gate
2 - Ravensgate
3 - Merchants Way
4 - The Quays
5 - South Quay
6 - Merchants Quarter
7 - Farmers-market
8 - The River Road
9 - Market Square
10 - The Missing Scale
11 - Ravensgate District
12 - White Lane
13 - Anvil Way
14 - Royal Palace
15 - Royal Barracks
16 - Residential Quarter
17 - The Commons
18 - The Nest
19 - The Water House
20 - Old Quarter
21 - Snapfire Alley
22 - Brokenstone
23 - Red Row

Describing Dale

Thanks to the joint efforts of hard-working Men, Dwarven masons and Elvish woodwrights, Dale is a wondrous city, a marvel of carved stone and flowing waters, where bustling activity never seems to cease. Older Dwarves who walked the streets of the original city declare that Dale is even more beautiful than ever it was in the old days. The Bardings are justifiably proud of what they have accomplished in building their fair city, but there is always a sense here that there is more to be done, more to be achieved. This spirit drives them and, in turn, affects much of the character of Dale.

Here are some of the common elements of descriptions that the Loremaster may refer to when setting a game in the city of Dale.

Water & Stone

Compared with Esgaroth, a wooden town built above a lake, Dale is a stone city traversed by water. It is filled with magnificent sculptures, beautiful fountains, quiet pools and deep waterways ferrying passengers and goods. The main roads of Dale are all paved with stones of various colours, from which the streets have taken their names. The dozens of bridges that reach across the watercourses in single, double or even triple arches, vary from narrow structures allowing people to cross in single file to wide passageways meant for the heavy traffic of carts and horses. More towers rise every year, the newer ones taller than those built the year before, in a race sponsored by the affluent noblemen of the city. Their bells can be heard ringing for miles around, calling the farmers to the market or the many workers of the city to their toil or rest.

Hustle & Bustle

Dale is seemingly in a near-constant state of activity and growth. Though the city has more or less been 'restored' and is certainly thriving, long-term endeavours, such as strengthening the fortifications and paving the roads, are still ongoing, with new undertakings beginning every month. Everywhere architects, apprentices, stonemasons and carpenters, along with all their varied tools and materials, can be seen at work. Additionally, Dale is home to many other busy craftsmen, from skilled smiths to cunning firework manufacturers. The clanging of metal and the report of small explosions resound along the cobblestones near the Ravensgate District. To this din are added the many sounds of commerce: coins tinkling, merchants calling and folk haggling in various tongues. A wide variety of markets are open throughout Dale during the day, with a few that are even open late at night, though traders are expected to adjust their shouts accordingly. Many folk regard resettling in Dale as a chance to begin their lives afresh, hopefully improving their lot, and offering their children a different life than one spent in hard toil on the edges of the Wild. The many immigrants flowing into Dale thus add to the commotion, a state of affairs that King Bard actively encourages in the earlier years of his reign.

Many Folk, Many Lives

Dale is rapidly becoming the largest Northman settlement in the area and for all but the most far-travelled folk it is the biggest town they will ever walk the streets of. It is certainly one of the most diverse cities in all of Middle-earth, perhaps exceeded in this only by its neighbour, Lake-town; however, while Esgaroth was rebuilt as a city of Men, albeit an unusual one, Dale is as much a city of Dwarves as it is a city of Northmen. The Bardings have been heavily influenced by the folk of Erebor and it shows in their architecture. Nor are the Wood-Elves strangers to the streets of Dale.

Traders Gate and the north-west-facing Ravensgate. The gates are towering wooden doors, flanked by stone ramparts, and set with heavy iron hinges. Both gates are designed to open and close smoothly, with only a handful of guards needed to operate their mechanisms. In normal times, the Traders Gate rarely closes, even at night, but the Ravensgate is always barred not long after twilight.

Anyone wishing to pass into or out of the city unnoticed must, in general, go over the wall. It will normally take a **Stealth** test to go over the wall unseen and an **Athletics** test (TN 18) to scale the wall. A failure on the first test will swiftly draw the attention of the City Guard, the second, a twenty-five foot fall.

The Merchants Way

The southbound road to Esgaroth was originally a worn-over trail, long gone to green from disuse, and all but disappeared into the encroaching boggy ground of the northern Long Marshes. With the refounding of Dale, both King Bard and the Master of Lake-town soon recognised that traffic and commerce between the two towns would be greatly aided by a better road. Luckily, the road had tough bones, for it was laid by the Dwarves, as were the majority of roads traversing Wilderland; the way was easily refurbished and immediately filled with traders and travellers both.

The Merchants Way falls under the authority of the crown of Dale, and the King's men ride and patrol along it. A secondary road splits off from the Merchants Way as it enters the valley of Dale, right before it passes under the Traders Gate, to wind north-east to the Quays outside the city wall, along the Running River.

The Merchants Way counts as a good road (very easy) for the purposes of travel between Dale and Lake-town, though heavy rains or other inclement weather can temporarily raise the terrain difficulty to easy or even moderate.

The Quays

East of the Traders Gate lie the city's landings, through which flow the majority of the city's imported and exported goods regularly flow through (the rest enter the city by land, from the Merchants Way). Wares from Lake-town, Mirkwood, and sometimes points on the map more distant still pass through here to the markets of Dale. In turn, numerous Dwarven products and the budding craftsmanship of the Bardings flow out from here.

Trade being one of the cornerstones of Dale's prosperity, the various landings and moorings that make up the quays are well kept and a specially appointed official is charged with all business conducted upon them. This Reeve of the Quays and his men patrol here regularly during the day, as much to collect taxes as to settle any quarrels between merchants. However, the Quays are so very busy that wiser merchants look to the security of their own wares themselves, especially at night.

The South Quay

Typically, goods shipped to Dale that are destined to be sold in large quantities are brought in to the city. The wares are then stored in one of the many trading houses or warehouses of the Merchants Quarter. For a variety of reasons, a few merchants prefer to leave their goods upon their ships; some don't have the funds required to rent storage in a warehouse in Dale, others intend to sell their entire cargo at once and do not wish to bother transporting it several times. Regardless of their motives, such merchants seek to berth their ships at the South Quay, the oldest and cheapest of the wharves of Dale.

The South Quay still serves the same purpose now for which it was first built near four hundred years ago. Exactly who laid the stones of the landings have been lost to time, though Dwarves confidently swear it was clearly a master of their people, for while the South Quay still bears the distinct scorch marks of Dragon-fire it remains seamless and intact. Despite its storied history, its status as the cheapest mooring area of the city attracts many unsavoury fellows, who often skulk about the shadows, waiting for an opportunity to offer their services.

The Merchants Quarter

At one end of the Merchants Way, through the open doors of the Traders Gate, lies the fastest growing neighbourhood of the city, where deals are struck and fortunes are made every moment of the day, and sometimes even late into the night. The Merchants Quarter is perpetually filled with all manner of folk: farmers trading their goods, merchants from across

The Bell Towers of Dale

Dale was famed for its merry bells, an old tradition that has been revived during the reconstruction of the city, mainly thanks to a courtly rivalry that started right after the death of Smaug. A group of leading families from Lake-town were among the first to pledge allegiance to King Bard, promising him that they would "raise the stones of Dale to the sky" if they were allowed to become advisors to the crown. When they were granted the privilege, they all started building towers, competing amongst themselves to see who could build the tallest one.

Today, Dale counts over a hundred bell towers, of various shapes and sizes, from slender, leaning ones to lofty constructions that stand higher than the Royal Palace. The bells within the towers bring the competition between the noble families that paid for them to another level; for they are not all of the same size nor are they made of the same materials, and each has its own peal. The silvery bells that mark dawn, noon and twilight sound very different to the sonorous iron knells that ring out fire warnings.

But as far as bells are concerned, the most famed of all is the King's Bell, given as a personal gift from King Dáin to King Bard and used mainly to call the advisors to counsel the King. It is better known to the general populace as "the Trotter", as when it sounds, all the noblemen of the city spur their horses to a brisk trot and hurry to the palace. Made of solid gold, the King's Bell is said to have been forged from a thousand coins taken from the hoard of Smaug.

Bardings and others that have spent a lot of time in Dale soon learn to discern certain events occurring from the ringing of the bells. A successful Awareness test can determine the the time, trouble, fires or upcoming pronouncements from the King.

Wilderland come to peddle their wares or acquire the same to sell elsewhere, buyers of every stripe looking to obtain the merchandise of the North's busiest market or Dwarven forge work direct from Erebor, and travellers who have come to look upon the realm of the Dragon-slayer.

The Merchants Quarter contains several large warehouses for the many goods intended to be sold down the river in Lake-town, as well as a few buildings used to store raw materials coming into the city or ultimately intended for Erebor. There are also a fair number of drinking halls and taverns for the many passing travellers here, including one of the first new inns built in Dale, the Drunkenstone (see *Tales from Wilderland*, page 109).

Strangers to Dale wishing to find the marketplace are directed to take the "River Road", which is a street leading in a gentle curve to the Market Square in the northern portion of the quarter. The proper name of the street is actually the Blue Way, but since it weaves over and beside several waterways, along with the colour of its stones, the local nickname has stuck.

The south-eastern portion of the Merchants Quarter is given over to the Farmers-market, a section of streets filled with goods and livestock from the many farms to the south and west of Dale. Within the Farmers-market is the Hunter's Row, a series of stalls where fowl and game animals are to be had, along with butchers able to prepare meats as requested, to satisfy both their Barding and Dwarf customers.

Merchants of Dale

The merchants of Dale generally fall into one of three categories: independent entrepreneurs looking to ply their wares and build their own personal fortunes; members of the older, established Guild of Merchants

based out of Lake-town looking to expand their businesses; or representatives for others, such as shop keeps who sell goods for Dwarven smiths that prefer their work at the forge to haggling on the street. Unlike the more reserved merchants of Esgaroth, merchants in Dale tend to be more outgoing to keep up with the pace of the city.

Attribute Level: 4
Specialities: Trading
Distinctive Features: Energetic, Forthright
Relevant Skills: Insight ♦♦, Persuade ♦♦♦

Market Square

In many ways the heart of the city, the Market Square sits on the northern edge of the Merchants Quarter, nearly at the exact centre of Dale. When folks from afar speak of the "great market of Dale"they are usually referring to the Market Square. Paved with stones of every colour from the other streets of Dale, set in patterns to identify the rightful position of every seller in town, the Market Square would be a vast open area, if not for the massive profusion of stalls, pedlar's carts, brightly coloured tents and wagons that regularly cover it. With new traders coming and going daily, the goods available at the market change constantly. Merchants, travellers, and locals come here in the hope of finding a fair trade, gaining a few coins and, sometimes, to see something they never imagined even existed in the world.

The goods on offer in the Market Square can seem near endless. There are local goods from the nearby farms and the Northern Dalelands, including seasonal fruit, fresh fish, game meats, fowl and robust wooden furniture. Traders from Esgaroth bring exotic woven cloths, outlandish pieces of jewellery from distant lands to the South, as well as stunningly crafted musical instruments from the Woodland Realm and hunting bows or tooled leathers and durable woodcraft from west of Mirkwood. Here the fabled wines of Dorwinion can sometimes be purchased, a drink so potent and sweet that it can render even the hardiest of Dwarves into a stupor.

Occasionally, merchants arrive from even farther afield, travellers from the East bringing strange tales, exotic goods and wondrous spices, alongside road-weary Dwarves dressed in fine wools from the West, bringing pipe-weed and small kegs of fine beer from the Shire. Some stalls offer other goods of far stranger providence: talismans and charms, books of lore, potions and cure-alls, powders and scrolls. All are claimed to have great virtues, though very few indeed are guaranteed to work in every case.

Many folks come merely to sample the unusual culinary fare the market has to offer: candied apples and sugary figs, meat spiked on sticks, ales, Dwarven spirits potent enough to render an unwary man blind, mead from Thranduil's halls, spiced fish, cups of hardy stew, soft bread and warm cider.

Folks that come to the market seeking the work of the Dwarves of Erebor are soon directed to the northern end of Market Square, where a sturdy bridge passes over a narrow watercourse to a row of small shops. The stores here all have simple fronts, a few of the smallest have only a simple sign bearing nothing more than a single Craftsman's Rune, the signature mark of the smith whose work the shop conducts exclusively. A number of warriors, both Dwarves and Bardings, patrol this strip of shops, for this is where the majority of the handicraft of Durin's folk is sold in Dale. Here is where sparkling jewels set upon slender chains, golden goblets inlaid with emeralds and silver bracelets ornamented with rubies can be found.

Beautiful treasures are not the only things offered for sale here. Swords and axes, well-made shields bound with thick iron and the finest mail that coin can secure; all can be bought here for a fair, but firm, price. Particularly well-off visitors can arrange here to commission specific pieces of work from the Dwarves. Depending on what a buyer is seeking, arrangements may be made to hire one of the smiths of Anvil Way (see page 44) or they may even be sent on to the Lonely Mountain itself if their order is particularly large.

The Market Square is generally open every day of the week, from an hour past dawn till dusk. During the longer days of spring and summer the Market Square remains open until very late in the evening, to profit from the longer hours of twilight in the North. In winter, great lamps of brass and crystal are hung from poles about the marketplace to throw back the night on feast days, and a festival air reigns.

There are many special events throughout the year, but for two days of the first week of every month, the Market Square is given over to a very special event indeed...

The Toy-market of Dale

On the first Monday and Thursday of each month the Market Square is transformed, with many of the stalls given over to a whole new selection of market goods: the Toy-market. Once called the "Wonder of the North" – a title the folk of Dale and Erebor both seem intent on reclaiming, the Toy-market changes the Market Square into a wondrous playground that attracts merchants from across Wilderland and far beyond. Famed Dwarf artisans, many of whom seldom visit the marketplace in person, are on hand bearing their finest creations to compete with their fellow craftsmen and see the joy their work brings to children in person.

The toys for sale at the market change regularly with new creations appearing each month, while old favourites come and go. What is constant is that they are all made of intricately carved wood and metal, painstakingly crafted over weeks, months and, in some cases, even years. The greatest (and most expensive) are so cunningly wrought as to give the semblance of being magical: toy soldiers in the raiment of one of the Five Armies that will march upon command, barking mechanical dogs, tiny brass trumpets that emit strange calls when sounded and metal birds that sing sweet melodies, are just samples of the toys available.

All the children of Dale, even the poorest, own at least one of the fabled toys that bear the mark of the city. There is a toy here to capture the heart of any child and a great many adults as well.

During the Toy-market, on the eastern border of the Market Square not coincidentally set against a canal, can be found the stalls of the fire-workers; craftsmen who specialise in the dangerous art of making fireworks, a relatively recent profession encouraged by Gandalf the Grey. The fireworks sold here range from small whizz-bangs to teeth-rattling thunder-claps with plenty of fire-flowers and burning fountains as well. Particularly large

The Lightly Fingered

As always happens where coins flow in abundance, pickpockets and cutpurses ply the stalls and the less-guarded shops of the Market Square on busy days. Skilled pilferers posing as beggars and paupers blend into the crowds as they deftly cut purse strings and pluck easily accessible pockets.

If one or more companions spends an extended amount of time at the Market Square or any of Dale's other markets, whether just shopping, perhaps keeping a watch over someone they suspect, or acting as guards for a merchant, the Loremaster should roll a Feat die. If an is rolled, the companion has become the chosen target of a thief. The targeted character must make an Awareness test (TN 16).

On an ordinary success, the character spots the would-be thief watching them, but the hero's scrutiny causes the pickpocket to disappear into the crowd. On either a great or extraordinary success the player-hero knows they are being watched, but the thief remains unaware of their vigilance – allowing them to scare off the miscreant or catch the thief in the act if they so choose.

If the Awareness test is failed the character has been robbed and loses something of value (not quantifiable in terms of Treasure, unless the hero was carrying something of unusual worth). If the test is failed with an than the thief has stolen something far more valuable: something sentimental to the character, a family ring, a small Precious Object, or similar. If the loss means something to the character, then they will have to set out to recover it, most likely by first seeking amidst the shadows of the Old Quarter... (see page 47).

or intricate fireworks may require a trip to Snapfire Alley on Red Row (see page 48) though the fire-workers here will be happy to point an interested party in the right direction.

The Missing Scale

On the southern side of the Market Square sits an impressively large oak and stone inn. The shingle out front features a golden-red pattern of Dragon-scales, with one at the centre conspicuously black. The Scale is one of the busiest inns in the city and while the handbills proclaim it has "rooms fit for a King" it is the peerless wine (and, perhaps, location) that gives the place its success. The inn's enormous common room can seat almost fifty patrons at its plentiful tables or along the polished bar that runs the length of the west wall, yet it is the baleful image of a Dragon that dominates the space. Crafted from wrought iron and lit from behind with candles, the glowing image runs along the wall opposite the bar. The Innkeeper Drucbord is especially proud of its design, made by his brother in Lake-town.

The flickering light of the Missing Scale has lit many a meeting, for it is frequented by all sorts of travellers to Dale, and the latest news from afar is often heard here even sooner than in the Royal Palace.

Ravensgate District

The Ravensgate District is where the majority of well-to-do and newly wealthy Bardings live in Dale. Many of the largest houses here were granted as gifts to the followers of the Dragon-slayer after the great victory at the Battle of Five Armies. Others belong to those made rich by trade or artistry. The district is constructed the closest to the Lonely Mountain, deep within the encircling mountain spurs, and it remains somewhat shadowed for a large portion of the day.

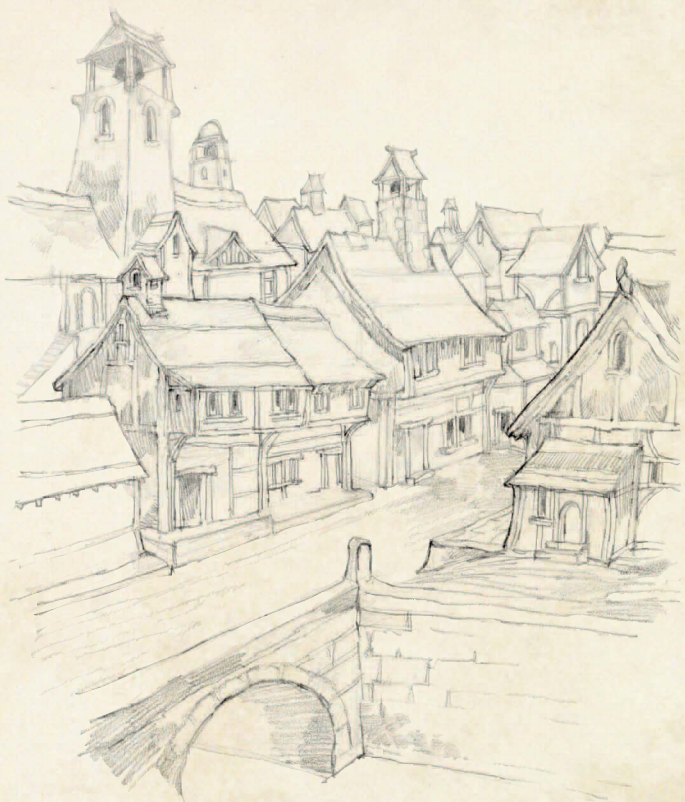
Watchmen carrying Dwarven lamps of iron and crystal beat the streets from early in the evening to late at night, and are quick to ask any fellow caught wandering the area after dark to move along.

White Lane

The longest street in the Ravensgate District starts near the city gate and winds its way around the eastern edge of the neighbourhood. Paved with white cobblestones and lined with tall, narrow houses, White Lane is where the craftsmen of Dale have their workshops and residences. Smiths of all types, fletchers, jewellery makers, glassblowers, leather workers, coopers and even a confectioner ply their trades here. Most renowned are the woodwrights, justly famed for their dependable furniture and their intricately engraved great bows.

Goods are seldom for sale on White Lane, as most of the craftsmen either keep a stall at the Market Square or arrange for others to sell their goods elsewhere. A few of the artisans here are always interested in unusual materials that may help them create something sensational, in part because they wish to showcase their work against the more famed creations of the Dwarves.

A company seeking employment may be hired by one of the craftsmen here to escort them into the heart of Mirkwood to bring back a specific type of wood or for some other equally dangerous task in pursuit of advancing the art of their chosen trade.



Anvil Way

Starting along the southern border of the Ravensgate District, north of the Royal Palace, and ending just east of the northern edge of the Market Square, runs a street like no other in Dale. Instead of paved with coloured stones, as are all of Dale's other streets, it is set with smooth plates of granite, expertly laid to be almost seamless, and named for the many smiths who live along it.

The ringing sound of hammer against anvil, the chipping of stone, the smell of burning coal, all carry to nearby shops at all hours of the day and occasionally late into the night. For Anvil Way is the street where many of the Dwarves who have chosen not to live in Erebor make their homes and have their workshops. Clustered together in squat stone houses, these stout craftsmen forge iron and steel, shape stone, carve precious jewels and make wondrous toys.

A great many of the smithies here have their forges set in open areas, so that all who come down the lane can see the Dwarves hard at work with hammer and tongs. The hiss of freshly forged iron plunged into buckets of water combines with the ringing of metal on metal and the tinkling of small tools at work to create a music akin to that which fills the halls of Erebor.

While only a relative handful of Dwarves have chosen to live and work under the sky, they are all highly valued members of the community and treated as honoured guests in Dale. Their wares sell at a high premium, which the richest citizens of Dale and many a travelling merchant gladly pay, for the craftsmen of Anvil Way are as skilled as any artisan in the Lonely Mountain and, by all accounts, more approachable too. Even so, it is difficult to get an appointment with the smiths here. The majority of their work is sold in small shops along the northern edge of the Market Square. Arrangements to consult with a smith generally need to be made in advance, through one of their agents there, mainly to stave off the otherwise continuous waves of Barding nobles and merchants who wish to apprentice their children with a Dwarven smith.

Anvil Way Smith

The craftsmen of Anvil Way are widely reputed to be quite sociable for Dwarves, a notion that few folk who have met them entirely believe. In fact, they are far less taciturn than many of their folk. Indeed, in Dwarven circles, they are famed for their odd ways and strange ideas. Some of the craftsmen along Anvil Way are said to actually prefer to work under the open sky! The very idea... Still, none doubt their skill or the quality of their work. Their light-hearted nature is well reflected in the many toy-makers who have built their workshops along Anvil Way.

Attribute Level:	5
Specialities:	Smith-craft
Distinctive Features:	Clever, Gruff
Relevant Skills:	Craft ♦♦♦♦

Royal Palace

Upon a low height near the centre of the city rises the royal residence of King Bard. A magnificent stone palace, the Royal Palace was built by Dwarven masons under the direction of the King under the Mountain. The building is a majestic, if somewhat daunting, sight, for it was constructed of dark polished stone quarried from the Lonely Mountain and it was built strong. The exterior is lined with a series of marble pillars, holding up a mighty vaulted roof. Before the massive, eastward facing front gates lies a magnificent fountain, which throws great arcs of water high into the air, where they crash above a sculpture of the Dragon, clearly representing the Fall of Smaug.

Two great openings border the eastern front gate, carved in such a way as to catch the first rays of the sun as they cascade over the south-eastern spur of the Mountain. The upper sides of the hall are lined with small windows of frosted glass, set deep in to the stone, and fitted with clever shutters that can easily be opened or closed at the King's whim. The palace's interior resembles that of a Dwarven underground hall, a massive open space bordered with elegant stonework and high columns, lit by great glass lamps that hang from the distant ceiling, like so many small stars. Unlike in some of the more enclosed spaces within Erebor, though, cool breezes pass through the hall regularly.

King Bard's throne sits at the end of the open main hall, upon a raised dais. The carven wood throne is engraved with the full tale of the Black Arrow and was

a gift from the Elvenking. The Dragon-slayer regularly holds court here, receiving dignitaries or dispensing justice as needed. Various Barding nobles and assorted functionaries come and go with great regularity, making the throne room a lively place.

On warm summer days, King Bard finds it agreeable to hold court in the open air. Just to the south of the palace lies a great courtyard, lined with seats of wood and stone, surrounded by lush greenery. Minstrels, poets, jesters and actors all perform here at times for the amusement of the King and his court.

Barding Nobles
Many of the young nobles of Dale are young men and women who stood with Bard at the Battle of Five Armies and followed him north when he announced that he would reclaim Dale. They form the majority of the King's counsellors, assisting in the running of the court and city, or representing Dale as the King's envoys abroad. While a few of them do come from the older noble lines directly descended from the aristocracy of Dale of old, few are used to the 'politics' that often play out in court manoeuvrings. They are, in the main, warriors more accustomed to action first and reasoned talk after.

Attribute Level: 6
Specialities: Dale-lore
Distinctive Features: Bold, Proud
Relevant Skills: Inspire ♦♦♦, Persuade ♦, Long Sword ♦♦♦
Endurance: 20

Barding Courtiers
A few of the most powerful noble lords come from families who were well-off merchants in Lake-town, many of which descended from the old nobility of Dale. Far more inclined to eloquence and reasoned debate than their younger compatriots, they represent a power bloc within Dale that the King cannot ignore, for they have influence over trade and many merchants. Some are extremely loyal to Bard, grateful for his courage and the opportunities he has afforded them. Others, though, regard the King as merely an upstart warrior who made a "lucky shot" and look to undermine him when they can. Determining which is which can be very difficult indeed...

Attribute Level: 4
Specialities: Dale-lore
Distinctive Features: Cunning, Lordly
Relevant Skills: Courtesy ♦♦♦, Inspire ♦♦, Persuade ♦♦♦

Royal Barracks
A solid gated keep just to the south of the Royal Palace, the Royal Barracks is home to the black-liveried Royal Archers, the elite bodyguards of the King, and a training ground for all the forces of Dale. The greatest fighters among King Bard's followers regularly train the city's youth here, hoping to instil some of their skills into the next generations. The commander of the Royal Barracks, Elstan, the First Captain of Dale (see page 50), will occasionally ask noteworthy adventurers to share some of their hard-won knowledge here, as will the King. Correspondingly, enough fighters of such great skill have taught here that even accomplished warriors have begun to occasionally visit in order to learn a few new tricks.

In addition to various training rooms, the barracks' walls encompass a long field where a handful of archers can always be found practising their skills. Many of the Royal Archers pride themselves on their crafting skills with their weapons and the sight of one or more black-liveried warriors fletching their own arrows is a common one here.

Royal Archers of Dale
The Royal Company of Archers consists of fifty members, hand-picked from among the greatest warriors and hunters in the North, to serve as the personal bodyguard of King Bard, as well as reinforcing the City Guard as needed. No distinctions of rank or lineage are made in their selection: skill alone counts for all. Every warrior in the city dreams of joining the august ranks of the "Black Company", as they are often called, due to their distinctive head-to-toe black livery. The Royal Archers have a (mostly) friendly rivalry with the Bowman's Guild of Esgaroth and seek to best them at every opportunity.

Attribute Level: 6
Specialities: Woodwright
Distinctive Features: Energetic, Keen-eyed
Relevant Skills: Awareness ♦♦♦, Great Bow ♦♦♦♦
Endurance: 20

Residential Quarter

Most of the common citizens of Dale live in the western Residential Quarter. During the first five years since the founding of the city, the neighbourhood saw simple houses with tall and thick stone walls sprout rapidly like mushrooms, one next to the other, leaving only narrow lanes to separate them. As the city's wall stretches out to the west, there are still large portions of the quarter without buildings, and masons and workers are a common sight, as are the sounds of construction and the chipping of stone.

The Commons

King Bard actively encourages the Free Folk who come to Dale seeking new lives to claim farms of their own by offering them land in the Upper Marches. Some, though, have no interest in farming and seek instead to become occupants of the city.

Unwilling to turn anyone away, but acknowledging that it can take time to find one's place or be able to secure accommodations, the King allows new citizens to pitch their tents in the southerly portion of the Residential Quarter, which has swiftly become known as "The Commons". Immigrants to Dale of less means are thus given the time and opportunity to partake in the prosperity of the city in order to gather enough funds to eventually move into a house, take up the King's offer of land or to decide to move on.

The Commons is an ever-shifting maze of tents and temporary constructions, which the City Guard patrols frequently. All sorts of folk come and go here regularly and not all of them are necessarily friends to Dale...

The Nest

In the south-east of the Residential Quarter, near the Market Square, sits the heavily reinforced keep of the City Guard of Dale. It is universally known as "the Nest" due to the heraldry that all the City Guard bear: the Sign of the Thrush. Here the City Guard regularly train, and from here set out to patrol the city. While there are smaller guard posts throughout Dale, none have anywhere near the size, nor the activity levels, of the Nest.

Dale's City Guard

Dale's City Guard are actively trained to keep an eye out for trouble and to try to diffuse situations with words before resorting to violence. The few outsiders to Dale who mistake this reticence to come to blows as a weakness swiftly learn that many of the older guards and most of their commanders are veterans of the Battle of Five Armies. They typically patrol the city in squads of two to four, depending on the time of year and the size of the crowds. While they make their presence felt in a few places, especially at the docks and the city gates, they generally do their best to remain in the background until needed elsewhere. They are, however, swift to step in to break up violent arguments and stop any fights that might threaten commerce in the city. If hard pressed, they can easily call upon assistance from their fellows or even nearby Royal Archers with silver whistles that they wear about their necks.

City Guard

Attribute Level: 4
Specialities: -
Distinctive Features: Cautious, Wary
Relevant Skills: Awareness ♦♦, Search ♦♦, Sword ♦♦
Endurance: 17

Guard Commander

Attribute Level: 6
Specialities: -
Distinctive Features: Hardened, Wary
Relevant Skills: Awareness ♦♦, Search ♦♦, Sword ♦♦♦
Endurance: 20

The Water House

Consciously built in imitation of Esgaroth's Hospital, King Bard was readily convinced by the Master of Lake-town and King Dáin's counsels that a city as big as Dale would have need of a house of healing. The Water House was built alongside a flowing canal, with several small waterfalls, the gentle sounds of which are thought to aid in the healing of fevered minds. The healers and midwives of the Water House care for those who need it, tending to the old and sick, as well as the poor. Patients of more

means are asked to contribute to the house's coffers. The healers at the Water House have many herbalists in their ranks.

Water House Healers

Attribute Level:	4
Specialities:	Leechcraft or Herb-lore
Distinctive Features:	Merciful, Patient
Relevant Skills:	Healing ♦♦♦, Lore ♦♦

Old Quarter

The eastern part of the city is referred to as the Old Quarter for, long ago, it was the heart of Dale before the coming of Smaug. The vast tracts of stone houses and shops that once made up Dale were reduced to piles of shattered masonry and melted rock by the Dragon. When King Bard and his followers first journeyed to Dale, they found carven stones of great beauty in the Old Quarter, wondrous enough even after two centuries of neglect that the stonemasons of Erebor were impressed, but all were crumbling and overgrown with vines and lichen.

The broken stones of the Old Quarter proved to be useful in the re-building of Dale. Many old foundations were soon put to new uses by the clever masons of the Lonely Mountain. The once-famed fountains of old would never run again, but new ones were built even grander than before. The cunning aqueducts that fed the fountains were repaired and vast improvements were made, to route new channels throughout the city.

The buildings of the Old Quarter are, in the main, a mixture of old stonework beautifully blended with new. The neighbourhood still has a somewhat dubious reputation, but many folk live and work here untroubled by the district's past.

Brokenstone

While many folk discredit it, there are some that believe parts of the Old Quarter are haunted by the restless spirits of those slain by Smaug. When the howling winter winds sweep through the city, they say an "unnatural chill" lingers in the Old Quarter and fell cries can be heard on the wind. Many others hold that if there is any curse lingering in the Old Quarter, it was brought there by some of its newer inhabitants.

When King Bard first set about rebuilding Dale, a few of the bullies and snivelling servants of the old Master of Lake-town, hoping to find quick coin or easy prey among the vulnerable, joined in the early efforts. When their machinations fell flat, many faced exile or shame, but few were willing to brave the dangers of Wilderland and most knew they would receive no welcome back in

Esgaroth. Helped by the surging new population, they did their best to melt into the shadows, which was easiest in the supposedly haunted remnants of the Old Quarter.

Hard hearts and dark shadows can bear ill fruit. Even as the markets of Dale have once again become famous throughout Wilderland, so the black market of the Old Quarter, known as the Brokenstone, has achieved a dubious fame of its own. Strange and terrible things can be bought or learned in the dusk of the Brokenstone, which isn't a specific place, so much as a series of older cracked courtyards and darkened taverns of ill repute clustered in the south of the Old Quarter. Many folk believe that the denizens of the Brokenstone have one or more tunnels for smuggling goods directly to and from the river, under the wall, though the City Guard haven't been able to locate one.

The folk of the Brokenstone are, in the main, either paupers or criminals. On dark nights, some are said to slip into the other neighbourhoods of the city to offer their dubious wares, or to seek out easy prey. Those that know of the Brokenstone suggest there may be some truth to the rumour that it is haunted, or submit that the area may indeed have been cursed by the Dragon; others firmly declare that the denizens of the Brokenstone are tormented far more by their own greed than any fictitious spirits of the dead.

Snapfire Alley

One of the major thoroughfares of the Old Quarter is the brick paved street called Red Row. It starts just north of the Farmers-market at the edge of the Merchants Quarter and runs in a grand curve along the western side of the Old Quarter, passing by the Market Square before meandering north-easterly. Many building materials and workers regularly pass along the Red Row, but it is an off-shoot of the Row that has really made it famous: Snapfire Alley. In a large blind alley filled with brightly painted workshops, the greater bulk of the famed fireworks of Dale are tested and produced. The fire-workers of Dale engage in their delightful, if dangerous, trade here, regularly experimenting with new powders and mixtures in a specially built stone hall that lacks any flammable materials. Bright flares of light and muffled *booms* are regular occurrences around Snapfire Alley. The alley is partially encircled by a large ornamental pool as another layer of "defence" should any accidents occur. The art of firework production is a relatively new one and very much a mysterious practice; the fire-workers are very careful that only the "right sort" should learn any of their secrets. Free Folk who only wish to entertain and delight others are the types they look for when taking on new apprentices.

Notable Characters

Bard the Dragon-slayer, King of Dale

"Bard is not lost!" he cried. He dived from Esgaroth, when the enemy was slain. "I am Bard, of the line of Girion; I am the slayer of the dragon!"

Long before he wore a crown, Bard was known to his people as a grim but worthy man; stern but forthright in word and deed. Neither the crown nor long years on

the throne will change those aspects of his character. He is widely regarded as a good king, not easily swayed by idle politics and ever mindful of the welfare of his people.

King Bard is ambitious and clear in his desire to expand the Kingdom of Dale. Being a king does not come readily to the Dragon-slayer, though. He is not particularly fond of the trappings of nobility and accepts many of the more tedious duties of being a monarch with the same stoicism with which he would face an enemy in battle. Improving the lot of his kingdom is often in the forefront of his thoughts. He is smart enough to realise that he is not among the very Wise, but shrewd enough to know a forked tongue when he hears it.

Attribute Level:	6
Specialities:	Dale-lore, Woodwright
Distinctive Features:	Keen-eyed, Grim
Relevant Skills:	Insight ♦♦♦, Hunting ♦♦♦, Great Bow ♦♦♦♦♦
Endurance:	26

Encountering Bard

Hard-voiced and frequently of sombre mood, Bard is a proud, practical man, shaped by his former life as a captain. He is widely famed for being true to his word, no matter the personal cost. The Bowman reads hearts well, and is quick to see the worth of an individual. King Bard can most frequently be found in the Royal Palace, though he occasionally wanders the Market Square, with bodyguard in tow. When the crown grows heavy, he leaves the city to hunt on horseback in the lands to the west.

Bard is a tall, imposing man, hale even as the years add increasing amounts of silver to his once black hair, with a sharp glance and a taciturn manner. Only his queen has the knack of getting him to smile regularly.

King Bard as a Patron

The Bowman concerns himself far more with action than words. Those who accept his patronage are not likely to find themselves at court much. Many of the tasks that Bard will ask of his followers involve furthering his ambitions by advancing the interests of Dale or occasionally by assisting his allies. This will likely see a company sent into the wild to investigate monstrous threats or lending their weapons to defend a far-flung settlement from raiders.

Bard can be made a patron of the company if they have directly aided him during an Adventuring phase. Characters who have Bard as their patron may choose the Fellowship phase undertakings *Offer Counsel at the King's Court* or *Join the King's Hunt* regardless of normal requirements (see page 51).

Queen Una the Fair

Una the Fair, merchant princess of Dorwinion, captured the heart of King Bard, the folk of Dale and even the neighbouring kingdoms of Erebor and the Woodland Realm in 2948. Una is a spirited woman, whose energy and

The Years' Dark Passage

If a Loremaster chooses to follow the Tale of Years threaded through *The Darkening of Mirkwood* campaign, King Bard will meet Una of Dorwinion in 2948. They marry early the following year and, by winter, the Queen gives birth to their first (and only) child, Prince Bain.

If the company doesn't prevent it, Queen Una will die tragically in 2956. After the Queen's death, the already grim Bard will turn inward for many years and his rule will falter for a time. Scheming nobles and cunning plots will put much that the Dragon-slayer has accomplished at risk. The courage of the player-heroes will be instrumental in helping King Bard, Prince Bain and Dale through these troubled years.

enthusiasm makes for a stark contrast with her husband. Her outgoing demeanour, gentle wisdom and sharp business instincts complement her grim, socially reticent king, earning her the nickname, "the Dorwinion Gift".

Queen Una works ceaselessly to smooth diplomatic relations at court and is far more eager to meet with trade delegations, negotiate with envoys and sooth the ruffled egos of nobles than King Bard ever will be. Characters who have consistently shown themselves to act in the interest of Dale will catch her eye, and her recommendations do much to sway the King.

A trusted company that has Bard as a patron will occasionally be called upon to help the Queen, "with some trifling matter"; which is likely to be far more dangerous and clandestine than anything the Bowman would ask for. Una is one of the great beauties of the Age; dusky skinned, dark eyed, swift to smile and quick to laugh. Her easy going manner swiftly disarms others, but the Queen is every inch a merchant's daughter and her instincts are very shrewd.

Attribute Level: 5
Specialities: Minstrelsy, Storytelling
Distinctive Features: Clever, Fair
Relevant Skills: Awe ♦♦♦, Courtesy ♦♦♦♦, Insight ♦♦♦♦

Elstan, First Captain of Dale

Among the first to swear loyalty to King Bard, Elstan is a widely famed, and beloved, warrior. Ever at the forefront of battles and swift to offer aid to beset farmers, Elstan spends almost as much time in the Upper Marches as he does in Dale. Elstan commands the Royal Barracks and sets the example that many of the Royal Archers strive to emulate. Ironically, he's only a passing archer, but he is a master swordsman.

Elstan always keeps an eye out for those he deems to be both "trouble" and "useful sorts". He'll wryly note when asked that they are often one and the same. He occasionally directs companies that he trusts towards, "rumours and such that need looking into".

The First Captain of Dale is a marked contrast to the Dragon-slayer. Where Bard is taciturn, Elstan is garrulous; where Bard is grim, Elstan is frequently cheerful. Elstan is tall, grey eyed and gaunt, resembling nothing so much as an old wolf. He is not a young man any more, but age has not undone him as yet. He wears a bright suit of Dwarven-mail and carries an ancient shield engraved with potent runes called the Aegis of Dale.

Attribute Level: 6
Specialities: Dale-lore, Storytelling
Distinctive Features: Merry, True-hearted
Relevant Skills: Awareness ♦♦♦, Battle ♦♦♦, Inspire ♦♦♦♦, Sword ♦♦♦♦
Endurance: 20

Brindal, Enterprising Thief

Though the people of Dale are widely thought to be true and noble, not all aspire to honourable lives. Brindal is a young woman who lost much when Lake-town burned. Barely fifteen when the fires claimed her family, she followed many of her people to find a new home in Dale. Bitterness crept into her heart as riches finally began to flow into the city, but only a little silver found its way to her.

Now, Brindal seeks to fill the emptiness left by the loss of her family and all she held dear with hoarded gold. She leads a small band of thieves based out of the Brokenstone who regularly ply the streets of Dale, picking the pockets of idle shoppers and keeping an ear out for useful secrets she can parley to interested parties. She has begun to hold Bardings in contempt, and the darkness of her spirit deepens with every season.

Brindal is a sinewy young woman in her twenties, with light brown hair, and a hard green gaze that resembles nothing so much as a lizard's. She speaks in short, terse sentences, and always keeps an eye on the nearest exit.

Attribute Level: 4
Specialities: Burglary, Trading
Distinctive Features: Nimble, Secretive
Relevant Skills: Awareness ♦♦♦, Athletics ♦♦♦, Stealth ♦♦♦♦

Things to do while in Dale

The city of Dale grows with each season as trade flourishes and the Northmen who once lived in fear in the time of Smaug flock to its gates. While traffic across Wilderland slows down in the winter as the weather turns chill, the Market Square remains busy all year round. There is always a new treasure to be found amidst the tents and stalls of the city, if one only looks hard enough.

New Fellowship Phase Undertakings

Here follows several new undertakings that can be chosen by companions spending a Fellowship phase in Dale.

Commission a Smith of Anvil Way

A hero with gold to spare can contract the services of a master smith of Anvil Way, to customise a weapon or suit of armour. At the cost of 10 Treasure, companions choosing this undertaking and who just earned a Valour level may choose the Quality described below as their new Reward.

The hero may try to lower the required fee by making a **Persuade** roll (no special discounts for Dwarves). On a success, the hero finds a smith who will do the work for 8 Treasure, a great success secures the work for 6 Treasure, and on an extraordinary success, for a mere 4 Treasure. On a failure, the hero spends the phase searching, but there is no smith to be had at his price.

Throughout the Fellowship phase, the smith calls upon the hero to come and test the grip on the sword, watches while they hack a target to pieces or has the hero try on their mail shirt, making adjustments and taking notes as he has the hero leap about his workshop. At the start of the following Adventuring phase, the smith presents the hero with a gleaming piece of Dwarven forge-work specifically modified to fit them.

Made in Anvil Way (armour or weapon, unique)
The improved balance, customised grip of a custom-forged weapon lets a hero roll again one Success die on each attack.

A Dwarven custom-forged suit of mail armour allows a hero to roll again one Success die on each Protection test.

This upgrade may be applied only once, to any one weapon or armour type.

Join the King's Hunt

Before he became known as the Dragon-slayer, King Bard was known simply as the Bowman; from those days he still has a deep love of the hunt. To relax from the stresses of his kingly duties, he occasionally journeys with a company of other skilled hunters into the Dalelands in search of game. It is a high honour to be invited to join the King on one of his excursions.

A character spending the Fellowship phase in Dale may choose this undertaking to join King Bard on his jaunts. The hero gains a deeper understanding of the wilds surrounding Dale and may roll an additional Feat die on his **Travel** rolls, keeping the highest, whenever they take the role of Huntsman during a journey that takes them through the Northern Dalelands or the Upper Marches.

Offer Counsel at the Royal Court

King Bard is not a man who chooses to rule by his will alone. He regularly seeks the wisdom of worldly folks from both within his borders and beyond. Though this practice is regarded with deep suspicion by some of the more conservative among Dale's old noble lines, Bard pays them little mind, for he knows the strength of his realm is bound with cooperation between the Free Folk of Wilderland.

A hero spending the Fellowship phase in Dale may choose this undertaking to spend time at the Royal Palace and share their insight with his court. This undertaking may only be selected by Barding characters or heroes with the title of Thegn with a Standing or Wisdom of 3, or any character with a Wisdom of 4 or higher.

By spending the Fellowship phase sitting in council with the King and his advisors, the hero earns the admiration of the people of Dale. Their **Courtesy** skill is considered to be favoured for the next year and their Standing in Dale counts as being 1 point higher.

Stay at the Missing Scale

Mere steps away from the flow of the Market Square, all manner of folk find their way to seats at the Missing Scale. It is a tavern where local news from one street over is exchanged for tales from distant lands; where a soiled farmer from the north can rub elbows with a Dwarven miner from the Iron Hills, a wealthy merchant prince from Dorwinion or a Beorning trader from west of Mirkwood.

A companion spending a Fellowship phase in Dale may choose this undertaking to gain the benefits of the *Folk-lore* speciality during the next Adventuring phase. If a character already has the *Folk-lore* speciality, then they may gain two benefits out of a single trait invocation (e.g. they could automatically succeed at a roll and gain an Advancement point.)

Take Apprenticeship with a Dwarven Smith

"Fathers would beg us to take their sons as apprentices, and pay us handsomely..."

The Dwarven smiths of Anvil Way are not idle in the winter months. They warm their hearts along with their hands at the forge, dedicated to crafting new and wondrous treasures. Many Bardings seek apprenticeship with these master smiths, hoping to learn but a fragment of their skill. Such an education does not come cheaply.

A character with a **Craft** skill of at least 2 (for the Dwarves will not suffer a completely inept student) who spends the Fellowship phase in Dale or Erebor may seek an apprenticeship with a Dwarven smith. The would-be apprentice must then make a **Courtesy** test against TN 16 to convince a Dwarven smith to take them on.

On any level of success, the character must pay the equivalent of 5 points of Treasure. On a failure, they have to pay 10 points of Treasure. On an they enrage the smith, who swiftly spreads the word to his fellows of the character's flaws, and there is no apprenticeship to be had for any price.

In return for a small fortune and a Fellowship phase spent working ceaselessly at a forge under a gruff taskmaster, the character can apply the lessons they learn to excel at the smith's arts. From now on, **Craft** is considered to be a favoured skill for the purposes of improving it with Advancement points only. If **Craft** was already a favoured skill, the character acquires either the *Smith-craft* or the *Stone-craft* speciality.

The Lands about - the Mountain -

The Northern Dalelands

From the Withered Heath in the north to the southern lands where the River Running meets the Redwater there were once villages and towns loyal to the House of Girion. No land grew more prosperous under his rule than the Northern Dalelands, the fertile land north-west of Dale. Long fields of rich soil gave plenty to those who tended the land, and the only shadow upon the land was that which came with the setting sun.

When the Dragon made his lair in the Lonely Mountain, however, the Dalelands became known as the Desolation of Smaug. The land became bleak and barren, the soil tainted; only a little grass endured and bush and tree were reduced to broken and blackened stumps. All around the Mountain was silence, as though the birds and insects were afraid to wake the Dragon.

With the death of Smaug, however, the land has begun to heal. Bird-song fills the skies once more and the land has burst into new life. Green grasses and fields of vibrant flowers surround the Lonely Mountain anew. Songbirds nest in the thickets and game has returned to the rolling fields.

Bardings, too, have returned to the Dalelands. Newly built farms and villages are springing up everywhere, and golden fields of corn have been sown. This is the heart of the Kingdom of Dale, and it is these lands that King Bard has gifted to his most loyal of retainers.

Wildlife

The Northern Dalelands are verdant once again, teeming with life. Rolling hills covered in swaying grasses and beds of heather and poppy are only broken by the occasional copse of trees or cairn of rock.

Thrushes, chats and starlings nest throughout the hills, their songs filling the air. Small falcons knife their way through the sky; hobbies, merlins and peregrines. Ravens from the Lonely Mountain occasionally flap over the land, looking out for anything that might be of interest to their Dwarf-friends.

Game is easily found here and those who are keen with a bow find meat to be a regular meal, whether hare, stag or boar. It is only in the far north, where the land falls under the shadow of the Grey Mountains, that wolves are encountered, gaunt grey killers that come down seeking to prey on lonely travellers or isolated farms.

Inhabitants

During the reign of Smaug, only a handful of Men dwelt in the Northern Dalelands. But in the past few years, life has returned to the land – and with it the Bardings themselves. Each year they return in ever-greater numbers, flourishing under King Bard. The hills are dotted with great tracts of tilled earth and simple farmsteads of fresh timber. Between these steadings are trade posts, inns, watchtowers and the mansions of nobles and courtiers out of Dale.

These nobles are descended from older lines, loyal merchants from Esgaroth or newly raised warriors who fought at Bard's side during the Battle of Five Armies. As a reward for their loyalty they were gifted with parcels of land throughout the Dalelands, where they govern in Bard's name.

Whilst grass and crops grow now in the Dalelands, it is too soon for newly planted trees to be harvested for wood. Instead, those villages founded near to the borders of Mirkwood look to the Woodland Realm for timber, and their unwelcome felling is the source of increasing tension between the Elves and Bardings.

Notable Characters

Bryni, Lord of Strandburg

Like many nobles who dwell in the Northern Dalelands, Bryni came here when King Bard first encouraged his people to restore the land. Bryni was young and eager then, not yet twenty when he came to the ruined village of Strandburg. He had little claim to rulership beyond a distant ancestor who had owned a handful of farms here, but Bryni held to the hope of brighter days to come and in the first year of his rule he was a goodly lord who stood shoulder to shoulder with those who had followed him.

But when plenty became the law of his land, Bryni grew idle. His village of Strandburg flourishes in the very heart of the Northern Dalelands, far from dust of the Waste or the eaves of Mirkwood. He instead concerns himself with long winter feasts, the finest fashions for his wife, and the latest trophies of the hunt. In short, Lord Bryni has grown arrogant in his manor and deaf to the concerns of his people. With each passing season the fortunes of the people of Strandburg diminish ever so slightly and the troubles of far off lands draw closer. Though Bryni turns a blind eye to these shadows and waves away the concerns of his people with a smile, there may come a time when his mettle is finally tested.

Even if he does not act like the hero he aspires to be, Bryni certainly resembles one; long flowing dark hair, a proud, lordly gaze and a habit for wearing shining mail and red cloaks even when not dressing for battle.

Attribute Level:	5
Specialities:	Story-telling
Distinctive Features:	Lordly, Reckless
Relevant Skills:	Awe ♦♦♦, Hunting ♦♦♦
Endurance:	19

Garrick of the Black Arrow

Not all who dwell in the Northern Dalelands wish to live under the rule of King Bard. There is a small company of men who have named themselves for the famed shaft that slew Smaug and would see that no such shadow ever returns to trouble their land: the Black Arrow. Led by Garrick, a former guard of Dale, they regularly patrol the borders of the land looking for signs of the shadow. While their purpose is noble, they are regarded by many to be troublemakers, ruffians and vigilantes. Men of the

Black Arrow hold themselves to no law and kneel before no lord. Garrick himself has said that no words shall bind his company, save a direct decree by King Bard himself.

The Men of the Black Arrow stir up trouble throughout the Dalelands. They bully farmers and villagers, harass travellers and traders and demand recompense from nobles for their 'help'. While the Black Arrow has been responsible for several victories against Goblins and wolves out of the Grey Mountains, and lawless bands of brigands, they are regarded by Bard as menaces and lawbreakers. But they see themselves as heroes and protectors of the common folk, who take action while the nobles sit idly in their manors.

Garrick himself is a short, furrow-browed man with little time to bandy words with civilised folk. He is eager to whet his weapons with the blood of those who threaten the land.

Attribute Level: 5
Specialities: Dalelands-lore
Distinctive Features: Grim, Fierce
Relevant Skills: Bow ♦♦♦♦, Search ♦♦♦, Travel ♦♦♦
Endurance: 19

Notable Places

Castle Orlmond

Orlmond is a lord out of Dale, gifted with a parcel of land north of the River Running, and the wealth to make of it what he will. And what he has made is a mighty castle, by the standards of the Men of North, with Dwarf-wrought gates and high towers.

Unlike the ruined watchtowers that dot the Grey Mountain Narrows, Castle Orlmond is a new fortification, built atop a steep-sided hill with views across the Dalelands on one side, and to the nearby borders of Mirkwood on the other. Some thirty warriors stand guard here, and an increasing number of cottagers and foresters have settled nearby, comforted by the security of the keep.

(More about Castle Orlmond – and the disposition of its lord – can be found in *The Darkening of Mirkwood*, page 108.)

Edric's Town

The northernmost village in the Northern Dalelands, Edric's Town is unusual in that it draws most of its resources by mining along the edge of the Withered Heath. Edric's Town boasts two mines, apparently rich in gold and gems, as well as a quarry.

The people of Edric's Town, though, pay for their new prosperity with toil and blood. Dwelling beneath the shadow of the grim peaks of the Grey Mountains, far too close to the Withered Heath, the villagers struggle against long, cold winters and fearsome beasts which often stalk down from the north in search of easy prey. Unlike the majority of the other villages of the Northern Dalelands, the houses of Edric's Town are built from stone. The town is surrounded by a large palisade of high wooden stakes set between squat towers, and there is talk that the Dwarves of Erebor may assist in building a new wall.

Lady Sara, widow of the late eccentric Lord Edric, rules the village. Though strong and fierce in her own right, she has seen the troubles of her people grow heavier with every season. Thick snows bury the village each winter and they are regularly beset by wolves and even worse creatures. Her people dwindle in number each year, and despite the promise of wealth, few seem willing to replace them, for what use is money to the dead? Some say that a sterner lord is needed in such a place and that the Lady of Edric's Town is not fit to rule. Travelling merchants whisper that talk of rebellion is quietly spreading, adding yet another sorrow amidst a sea of them.

Galford

With the return of prosperity to Dale and Erebor, traders are once again taking to the old merchant roads that cross Wilderland. While it is the most direct path, Mirkwood also remains the most dangerous, causing many merchants to look elsewhere. The old trading road that runs the length of the Grey Mountain Narrows and passes through the Northern Dalelands on its way to the Lonely Mountain is seeing more traffic than it has in generations.

While many Northmen left their meagre farms and halls behind to heed the Dragon-slayer's offer of opportunities elsewhere, a few saw the advantages in staying. Galford

is a growing village set on the trader's path a day's journey south-east of the Narrows' eastern gap, centred on a new traveller's inn called the Lantern. Named for the wondrous Dwarven brass lamp that swings from its front porch, the innkeeper Vali converted his former farmstead into the Lantern to cater to the merchants and other travellers that had begun to regularly ask if they could stay in his barns.

Vali's decision has proved to be a fortuitous one, for in the few years it has been open, the Lantern has already become a great success. Unlike many other settlers in the area, Vali wisely approached emissaries of the Elvenking in Lake-town before improving the Lantern (or the village) as Galford sits along the eastern eaves of Mirkwood. While Thranduil's folk made no promises of protection, they've allowed Vali to use fallen wood from the forest in his ongoing constructions, a rare privilege.

The Waste

Directly to the north and east of Erebor lies the trackless, ash-choked desert known as the Waste. The Waste spans over one hundred and fifty miles from the eastern edge of the Northern Dalelands to the Iron Hills, bordered to the north by the Lower Fork of the Grey Mountains, and beyond the Withered Heath.

It is a broken, tumbled land of twisted stone, cracked earth and strange piles of rock melted into unnatural shapes, the Waste barely supports life, and even then only of the most desperate and ruthless kind. Stony tors made of sharp rocks can shred a climber's hands to ribbons, while even the most seasoned guide can find themselves hopelessly lost in one of many blind canyons.

The rare potable water found in the Waste is either a rancid-smelling brown or reeks of sulphur. Better by far the water holes with a rotten stench, though, than the waters that have no smell, for these are invariably poisonous. The soil has become a mixture of ash, silt and sand in which nothing wholesome grows. The only plantlife found in the Waste are various types of thorny bracken that are poisonous to animals and exude oils that irritate the skin, along with strange weeds that cling to the underside of misshapen boulders.

The fierce winds that constantly blow from the north are somewhat lessened by the Grey Mountains, which helps to blunt their wrath, but terrible dust storms are still a bane to those travelling on the Waste.

The western part of the Waste and the Northern Dalelands beyond are shielded by two mountain spurs, but the eastern part has little shelter from the biting cold. Piercing winds tear at the skin and reduce visibility to a feeble stone's throw at best. Lucky travellers may find a suitably deep box gully or a rocky overhang, but there are no guarantees of shelter.

While it could be argued that the Wastes belong to either the Kingdom of Dale or Erebor, neither King Bard nor King Dáin is interested in trying to reclaim them. The Dragon's corruption lingers too strongly here and there are fertile lands to the south to be had with far less effort.

Wildlife

There is little life in the Waste, and what few creatures live here hide beneath stony outcroppings during the day. Large, droning beetles make their homes near rancid pools of water. Small, poisonous snakes slither between the rocks. Most commonly seen are clouds of fat, buzzing blue-grey flies; travellers who attract these flies inevitably find their stores infested soon after by small, grey maggots unlike any found elsewhere. In all ways is the Waste unwholesome and tainted.

Inhabitants

The Waste has always been an empty land, and no one makes their home here permanently. Those Men who do live there now are bandits or exiles, one and all. Some were banished from Dale. Others are opportunistic thieves who have fled to the Waste, correctly reckoning that none would wish to follow them.

The already perilous lives of these miscreants have grown worse during the last few years, for particularly wretched Orcs and Goblins fled north here after the Battle of Five Armies. The desperate survivors of that battle are particularly ruthless and cunning, even for Orcs.

Notable Characters

Witherfinger

The haggard old creature known as Witherfinger is described in *Tales from Wilderland*, page 142.

Rugash the Serpent, Orc-Chieftain

Rugash is not at all a typical Orc leader, which is in large part what has made his tribe so very successful on the Waste. When Rugash travelled to the Battle of Five Armies, he was neither the strongest nor the most skilled among his folk. He was cunning and, rare for an Orc, subtle. He knew what to say around which commander in order to direct events as he wished. For many long years, he was content to remain in the background, letting others endure the constant challenges and backstabs that most Orc leaders regularly face. It was not defeat at the Battle of the Five Armies that changed Rugash's lot though; it was the aftermath.

Rugash, having already seen which way the battle was going, slipped north before the rout. He had already planned his escape, finding a suitably well-hidden gully to hide in. His foresight was rewarded when the Eagles killed those of his fellows who were caught in the open as they fled. As the surviving Orcs and Goblins gathered into bands, Rugash fell in with a group led by a great lout intent on taking immediate revenge against the Dwarves. Rugash casually poisoned him and took charge.

Rugash's approach has succeeded in the Waste, where cunning generally counts more than strength. His tribe is as elusive as creeping shadows, moving their camp often, and oftimes striking during a dust storm. It was his warriors who named him "the Serpent" a sobriquet he bears with pride. After his long string of successes, Rugash's ambitions have grown. Even now his scouts carefully explore choice targets along the eastern edge of the Dalelands in preparation for raids to come.

Rugash the Serpent, Orc-Chieftain

Attribute Level	
5	
Endurance	**Hate**
28	7
Parry	**Armour**
5 +3 (Great Shield)	3d
Skills	
Personality, 4	Survival, 3
Movement, 3	Custom, 1
Perception, 2	Vocation, 2
Weapon Skills	
Orc-axe	2
Spear	4
Special Abilities	
Hate Sunlight	Snake-like Speed
Commanding Voice	-

Weapons:

Weapon Type	Damage	Edge	Injury	Called Shot
Orc-axe	5		16	Break Shield
Broad-headed Spear*	7	10	12	Poison

*The Serpent's Fang – Broad-headed Spear with a split head.

Hakon, Barding Noble

While change may be the course of the world, it is difficult for some folk to bear, especially those who were content with how things were. Such is the way with Hakon, once a powerful merchant of Esgaroth, now a courtier of Dale. Hakon's family directly descends from the noble bloodlines of Dale. In Lake-town of old, Hakon wielded an enormous amount of influence due to both his family line and his wealth. Hakon frequently used his power to further his own interests at the expense of others and was seldom secretive about it. When Smaug crashed down onto Esgaroth, most of Hakon's treasury sunk to the bottom of the Long Lake. With his wealth gone, Hakon decided that his best chance for repairing his fortunes was to support King Bard. Though his words of gratitude were ashes in his mouth, he pledged all that he had to help Bard's cause. Unfortunately for Hakon, several of Bard's loyal followers have long memories. While Bard gratefully accepted Hakon's backing, he has been careful to keep him at arm's length.

Hakon is now a bitter man whose authority is but a shadow of what it once was. While he has slowly rebuilt his wealth, it is meagre compared to that which he once possessed; Hakon has decided to take matters into his own hands. While he has many schemes afoot, he is currently recruiting exiles – and worse – from the Waste who won't shirk at "unpleasant" orders. Those who can go unrecognised by the townsfolk, he employs in Dale, the rest he has set to work at his holdings in the Upper Marches. In his late forties with long, grey hair, Hakon dresses in what finery he can still afford and plays the part of the loyal courtier; but while he smiles freely, his eyes betray nothing but contempt.

Attribute Level: 4
Specialties: Dale-lore, Trading
Distinctive Features: Cunning, Wary
Relevant Skills: Insight ♦♦, Persuade ♦♦♦♦, Stealth ♦♦♦
Endurance: 26

Erna

Smaug reduced Erna's old life in Lake-town to ashes: home, husband, and children, all gone in an instant. In the dark days that followed the destruction of Esgaroth, Erna was numb, doing what little was asked of her by her fellow survivors, but little else. When she finally woke from her grief, long months later, the numbness has passed; in its place, rage.

Beyond all things, Erna desires revenge, but she knows that her vengeance can never be anything but bittersweet and hollow, for her true target is dead. Still, there are other worms in the world, other drakes to slay. Erna soon found hunters to teach her their craft and they found her an ardent pupil. Erna now stalks the Waste, her blonde hair and fair face at odds with its stern expression. There she seeks out traces of any worm's lair she can find. Folk that knew the quiet apothecary's wife of old would not recognise her in the driven hunter she has become. She

is not much for speech any more, but will help Free Folk in need, directing them to drinkable water and warning them away from some of the more dangerous areas of the Waste.

Attribute Level:	5
Specialties:	Enemy-lore (Dragons), Herb-lore
Distinctive Features:	Stern, Vengeful
Relevant Skills:	Hunting ♦♦♦, Lore ♦♦♦, Great Bow ♦♦♦♦
Endurance:	32

Notable Places

A Chill and Windswept Grave

Some fifty miles to the north of Erebor is a desolate collection of rocks that surround one of the few pools of drinkable water in the area. At times, the wind blows especially hard through the upturned stones, causing a low moaning sound to resonate from them which carries for many miles over the Waste. This is the final resting place of the old Master of Esgaroth's bones. King Bard gave him a great deal of gold to help rebuild Lake-town anew, but he fell prey to the corruption of the hoard, to the Dragon-sickness, and fled into the Waste with a handful of accomplices. They betrayed him, or he them, and in the end, he died alone of starvation for one cannot eat gold or precious stones. This is a tale well known in Dale.

Some folk have claimed to have met the spirit of the Master wandering the Waste; a middle-aged Northman, dressed in tattered robes that blow in a wind no one else can feel. Chained by his greed or his guilt, he lingers still. It may be possible to seek the Master's counsel, for he knew much that is now lost with Lake-town. His price would doubtless be something that would help him find rest: perhaps digging up the last of his treasure and returning it to the folk of Lake-town?

While much of the Master's wealth was lost or stolen, he managed to keep some of his ill-gotten gold till his end. A company that finds his grave, seeks diligently among the rocks, and succeeds in a **Search** test (TN 20) will find the last of the Master's fortune. It is worth Treasure 40*, but taking any of it automatically causes a hero to gain 1 Shadow point; 2 Shadow points if they do not intend to give it away.

Cold-drake Burrows

Along the northern edges of the Waste there is a series of particularly large tors topping the foothills that lead upwards towards the Grey Mountains. Some of these stony crags have curious holes beneath them, usually carved from out the lower portions of the hill. Few that wander the Waste could be called "wise", but only the greatest fools venture here, for some of these openings lead to the burrows of young Cold-drakes.

Competition for food among the few remaining Dragons is fierce on the Withered Heath, for there is little left to eat for a young drake save their peers. Even in older times, the youngest drakes would sometimes flee the Withered Heath to find a safer place to sleep. With the Grey Mountains too close to the Heath for comfort, they would wander down onto the plains beyond and there make or steal a new lair.

In their snug burrows the young Cold-drakes dream the strange dreams of their kind. There are few left now and most of them cannot be readily roused, though the scent of a favoured food – Dwarf for instance – may draw the interest of one or more of them. Though young by the standards of Dragons, they are only a little less perilous for that.

Grimarr's Hall

Near the eastern borders of the Waste lies a grand hall, corroded by time and scorched by Dragon-fire, but still standing. This is the Hall of Grimarr, the last Border-warden of Dale. When Smaug descended from the north, the Kingdom of Dale did not fall all at once. Grimarr learned of Erebor's doom from Dwarves fleeing to the Iron Hills, and he sent his men to help bring as many Dwarves east as he could, while making preparations for the coming of the Dragon. Smaug took many years despoiling the lands around his lair; it was not until three years after the sacking of Erebor that he first noticed the fortified hall on what he deemed the edge of his domain, sniffing out gold kept within its vaults.

Grimarr had long since sent many of his men west and south, keeping only his eldest warriors who were prepared to give their lives to stop the Dragon. They failed, not one living to tell the tale – but it was a long count of years after his attack on the Hall of Grimarr before Smaug was seen again.

While it is broken and scorched in part, Grimarr's Hall remains a rare beauty in all the Waste. Small wildflowers grow around the edges of sparse grass clumps and ravens from the Iron Hills sometimes rest within the rafters before setting out on overland journeys to Erebor. Those in Dale these days that remember the legendary courage of the Last Border-warden believe some valuable relics of Dale's history might still remain hidden within his Hall. Companies that stay within Grimarr's Hall need not make Corruption tests against the taint caused by the Waste and can rest as if they were in a sanctuary.

The Grey Mountains

Looking north from the slopes of Erebor, beyond the Waste, one can easily discern the jagged line of the easternmost branch of the Ered Mithrin – the Grey Mountains – stretching along the horizon. These imposing peaks have long held the imagination of the Dwarves and once drove them to near ruin, for although they are rich in ore, deep within the Grey Mountains lies the desolate plateau known as the Withered Heath, birthplace of Dragons, the bane of many a Dwarf-hold. It was from the Withered Heath that Smaug the Golden came, and there are many that yet believe Durin's folk have not seen the last of his scaly kind.

The Grey Mountains form a near-impassable border beginning at Mount Gundabad in the west and stretching well over a hundred leagues to the east. The peaks rise gradually but surely from the western end of the range, with the tallest mountains found in the Western Heights and the Southern Spur, which stabs southwards towards Mirkwood. From the Western Heights the mountains close ranks, paths and passes giving way to sheer rockfaces; this is the Wall, and not even the cold winds from the north can penetrate it. East of the Wall the Grey Mountains subside somewhat, the peaks lessening in height and canyons and other passes winding beneath them. Here the range splits in two – the Upper and Lower Forks of the Grey Mountains – and it is in the plateau between the Forks that the Withered Heath nestles. The Forks gradually peter out at their eastern ends, giving way to the foothills of the Waste.

Along much of its length, the southern foothills separate the Grey Mountains from Mirkwood, making a long ribbon of land called the Grey Mountain Narrows. In places the Narrows are as much as twenty or thirty miles wide, but at either end mountain and forest nearly meet at the East and West Gaps. (More about the Grey Mountain Narrows can be found in *The Heart of the Wild*, page 19.) The dreary heights of the Grey Mountains give birth to many powerful rivers; the source of both the Greylin and the Langwell (which thirty miles south of the mountains meet to form the Anduin), and the Forest River that flows through Mirkwood, are to be found here.

The Ered Mithrin is mainly formed of hard, unyielding rock, a great deal of granite traced through with limestone, along with iron in abundance and a fair variety of gemstones. As a result the Dwarves built many holds here and delved many mines; all lie abandoned now, the Grey Dwarves themselves driven out by Orcs, Goblins and Dragons centuries ago.

Wildlife

The Grey Mountains have never been a hospitable range and few but the hardiest creatures make their home in the heights. A breed of sturdy mountain goats introduced by the Dwarves still thrive amidst the peaks where they scamper on rock ledges near indiscernible to any save the keenest-eyed Elves. Hawks, whose thick feathers provide a measure of warmth against the cold, soar on the harsh winds that forever blow over the mountaintops from the north, occasionally swooping down into the Narrows for an easier meal than the spare heights tend to provide.

Most other creatures in the Grey Mountains can be found near the various rivers and springs that litter the range. Small prey animals and many types of bird dwell in the valleys cut by the cold waters, especially ravens and crows. Other than the howl of the wind, the rush of water and the occasional cracking of stone, the silence of the mountains remains unbroken.

Inhabitants

The Dwarves of the Grey Mountains thrived here for centuries, but have long abandoned their works to dust and ruin. It is now a land of lost realms remembered in sad songs, sung within the halls of Erebor and the mines of the Iron Hills. No Free Folk dwell here now; even those Dwarves who wish to return to this place now make their homes among the foothills of the Narrows, not in the mountains themselves.

Those Dwarf-holds that were deserted either fell into disrepair or were taken by Orcs and Goblins. A few Mountain-trolls made their way from the Misty Mountains into the Grey Mountains, seizing whatever blackened hole took their fancy. After the Battle of Five Armies, many of them have been abandoned once more, the Orcs and Goblins having met their ends on the slopes of the Lonely Mountain. Even the few Dragons that made their lairs there have long since removed themselves to the Withered Heath.

In the mountains of the Lower Forks and the East Gap, ruins of another kind dot the mountain sides here and there, for the old kingdoms of the north once deemed this land to be their border and built watchtowers to protect it. These too lie abandoned or crumbled. While the Grey Mountains are mostly silent and still now, in the deep places beneath the mountains, Hobgoblins, Snow-trolls and darker things still dwell, awaiting the call to rouse themselves once more.

Notable Characters

Ellaras the Searcher

Long ago, as Men reckon time, Ellaras was part of a company of Elves that set forth from the Woodland Realm on a quest of great secrecy into the Emyn Duir, the Mountains of Mirkwood. What they sought varies by the teller of the tale. Some claim that they were to recover one of King Oropher's lost treasures; others believe they were chosen to end one of the Great Spiders, direct descendants of Ungoliant herself, who spin their webs within the very heart of Mirkwood. Regardless of what their mission was, all agree on two points: the mission failed utterly and Ellaras was the sole survivor of the doomed quest.

Ellaras was found, months later, poisoned and raving, his hair white and his eyes wild, near the borders of the Woodland Realm. He spoke to none save his king of what had befallen him. When he had sufficiently recovered, Ellaras quit the halls of the Wood-elves to head north into the Grey Mountains.

Now Ellaras searches for something amidst the abandoned Dwarf-holds of the Grey Mountains. Likely save Thranduil himself, none know exactly what the hunter searches for and he will not speak of it. While Ellaras has become rather taciturn, he can still be a useful, if unexpected, ally for travellers braving the heights, for he knows a great deal about the lost holds of the Ered Mithrin; far more, in fact, than many Dwarves do. Ellaras' quest has brought him into conflict with another searcher in these peaks – Frár the Beardless (see *The Heart of the Wild*, page 22) – and the two are rivals of sorts, crossing blades as well as words on more than one occasion.

Attribute Level:	6
Specialities:	Grey Mountains-lore, Mountaineer
Distinctive Features:	Determined, Hardened
Relevant Skills:	Lore ♦♦♦♦, Search ♦♦♦, Bow ♦♦♦♦
Endurance: 28	

Notable Places

The Hoary Mountain

The tallest peak of the Grey Mountains is the Gamolberg, the Hoary Mountain, a mighty height towering above the surrounding peaks. It takes its name from its snow-capped summit, which often appears streaked with grey, as the limestone surface is revealed by strong winds or by the warmer seasons' thawing. Centuries ago, Men living in the north used to test their courage by climbing the mountain's sheer southern face, and stories tell of a throne sitting atop a high terrace, carved in the grey rock by the North wind itself.

Beinharn

Amidst the Lower Fork of the Grey Mountains, there stands a Dwarf-hold much-celebrated in song: Beinharn, in the Sindarin tongue, the Halls of Beautiful Stone. While the reclusive Wood-elves generally have little to say on the accomplishments of Dwarves, in the days of Beinharn's glory, more than a few ventured into the mountains to view its fabled halls with open admiration. Shaped directly from the living rock of the mountains, Beinharn was a wonder, a Dwarf-hold not particularly rich in ores, but blessed in sculptors and masons. The cliff face of Beinharn was lavishly ornamented, no surface went untouched by skilled hands, resulting in a continuous, wondrous relief that wrapped about the paths which lead to the hold's entrance. The inner halls were similarly adorned, even the simplest corridors carried one beautiful ornamentation or another.

When the Dragons attacked the halls of the Grey Mountains, the Dwarves of Beinharn sealed away some of their greatest works behind cunningly wrought doors before fleeing. Beinharn's lack of gold, long lamented by its inhabitants, proved its salvation: with nothing for the Dragons to scent out, the Hall of Beautiful Stone was mostly left in peace. Beinharn now stands empty, but generally intact, though time has taken its toll. There are none to view its fabled stonework now but the hawks that roost atop its towers.

New Fellowship Phase Undertaking: Study the Stonework of Beinharn

Companions who spend a Fellowship phase in Erebor or Dale can set out to examine the marvellous stonework of Beinharn. This might otherwise be a cold, cheerless endeavour were it not for the beauty of the carvings. For the length of the next the Adventuring phase, describing the beauty of Beinharn gains a hero two bonus Success dice during any encounter with Dwarves.

The Fireheart Mine

Above all things, Dwarves delight in the wonders of the earth; the lustre of gold, the strength of iron, the hard beauty of true-silver and the splendour of gemstones, all cut their way deep into the hearts of Durin's folk. Beneath the Wall of the Grey Mountains, in the deepest, most impenetrable part of the range, the Dwarves discovered a vein of precious stone that they had never encountered before. Once cut into many faces, the stones showed bright green by day, but flickered and changed to a soft red in the light of torches or under starlight.

The Dwarves held in great esteem this wondrous new gemstone, both for its beauty and its hardness, and many jewels and weapons were adorned with it. Whatever they named it in their own speech, the Dwarves do not tell, but in the Common Tongue, they called it the "fireheart". The folk of Durin have long since given the source of fireheart gems up for lost, and see their glittering light no more save on cherished older works...

Yet the Fireheart Mine still exists. While the paths that once led to it are lost, the mine was neither destroyed, nor occupied. Deep in the Chamber of Mazarbul, a diligent scholar might find a map that leads to a secret path through the mountains to the mine; and perhaps if they moved quickly and quietly they might yet be able to win a few choice stones from the old mine. (Fireheart gems can greatly assist in forging new treasures – see page 32 for more details.)

Zirakinbar

In the Lower Fork stands a lone watchtower, carved by the Dwarves out of the living rock, atop the peak of Zirakinbar. A narrow mountain road leads up to the main gate of the tower and as a company approaches, they will see the many empty windows of the tower.

Sometimes smoke issues forth from its upper levels, sometimes strange lights can be seen glittering inside; for the watchtower of Zirakinbar is often occupied, but by creatures fouler than Dwarves. Some whisper it is haunted by a ghostly servant of Sauron, others that a Cold-drake slumbers here now...

(See *Tales from Wilderland*, pages 146 and 151, for more about what lies in Zirakinbar.)

The Withered Heath

Infamous throughout Middle-earth as the breeding ground of Dragons, the Withered Heath has the darkest of reputations – and with good reason. At the eastern end of the Grey Mountains, where the mountains split into the Upper and Lower Forks, lies the Withered Heath. Travellers journeying through the Grey Mountain Forks will sometimes catch sight of the Withered Heath through a gap in the mountains; scorched black and rent by the claws of ancient creatures, covered in a constant pall of smoke and, when the cold wind blows through, it carries with it the stench of ash. This is no place for mortal creatures.

Here the great serpents of the world bred for many generations. Wingless Cold-drakes, limbless Long-worms and the Great Worms, who possess both limbs and wings, all mated here before turning back to devouring one another in a near endless contest of wits and raw strength.

Despite the remoteness of the Withered Heath, its inhabitants always seemed at least partially aware of the world beyond their valley, dreaming of far-away treasures in their Dragon-sleep. The war against the Dwarves took its toll on the Great Worms, for very few remain now. Smaug the Golden, greatest of his kind in the Third Age of the world, slew or devoured as many of his fellows as he could catch in order to marshal his strength before sacking Erebor.

Whether by the talons of Smaug or some other cause unknown to Free Folk, very few of the Great Drakes endure, but they have not all left the world as yet...

The Withered Heath remains a poison-blasted wasteland. A waterless Dark Land where none but the insane or desperate venture. Yet Smaug the Golden was not the only Dragon to sport wealth upon his vast hide, and many generations of Great Worms have died upon the Withered Heath, leaving countless troves in their wake. So, at least, goes the reasoning of the desperate fools who seek for treasure here. Most turn back long before they arrive those brave enough to push on peer over the rim of the plateau before turning back. Only the foolhardy continue onto the Withered Heath itself, and none ever return.

The Upper Marches

The open countryside that extends from the eastern banks of the River Running to the foothills of the Iron Hills is called the Upper Marches. These plains extend south for nearly a hundred miles, bordered by the Long Marshes in the west, before eventually opening out into the wide steppes of the Nether Marches.

Too far east to benefit from the protection afforded to the Northern Dalelands by the Grey Mountains, here winds howl out of the North in the winter. Sometimes these winds carry an unnatural chill upon them, or else foul air and ash blown off from the Waste.

Northmen have dwelt here since long before the birth of Dale and few abandoned their homes when Smaug's reign began. With the Kingdom of Dale newly resurgent, Bard increasingly looks to the Upper Marches to expand his realm, and many Bardings have settled here in the past five years, hopeful for a new life.

Far beyond the plains of the Upper Marches lies the twin kingdom to Erebor: the Iron Hills. Much like Erebor was founded at the headwaters of the River Running, so too were the Iron Hills carved at the headwaters of the Redwater.

Wildlife

The Northmen who live in the Upper Marches tend large flocks of sheep and small herds of cattle, following them where they wander. As a traveller draws east into the long plains of this realm they find a land filled with hares, rabbits and all manner of birds. Great flocks of ravens wheel high overhead, feeding on carrion abandoned by the large predators found in the eastern wilds. Amongst these are bears and wandering wolves, which come from the southern woodlands in search of prey.

Inhabitants

The Northmen of Rhovanion – ancestors to the Bardings – have lived between the rivers east of Mirkwood for many thousands of years, perhaps more. They once paid fealty to a king of Wilderland, who attempted to weld the tribes and clans into a single realm. Although many fled west to the Anduin Vales when his kingdom fell, some remained, living along the Running River.

In time, some followed the trade between the Iron Hills and the Lonely Mountain, eventually founding Dale, but most lived as they always had done, a pastoral existence amidst the herds, or in small villages along the river.

Into this bucolic landscape newcomers have recently come. Many Men have been drawn to the Kingdom of Dale, hearing tell of the exploits of the Dragon-slayer. Bard encourages many of them to settle the Upper Marches, where he has been handing out parcels of land to any who would take them. All across the plains, new villages and farmsteads have sprung up; the Kingdom of Dale resurgent.

The Dwarves of the Iron Hills dwell in their halls to the east here, occasionally mining gold and jewels, along with vast quantities of their namesake. Notably grim, even for Dwarves, the folk of the Iron Hills are famously laconic, favouring deeds over words. While there are certainly skilled craftsmen amidst the folk of the Iron Hills, many of them are content to be hard-working

miners and chose to stay when their lord removed himself to Erebor. Besides, the forges of the Lonely Mountain still need their iron and it isn't going to walk there of its own accord. With the resurgence of Erebor, there is much traffic between the two kingdoms and talk of building the old Dwarf Roads anew.

Notable Characters

Thorin Stonehelm

When his father took the throne of Erebor, he left his son Thorin to rule the Iron Hills as his steward. Nicknamed 'the Stonehelm', for he is so stubborn it is said his head must be made of stone, Thorin is anxious to prove his worth as both the son of Dáin Ironfoot and the namesake of Thorin Oakenshield.

Much to his chagrin, he is required to spend most of his days tending to courtly affairs and trade matters with both the Bardings and his kin in the west. When the host of the Iron Hills set forth to the Battle of Five Armies, he was forced to remain behind to guard the hold, a bitter regret that troubles him still. Thorin knows every song about the folk of Durin ever written and holds those that speak of courage close in his heart. Though the Prince in him seeks peace for his people, the warrior secretly hopes that the Shadow will return, for he knows that he is ready to forge his own legend worthy of his fallen kin.

Much like his father, Thorin dresses more like a miner than the son of a king, his red forked beard tucked out of the way of his tools.

Attribute Level:	6
Specialities:	Determined, Steadfast, Wary
Distinctive Features:	Iron Hills-lore, Smith-craft
Relevant Skills:	Awe ♦♦♦, Craft ♦♦♦, Mattock ♦♦♦♦
Endurance:	24

Sark the Bear-skinned

Brigands and robbers are a common threat in the Upper Marches, even more so with the increase in trade along the River Running and the settlers pouring into the plains from Dale. Of these bandits, none are so feared as Sark the Bear-skinned, a Half-orc from the East who prowls the wilds of the Upper Marches wearing the mantle of a great black bear that he is said to have slain with his own hands.

With his notched axe and a band of murderous brigands at his call, Sark once preyed upon lone travellers, wandering shepherds and isolated farms; but as his band grows larger and the pickings richer, he finds himself increasingly drawn to the new villages of the Upper Marches.

Sark is a Half-orc, as described on page 121 of *Horse-lords of Rohan*.

Notable Places

The Old Dwarf Road

The Dwarves once traded extensively between the Iron Hills and the Blue Mountains, travelling upon a broad, proud road of finely quarried stone that ran right through the middle of Mirkwood and beyond. Just as the Old Forest Road has been swallowed up by the forest, so too has the portion of the road that once extended from the forest to the Iron Hills vanished beneath the grass of the Upper Marches.

Here and there a traveller might stumble upon a flagstone, or the ruins of a waystation overgrown and forgotten, but for the most part nature has reclaimed the road. But with heightened trade, Steward Thorin Stonehelm wonders if the road might be reopened once more, perhaps in partnership with King Bard.

The Great Stone Cairn

In the heart of the rolling plains of the Upper Marches is a mound of stones that has stood since before the coming of Smaug. It can be seen from miles around and the lingering ruins of a long abandoned stone tower still stand atop it. This was once a wayfort upon the Old Dwarf Road, a keep that stood guard over travellers and provided them with somewhere to stay the night. When the road fell into disuse, so too did the wayfort, reclaimed by nature.

Now it serves as the hold for folk of a different kind, for it is home to a colony of ravens brought here by Korun, son of Roäc, during the reign of Smaug. Those that come seeking unusual counsel and whose need is great, may find it here. The ravens are wise birds who know many secrets and have countless eyes throughout the Marches. If the ravens find a requester's cause just, they may give them some of the answers they seek, for a price; a trinket or a quest perhaps.

Sadly, Korun himself was recently slain by a Goblin arrow (see *Tales from Wilderland*, page 132), and his ravens are besides themselves with grief. Now they cry out for revenge, but what is a bird such as they to do against a Goblin? If only they could find a company willing to take up their cause...

The Iron Hills

The easternmost settlement of Dwarves is to be found at the farthest edge of Wilderland, where the map ends in a spine of stone peaks. The hills rise tall and fair, cold and unforgiving, stretching from west to east. These are the Iron Hills, aptly named for the bountiful iron mined from its deeps.

While most Dwarves crave gold, jewels or Mithril, the Dwarves of the Iron Hills know that these riches are but rewards earned with the stroke of a mattock – mattocks that are born in their forges. The people of the Iron Hills harbour a fierce, martial pride; however, they see themselves as wardens, not warmongers.

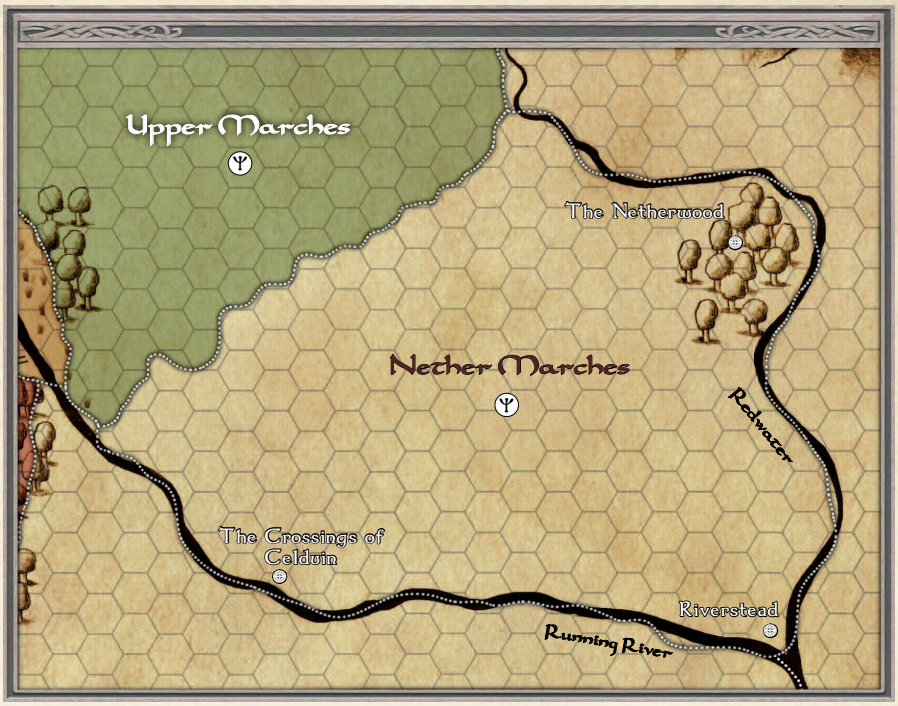
In the past, these lands were attacked by Men and Orcs from the East, and the Dwarves of the Iron Hills remain vigilant against such threats. As a result, the hold of the Iron Hills is neither as fair as Erebor, nor as grand as Khazad-dûm, for its denizens are rather more practical and stoic. The gate of the hold is much smaller than that of Erebor, barred by a huge iron portcullis that takes ten Dwarves to raise. Long passages within are set with great traps, ready to be collapsed on those who would invade the halls of the Iron Hills. It has few great chambers within; instead, most rooms are small so that enemies can enter no more than a dozen at a time, wherein they will find themselves unable to avoid the sharp axes and heavy mattocks of Thorin Stonehelm's guards.

Only the great forge in the lowest levels of the Iron Hills is as grand in scale as any hall found in Erebor. Here furnaces large enough to swallow a man burn red day and night and anvils ring in ceaseless chorus. Beside the many workshops are storage rooms made not for gold, but to house the broad shields, sharp axes, hauberks of steel, and hose of fine mesh for which the Iron Hills are rightly renowned.

Ironthorpe

The Old Forest Road that ran through Mirkwood long ago originally had two branches east of the forest. One headed directly north to the Lonely Mountain, the other ran 150 miles north-east across the Upper Marches to eventually end just south of the Iron Hills, along the banks of the Redwater, in a town called Ironthorpe.

Before the coming of Smaug, Ironthorpe had been a small, but thriving, settlement of Northmen that acted for the Iron Hills much as Dale acted for Erebor: as a trading place for their goods and a means of acquiring food-supplies. With the coming of the Dragon, though, all changed. As the Great Worm's corruption spread, eventually creating the blasted land known as the Desolation of Smaug, ash continually blew east into the fields about Ironthorpe, slowly poisoning the ground and turning their crops sickly. With Erebor gone and Ironthorpe's bounty reduced to subsistence, Grór's people had to find new sources of food and new customers for their goods. It soon became obvious that they would have to travel far on their own to do so.



Ironthorpe became a shell of its former self. A squalid town filled with desperate folk, where the Dwarves would occasionally load goods onto the Redwater bound south for Dorwinion, but avoided otherwise. Erebor has been restored and regular trade with the Iron Hills renewed, but Ironthorpe has been slow to change. It remains a wretched place filled with outcasts and scofflaws. There are plans in the works to rebuild the old roads and perhaps make something worthwhile of the town, but Dáin is wary of where the allegiances of those who live in Ironthorpe now reside, a sentiment his son shares.

The Nether Marches

The rolling hills of the Upper Marches eventually give way to the low, long plains of the Nether Marches as one passes south, a great broad valley bounded by the River Running to the south and the Redwater to the east. This is a land still almost untouched by the Bardings, for this is the true frontier of the Kingdom of Dale. The summers here are hot and often dry, but the winters are cold. At all times of the year violent storms can rise swiftly out of the East, and on the wide open plains there is nowhere to seek shelter.

Centuries ago great armies from the East and Northmen belonging to kingdoms long past clashed on the plains of the Nether Marches. The songs of such battles are still sung in the halls of the North, and occasionally a traveller may stumble upon a rusty blade or broken bone amidst the grass.

Wildlife

The Nether Marches is a broad grassland, in truth the start of the wide steppes that run far into the East. The land is covered with seemingly endless fields of high green grasses, broken only by tussocks of coarse brown grass and shrub. What trees there are grow only in the Netherwood, which sits in a broad bend of the Redwater.

Large herds of wild horses roam the grasslands here. They were once tamed by the forerunners of the Éothéod, but they have long-since been left to run free. Other grazing animals wander the grassland; wild, long-horned cattle, sheep once-tame but long since escaped domestication, and great colonies of rabbits, whose burrows extend far underground.

There is little place to hide in the Nether Marches, which favours the swift or the stealthy predator. Long-eared foxes and dusky-coloured lynxes prowl silently through

the grass, while in the vast open skies falcons and sparrow hawks wheel high on wide gyres.

Inhabitants

The Nether Marches have ever been a frontier for more civilised lands; just as they now mark the south-eastern limits of Bard's kingdom, over a thousand years ago they formed the northern borders of the King of Wilderland's domain. While his kingdom was all but destroyed in the Great Plague of 1635 and, later, finished by armies from the East, some of his folk yet remain. They follow their herds of cattle across the plains or make their homes in small fishing villages along the Running River, but they owe fealty to no king.

Trade is increasingly bountiful in these lands, as word spreads of the rebirth of Dale and Erebor. More often than not traders come up the Running River from Dorwinion, travelling to Esgaroth by boat.

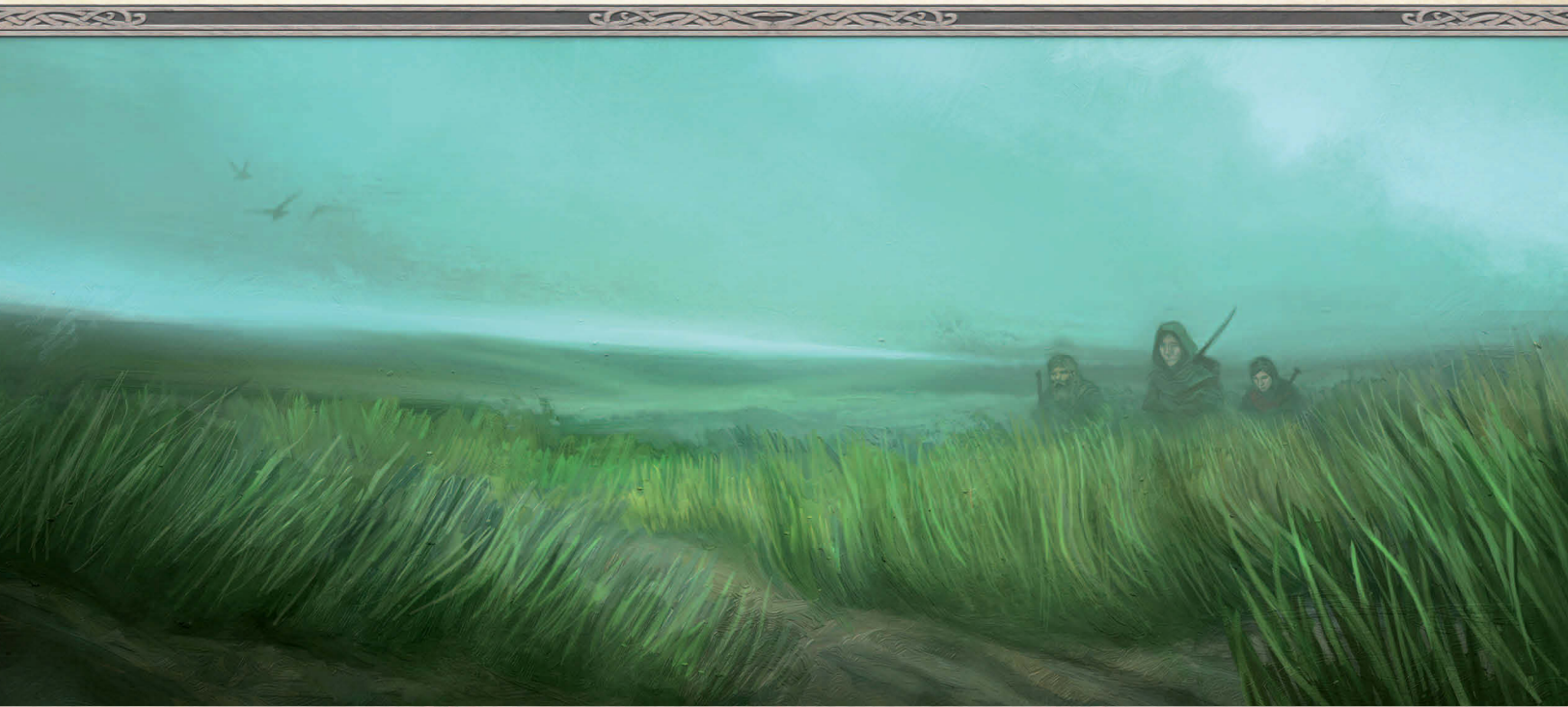
Once or twice a season large, gaudily coloured caravans pulled by oxen cross the steppes, laden with exotic cloths, spices and other goods. They stop at the largest settlement in the Nether Marches, the town of Riverstead, where they trade with intrepid merchants from Lake-town and Dale before returning East with iron and gold, stone and timber.

On rare occasions, perhaps once in a generation, an entourage from the Woodland Realm will cross the Nether Marches on their way to Dorwinion. In such times the steppes come alive in the still summer nights to the sound of singing and merriment amongst the grass, and folk gather to listen and marvel at Elf-lights off in the distance. Such nights are remembered for decades after.

Dorwinion

Dorwinion lies hundreds of miles downriver from Esgaroth, surrounded by the River Running bordering the inland Sea of Rhûn. It is a land of merchant princes and princesses, who trade far and wide; with the Elves in the West, Esgaroth in the North and even as far as Gondor in the South.

Dorwinion is particularly known for its vineyards, from which the finest of wines are made, much sought after in the courts of Men – and Elves. To the Northmen, the folk of Dorwinion seem exotic, with dusky complexions, deep, dark eyes, and clothes of brightly patterned cloth; 'tis no wonder that King Bard was so enchanted by his queen, Una.



Notable Characters

Alduna

Alduna's tongue is as fast as the river waters on which she regularly travels, peddling her wares along the Running River all the way from Dorwinion to the village, Celduin. She is the master of a small trading vessel, the Foam Dancer, and her choice in what wines to carry is second to none, so much so that some of Thranduil's emissaries regularly seek her out personally. Alduna occasionally takes passengers, if they make a good offer, or she finds them "interesting".

Alduna is a heavy-set Dorwinion woman, with dusky skin and dark eyes. On first impression somewhat plain, her resonate laugh and her frequent smiles that light up her face ensure that she does not lack for suitors. She favours garments of bright blue and yellow chased with silver accents.

Attribute Level: 3
Specialities: Boating, Trading
Distinctive Features: Bold, Merry
Relevant Skills: Courtesy ♦♦♦♦, Persuade ♦♦♦
Endurance: 17

Kajus the Easterling

A merchant from the distant East, Kajus frequently makes his camp in a massive tent, filled with sumptuous cushions and magnificent carpets, on the edge of Riverstead. Kajus deals in spices and information, though the second trade has begun to bother him of late.

He has been well paid over the years to pass sealed letters and occasionally news or other observations about his fellow merchants to couriers who bear a specific icon. Of late, the questions have grown disconcerting, and he has begun selectively holding back what he tells to those who quietly show him the mark of the White Hand.

Kajus is an excellent source of information for many of the comings and goings of Riverstead. He either personally knows, or knows about, everyone that has ever docked at the town. Kajus has dark mahogany coloured skin, with kindly brown eyes. He frequently drinks a bitter tea, for which many of his regular guests have acquired quite a taste.

Attribute Level: 4
Specialities: The East-lore, Trading
Distinctive Features: Quick of Hearing, Secretive
Relevant Skills: Courtesy ♦♦♦♦, Insight ♦♦♦♦, Travel ♦♦♦
Endurance: 13

The Tracker Loore

A hunter of the Nether Marches, Loore regularly wanders over the wide grasslands, going wherever the wind or his mood takes him. A tracker without peer, there is nowhere on the steppes to flee where Loore cannot eventually follow. Loore keeps several birds of prey near him at all times, most often a beautiful grey hawk and a small prairie falcon. He also keeps a great secret, for Loore is a direct descendant of the ancient kings of old and he speaks the languages of all birds.

Most seasons, Loore trades fine rabbit pelts for what little sundries he requires, but he will occasionally take on commissions to lead others across the Nether Marches. Loore is a wiry man of indeterminate middle-age, with dark hair, shot through with strands of silver. His yellow-green eyes are as sharp as those of his "bird-friends" for there is little that escapes Loore's notice for long. To look at him, you would not suspect that he knows tidings of almost everything of any importance that happens between the rivers.

Attribute Level: 5
Specialities: Marches-lore, Old Lore
Distinctive Features: Keen-eyed, Robust
Relevant Skills: Hunting ♦♦♦♦, Bow ♦♦♦, Travel ♦♦♦♦
Endurance: 19

Notable Places

The Running River

Pouring from out of the Front Gate of Erebor before tumbling around Dale, the River Running flows south through the Long Lake and past the eastern borders of Mirkwood, before turning south-east across the wide open plains of the Nether Marches where it is joined by the Redwater. From there it continues hundreds of miles until it reaches the inland Sea of Rhûn, beyond the edge of Rhovanion.

Called the Celduin by the Elves, the river has long been a vital trade route with the east, in particular between Esgaroth and Dorwinion. It is wide and fast flowing for most of its length, with few places to easily cross it; many who have sought to swim across have found themselves swiftly swept away by the cold waters.

The Redwater

Named for the deep red of its waters that speak of iron-rich soil washed out of the Iron Hills, the Redwater flows south strong and swift until it joins with the River Running, before flowing on to the Sea of Rhûn. It offers a swift route to southern lands, where both Dwarves of the Iron Hills and the Men of Dale trade with merchants from Dorwinion and farther East.

Riverstead

At the confluence of the Running and the Redwater lies a small town consisting of many docks, a tavern, and little else. A seemingly temporary settlement of far-travelled traders, the majority of Riverstead's 'buildings' are large tents that come and go with the seasons. In Riverstead, East and West meet, for here bold merchants from Lake-town and Dale trade to get the freshest or rarest wares from the East: the famed wines of Dorwinion, beautiful brightly coloured cloths, rare fruits and savoury spices.

Riverstead's sole formal tavern (for a great deal of drinking goes on in various tents) is called the Clever Fish. Its proprietor, Ai, is a Dwarf, supposedly from the Iron Hills, but he neither answers, nor asks, questions of his customers. Here, far out on the edge of the Wild, deals are made regularly over the very best of libations. While many are simple contracts for goods, the Clever Fish has hosted many a spy or agent passing information onto others who will carry it far from here.

The Crossings of Celduin

There has been a settlement by the River Running for as long as men have travelled this land, sited on one side of a narrow, arching stone bridge built by the Men of the South long ago. This bridge is the only place to easily cross the river; a fact the folk of Celduin know all too well – all who cross it are tolled heavily. The town takes its name from the Elven name for the river, and even today it is sometimes visited by the fair folk as they travel to Dorwinion, far downriver. Other river traders, less exotic than the Elves but no less vital, ply the River Running between Esgaroth and Dorwinion far more regularly than they once did. While the Master of Celduin cannot toll them for using the bridge, he does still charge them to tie up at the quays. For all its trade, the Crossings of Celduin remains in a precarious position; it is far from civilisation, and should servants of the Enemy seek to force a crossing here there is little the townsfolk could do to stop them. While Erik, the Master of Celduin, does his best to resist the influence of Dale, he is not averse to enticing willing companies of adventurers to operate out of his town, in the hope of gaining something of their protection.

The Crossings of Celduin is described in more detail on page 125 of *Tales from Wilderland*.

The Netherwood

On the western borders of the Nether Marches is a stretch of woodland where the trees seem unmoved by the breeze. Many birds roost under its eaves, but no beast on four (or two!) legs is ever seen coming out of it, nor prowling its edges. Travellers following the river to the Iron Hills prefer not to find refuge under the boughs of the forest, as stories tell of cold eyes staring out of the darkness of the wood. Those few who entered the Netherwood have spoken of a lingering sense of unease, as if the woodland itself was sitting in quiet madness, and of a broken ring of stones placed there not by the hands of Men. In these darkening days, stories tell of those who fled to the farthest reaches of their land from Smaug the Golden, only to perish alone and mad within the wood.

Concerning - Dragons -

"My armour is like tenfold shields, my teeth are swords, my claws spears, the shock of my tail a thunderbolt, my wings a hurricane, and my breath death!"

There is no one among the Free Folk who has not heard tales of the Great Worms. Even the sheltered Hobbits of the Shire know a thing or two about Dragons: vast serpents with terrible sharp claws and iron scales, who breathe fire and hoard gold. Be careful if you should ever speak to one, the stories go, for they are wicked and cunning. While most of that is true, it does not even begin to scratch the surface of what Dragons are...

The Great Enemy, Morgoth, bred the first Great Dragons in the pits of his northern fortress, Thangorodrim, during the First Age. They were meant to be unleashed as a bane upon the Elves, Dwarves and Men, in Morgoth's endless war for domination over all others. Whence they first came, none can say. Perhaps Morgoth brought their ancestors up from deep beneath the earth or from out of the trenches of the sea.

Wherever they began originally, the Great Dragons became far more than mere monsters; the most learned among the Wise believe that Morgoth summoned terrible spirits of fire from the timeless Void and bound them into the Dragons' flesh. Others hold that he imbued the gigantic creatures with some portion of his own fiery will, making them living vessels of his malice.

Whatever the truth, it became clear from the onset that Morgoth had, perhaps, wrought them too well or far too like himself, for the malevolence of the firstborn, the Father of Dragons, was so great that he was beyond the Enemy's control and he did not always heed what his creator demanded of him.

The Great Worms

In the beginning, the Father of Dragons and others of his brood resembled gigantic serpents, with clawed limbs. It was only later, during the final battle of the First Age, that Morgoth perfected his beasts, and sent forth Dragons with wings. When the Dark Lord was defeated and the world was broken, many of the Great Worms were slain. But enough of them survived to carry on, sleeping long ages beneath the mountains, emerging to slay one another and breed in the Northern Wastes.

Eventually, some Great Worms slipped south, to the region now known as the Withered Heath. There, the Great Dragons have endured the long millennia since their creation, even though the long sleep has diminished many of them and no few have fallen to famous heroes.

Most Dragons have at least four limbs, though there have always been rumours of some with more, and a few with none, these being, perhaps, the origins of sea serpents, but otherwise their features vary, depending on their breed. The Dragons of the line of Ancalagon the Black, for example, of whom Smaug the Golden was a distant descendant, have massive wings and the ability to breathe fire; those of the line of Scatha have long, serpentine bodies, while those that plagued the Dwarf-holds of the Grey Mountains in great numbers are usually wingless and can spit jets of bitterly cold poisonous fumes. Based on these differing characteristics, scholars and lore-masters distinguish between at least three separate breeds: Cold-drakes, Fire-drakes, and Long-worms.

Despite their diversified exterior appearance though, all Great Dragons share many common features, and above all is the fact that while the might of their bodies may seem great and terrible, their true power resides rather in the evil spirit or essence that dwells within them. It is thanks to this inner strength that their baleful gaze, or their Dragon-fire or poisonous breath can harm even incorporeal beings like wraiths or ghosts, or destroy materials thought imperishable, such as magically wrought artefacts. (Of the seven Dwarven Rings of Power, it is said several were consumed by Dragon-fire.)

All Dragons can sleep for long centuries. In fact, they enter a state of lethargy when prey sufficient for their great hunger is scarce. If they slumber for too long, their power can diminish, leading to a decrease in size and power, but no Dragon has ever died of old age. In their sleep, Great Worms are still somewhat aware of the world about them,

dreaming strange Dragon-dreams that give them glimpses of the lands beyond their lairs and events of import in the wide world. They can even sleep with one eye half open, if they have a need. When they awaken, either because they have been disturbed by intruders entering their lair, or by some ill-boding Dragon-dream, the Great Worms tend to gorge themselves to restore their lost strength as soon as possible, eating whole flocks of livestock or a village worth of people, if they can.

Not even the wisest Lore-master can say why Dragons hoard gold and other precious things; they seem to have no practical use for them, nor do they generally care for skilled craft over gaudy works (although they always seem to know what even the least item in their hoard is worth).

It is true that the gems of Smaug's trove eventually gave him a wondrous diamond waistcoat after long years spent sleeping on them, but few Great Worms ever had a hoard like Smaug's, and yet none of them can resist the lure of plunder or the scent of gold. Perhaps they enjoy the thought that they cause pain and envy in others with their treasures; mayhap their greed is but an echo of Morgoth's lust for the *Silmarils*.

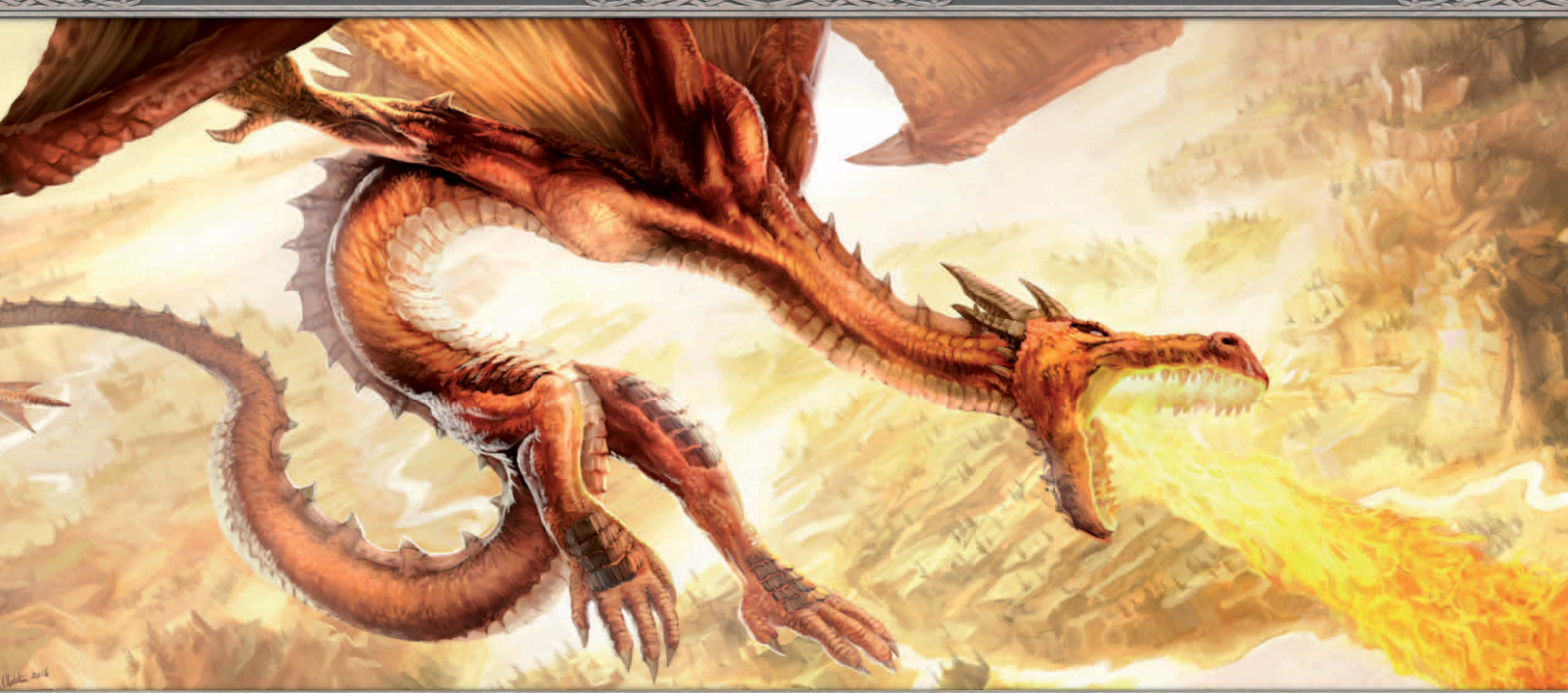
Dragons have always lived in the North; none have been seen in the south, even when they were far less rare than they are at the end of the Third Age. Many sages have offered up reasons why, but one thought is considered likely to be closest to the mark: Dragons do not suffer bondage gladly. To pass south is to risk drawing the attention of Mordor; having suffered the chains of Morgoth, they will not risk the chains of Sauron.

Dragons in The One Ring

In *The One Ring Roleplaying Game*, Great Worms should be unique monsters, confronting one the climax of an entire campaign. A company of heroes might spend many long years studying a Dragon, staking out its lair, attempting to glean some sign of weakness that they might exploit or searching for a weapon that might give them some small advantage. A Dragon is not idly slain and its hoard easily looted; facing one will likely be the highlight of a hero's entire adventuring career – or the end of it.

The following section contains rules and guidelines so that a Loremaster may create their own Dragon. This level of customisation is well suited to the fact that a Great Worm should be a major adversary in a campaign.

When deciding to include a Dragon in his campaign, the Loremaster might also like to turn their attention to their



Magical Treasure Index (see *Rivendell*, page 87, as well as page 79 onwards of this chapter), perhaps including within it some weapon or armour for the companions to employ in the final, climactic fight. After these rules, two ready-made Dragons are also included, to offer inspiration and ideas when creating your own Great Worm.

Hatching a Dragon

To create a Great Worm, the Loremaster should follow this 6-step process, making a number of choices based on the concept for the creature, and the role the monster is going to play in his campaign.

1. Choose Breed.
2. Choose Age.
3. Define Personality.
4. Choose Special Abilities.
5. Choose Weapon Skills and Weapon Characteristics
6. Choose a Name and Create a Backstory.

1. Choose Breed

The first choice defines the bloodline of the creature you are creating. Is your Great Worm a Fire-drake descended from Ancalagon the Black, like Smaug the Terrible? Or is it of the line of Scatha, a great Long-worm? Or is it a Cold-drake, like Raenar, the slayer of Dáin the First?

This choice is going to affect the general appearance of the creature, its capability for flight, modify its basic attributes and the range of special abilities it can choose from (see Steps 2 and 4).

Cold-drakes

These Great Worms are as cold as common snakes and serpents, and as quick to move and attack. Morgoth created them both winged and wingless, and gave them powerful limbs and long tails. Most of them can spit poison at their foes, or crush them with their fangs and claws. Raenar, the Scourge of the North is a great Cold-drake (see *Tales from Wilderland,* page 147).

Fire-drakes

Held by many to be the mightiest of the Great Dragons, Fire-drakes are probably the most ancient breed, their line going back to the Great Worm of Angband. Rarely winged, when they fly they truly are a bane upon their enemies, as Smaug the Terrible demonstrated when he descended from the North. Somewhat slower-going and ponderous than the other breeds, fire burns beneath their scales and they can belch forth jets of burning death.

Long-worms

Akin to Cold-drakes, Long-worms are huge, serpentine creatures, with short limbs and long necks and tails. No record exists of a winged Long-worm, and most seem to be furtive creatures, slithering stealthily out of their subterranean lairs to hunt for their prey.

If provoked or cornered, a Long-worm may quickly abandon its caution, and unleash its fury to destroy everything in sight with its lashing tail and powerful jaws. Scatha, the Great Dragon of Ered Mithrin and Bane of the Northmen, was a Long-worm, as is the Forest Dragon of Mirkwood (see *The Darkening of Mirkwood,* page 99).

Breeds Modifiers Table:

Breed	End.	Hate	Parry	Armour
Cold-drake	+5	-	+2	favoured
Fire-drake	+10	+3	-	+1d, favoured
Long-worm	-	+2	+1	-

2. Choose Age

The life of Dragons is long and slow, and they get more powerful as they get older. When they are still dragonets new from the shell they are tender and vulnerable, and they seldom leave their place of birth before their hide hardens. It takes decades for them to reach adulthood, if not centuries, and many centuries for them to be considered old, at the peak of their strength and power.

The choice of age determines the Attribute level of the creature, as well as its Endurance rating, Hate, Parry and Armour scores. The following scores are modified using the **Breeds Modifiers Table** above.

Age Table:

Age	Att. Level	End.	Hate	Parry	Armour
Dragonet	2-3	20-30	4	2	3d
Young	7-8	60-80	6	4	4d
Adult	9-10	80-100	10	6	5d
Old*	11-12	100-120+	12+	10+	6d

*The characteristics given above for an old Great Worm consider a specimen that has awoken only recently, after a long period of slumber, and are considered minimums. The level of power of a fully-awakened old Great Dragon that had enough time and a sufficient store of victims to feed to full growth are left to the Loremaster, but should be appropriately monstrous.

3. Define Personality

Dragons display deep and complex personalities, especially older ones. They appear invariably wicked and greedy, but all develop their own peculiar feeding habits and idiosyncrasies, dislikes and preferences. In many ways they might be compared to very old men or women who have lived very isolated lives; cantankerous and set in their ways. Lust, greed and cunning evil is the greatest in Fire-drakes, while Long-worms are usually cautious and wily.

By taking the time to define the personality and character of your Dragon – just as you would for any other Loremaster character or chief villain in your campaign – you can create that much more of a memorable encounter when the company finally meets it.

Indeed, even before they ever encounter it face to face, something of a Dragon's character might already be known, for its personality is likely to affect the manner in which it hunts and the place in which it has taken its lair.

To define the personality of your Great Worm, you should also select appropriate traits and abilities for it, following the guidelines for named Loremaster characters found on page 217-218 of *The One Ring Roleplaying Game*. The following traits are particularly suitable for a Dragon to possess:

Bold, Cautious, Clever, Cunning, Curious, Determined, Eager, Elusive, Energetic, Fierce, Patient, Proud, Reckless, Secretive, Suspicious, Vengeful, Wary, Wrathful.

While some traits naturally lend themselves to the personality of a Dragon more than others, give some consideration to less obvious traits. What might a *Generous or Merciful* Dragon be like, for example? Rare, one could certainly say, but certainly memorable.

4. Choose Special Abilities

At this step, choose the abilities that best represent your Dragon's innate powers, picking them from those listed below. Select up to 3 abilities for a dragonet, 5 for a young Dragon, up to 7 for an adult, and 9 or more for an old Great Worm.

- *Weak Spot* (see page 76) must be one of the special abilities chosen for all Dragons.
- If a Dragon has the *Craven* ability, you may pick an additional ability.
- You may also empower your creation further by picking one or more special abilities from those described in the **Powerful Adversaries** chapter found in *Rivendell* (page 67).

Here follows a list of the abilities that are more appropriate to the various breeds of Great Worms, along with a short commentary and rules summary or page reference for each.

Bewilder (Fire-drakes only)
Most Fire-drakes, especially when old, are sly and cunning with words, or penetrating in gaze. See *The One Ring Roleplaying Game* page 232.

Commanding Voice
Some Great Worms have set themselves up as Dragon-kings, ruling over tribes of Goblins and Orcs. Such a Dragon typically sends its minions abroad while it remains safely in its lair, ordering them to bring it food or treasure. See Kibiluzn on page 83 for an example of such a Dragon.

Reduce the Dragon's Hate point score by 1 to restore 1 Hate point to all its servants involved in the confrontation (not to others of its kind).

Craven
Some Dragons, especially older Worms who have seen many of their kin fall under the blade of a hero, grow very attached to their scaly hides.

If at the beginning of a round the Dragon is found without Hate points, it tries to flee the battlefield, returning to its lair (or finding a new lair if it's already in its lair).

When creating a Dragon with the *Craven* ability, the Loremaster may pick one additional ability for the Worm to possess.

Dreadful Spells
The eyes of all Worms are capable of putting those who are transfixed by their gaze under the dreaded Dragon-spell...

Reduce the Dragon's Hate point score by 1 to force one companion to make a Corruption test. If he fails it, he gains a Shadow point and suffers the effects of the Dragon-spell (see below).

Dragon-spells

There are perhaps as many different *Dragon-spells* as there are Dragons, and the Loremaster might like to create their own to match their Great Worm's personality, for example by adapting the *Dreadful Spell* of other monsters. The following special ability, *Baleful Gaze*, is the default option for any Dragon, with Mesmerise offered as an alternative.

Baleful Gaze
The companion cannot attack the Dragon for a number of rounds equal to 10 minus his Wisdom rating. The Dragon can spend several Hate points to affect an equal number of companions at the same time. If used during an encounter, companions put under the Dragon-spell feel compelled to answer truthfully to questions for the duration of the encounter.

Mesmerise
Those who get an extraordinary success shake off the spell and may act normally. A great success means the character is frozen and unable to act for one round. Those who merely succeed are frozen for another three rounds. Those who fail are frozen indefinitely, locked into their stiffened flesh like living statues until they die of thirst.

Fell Speed (Winged Worms only)
Winged Dragons can always choose to use their capability for flight to their advantage. Winged Worms can choose which heroes to engage at the beginning of every turn (even when outnumbered), can attack heroes in any stance, and can choose to abandon combat at the beginning of any round, so long as there is room for them to take flight.

Fire Breath (Fire-drakes only)
The fabled breath of a Fire-drake is a terrifying weapon, capable of turning to ashes the most impervious of materials, or opponents.

By spending a point of Hate, the Dragon sends fire leaping from its jaws to engulf its enemies. Anyone attacking the Dragon in close combat is caught in the blast and loses a number of Endurance points equal to 10 plus the monster's Attribute level. Additionally, they must immediately make a Protection test against TN 20 or be Wounded (armour applies its benefits).

Foul Reek (Fire-drakes and Cold-drakes only)
The worm-stench of legend is a weapon in itself. The lair of such a creature smells almost as bad, and brave adventurers entering the miasma will need a strong stomach to endure it. See *The One Ring Roleplaying Game* page 233.

Great Leap (Long-worms only)
The elongated necks of Long-worms allow them to attack anywhere. See *The One Ring Roleplaying Game* page 233.

Great Size
All adult Dragons should have this special ability, to reflect their massive proportions, but dragonets might not. See *The One Ring Roleplaying Game* page 233.

Hatred
Dragons who suffered a slight or insult won't forget who inflicted it, no matter how long ago it happened.

There is no shortage of creatures that a Dragon might hate, but both Dwarves and Elves are particularly loathed. See *The One Ring Roleplaying Game* page 233.

Horrible Strength
(Cold-drakes and Long-worms only)
Long-worms and Cold-drakes rely on the strength of their jaws, claws and spines more than Fire-drakes, who trust the destructive power of their breath. See *The One Ring Roleplaying Game* page 233.

Poison Blast (Cold-drakes only)
A truly horrible weapon, its fumes consume flesh and steel alike.

By spending a point of Hate, the Dragon spits forth a jet of poisonous fumes. Anyone attacking the Dragon in close combat is caught in the blast and must immediately make a Protection test against TN 16. Those who fail are consumed and destroyed; a simple success means the character suffers 2 Success dice of Endurance damage, while a great success means the character only suffers 1 Success die of Endurance damage. An Extraordinary success means the character comes through the fumes without harm.

Region-dweller (Long-worms only)
Long-worms adapt to the area where they choose to make their lair more than other creatures of Dragon-kind. They spend long years in exploring every nook and cranny, ready to use them to their advantage.

While the creature fights inside its favoured region, its Parry score is doubled.

Savage Assault
With teeth as long as swords, claws as sharp as spears and a tail capable of smashing an Orc to a pulp, a Dragon is the equal of an army of Men.

Dragons may use Savage Assault to attack with their secondary or tertiary weapon (usually their tail). See *The One Ring Roleplaying Game* page 234.

Thick Hide
Dragon-scales that have thickened and aged for centuries are almost impenetrable. Luckily, they don't always offer a perfect protection...

See *The One Ring Roleplaying Game* page 234.

Thing of Terror
No adversary can avoid being shaken by the terrifying appearance of a Great Worm...

A hero facing such a terrifying creature must make a Fear test at the beginning of every round of combat, until he fails or he succeeds with a great or extraordinary success (the test is typically made against TN 14, unless a different difficulty is included in brackets in the ability description – for example, an older creature might justify a higher TN).

Weak Spot (All Dragons)
"Every worm has his weak spot," Bilbo's father used to say...

It is said that it is the doom of all Dragonkind that regardless of how hard is their armoured skin to pierce, below they have the soft belly of a snake.

Whenever the Dragon attempts a called shot or spends a point of Hate to use a special ability, it exposes its weak spot for enough time for companions to target it with their next attack: when hit with a Piercing blow on its weak spot, the creature rolls a reduced number of dice (indicated on the monster's description as a value marked with an asterisk).

Note that **all** Dragons possess the *Weak Spot* ability.

5. Compile Weapon Characteristics and Choose Weapon Skills

A Dragon's arsenal of weapons is extensive, its lethality directly connected to its stature and lineage. Therefore, most characteristics are based on the creature's Attribute level, and modified by the breed of the monster.

Base Damage: Equal to the Dragon's Attribute level.
Base Injury: Equal to the Dragon's Attribute level multiplied by 2.

Choose Weapon Skills

As shown on the Dragon Weapons table above, most Dragons possess two Weapon skills, in the form of a primary and a secondary attack, and they may all employ their long tails to make a lashing or crushing attack. As with other characteristics, a Dragon's skill improves with age, but may decrease if the creature spends a long time slumbering. As a consequence, you should choose your Dragon's Weapon skills with those concerns in mind, never forgetting that these are the features that most affect its capability in a fight.

- **Primary Weapon Skill:** from 3 to 5
- **Secondary Weapon Skill:** from 1 to 3
- **Tail-lash:** 1 or 2
- **Crush:** from 1 to 3

Dragon Weapons Table:

Breed	Weapon Type	Damage	Edge	Injury	Called Shot	Notes
Cold-drake	Bite	-	8	-2	-	*The mouth of a Cold-drake is a serrated beak, capable of crushing rocks.*
Cold-drake	Rend	-3	9	-	Piercing	*The limbs of a Cold-drake are short but powerful, its claws sharp as razors.*
Fire-drake	Bite	-2	8	-	-	*A Fire-drake's mouth is less powerful than that of other breeds, but its teeth are like swords.*
Fire-drake	Rend	-	9	-	Piercing	*The claws of a Fire-drake pierce like spears*
Long-worm	Bite	+1	8	+4	-	*Long-worms do not use their claws to attack, preferring to kill their enemies using their formidable fangs, capable of crunching through steel or marble.*
All breeds	Tail-lash	Att. Level x2	👁	-2	Knockdown	*A Dragon can collapse a building with a shock of its tail, but it is an imprecise weapon against attackers the size of a Man or smaller.*
All breeds	Crush	Att. Level x2	👁	-	-	*Dragons can whip their tails around their enemies and crush them by tightening its coils.*

Modifiers indicated as - mean that the statistic is equal to the Base Level as described above. All Modifiers cannot cause a statistic to be reduced to less than 1..

6. Choose a Name and Backstory

Last but not least, choose a name and a backstory appropriate to the characteristics you chose for your Great Worm. Names in the tongues of mortal Men are appropriate for monsters encountered in recent centuries, while Elvish names are fit for creatures that first plagued Middle-earth thousands of years ago. Consider that often a Dragon name is but an epithet, a title: Scatha means "enemy" or "robber", while Raenar means "plunderer". Smaug has its root in the verb "*smugan*", meaning to squeeze through a hole. Ancalagon is Sindarin for "Rushing Jaws" or "Biting-storm".

Encounters with a Dragon

It is dangerous to converse openly with Dragons, for their very words are deadly, sapping one's will, eating away at resolve, faith and trust. This effect is often referred to as the "Dragon-spell" and much of its danger lies in its subtlety, for one can fall under the sway of a Long-worm without even realising it. The best course, if one must speak with a Dragon, is to engage in frequent compliments, fawning declarations and obscure, riddling talk. Dragons cannot resist engaging in a game of wits, if only to show their innate superiority, and a good riddler can escape much of their influence by giving the Great Worm something else to concentrate on.

Set Tolerance

Dragons value little apart from murder, gold and precious stones, but if such a creature deigns to engage in conversation it is likely it is after something else: knowledge of the wider world, perhaps, or something else it suspects the companions possess. The Tolerance rating for an encounter with a Dragon is set to the lowest Valour or Wisdom rating in the company.

The prejudices of a Dragon are determined by its personality, but it is fair to assume most dislike Dwarves and Elves as a matter of course; if the Tolerance is exceeded in an encounter with a race against which it is prejudiced, it will attack right away.

Conversely, Dragons are curious creatures by their nature. If one of the companions is from a culture or race the Dragon has never heard or seen (or tasted...) before, the Tolerance is increased by 1. Smaug had never heard of a Hobbit, for example.

Introduction

Dragons are vulnerable to flattery, and a smart hero can take advantage of this. However, Dragons are clever and cunning creatures, and often delight in engaging in a duel of wits with their prospective dinner.

Companions can introduce themselves using **Courtesy** or **Riddle**. If a hero who the Dragon is prejudiced against is chosen as the company's spokesman, a failed roll at this stage will see them gobbled down; afterwards the conversation is resumed as though nothing were amiss.

Remember that when a Dragon introduces itself, it will typically use all the pomp and ceremony he can muster, complete with an extensive list of titles and epithets. The companions would do well to look suitably awe-struck.

Interaction

Assuming they have survived introductions, the company now faces the difficult prospect of convincing a Dragon not to kill them. Here are some of the skills that might prove useful in that regard:

- An **Insight** test might give a companion an idea as to what the Dragon wants, and why it has not killed them yet.
- A **Courtesy** roll might allow a companion to flatter a Dragon, naming it with a new epithet perhaps.
- Dragons love a good battle of wits; a **Riddle** test might allow a companion to outwit the Dragon.
- It is a bold move, but an **Awe** test might remind the Dragon of the tale of Bard the Dragon-slayer and the demise of Smaug...

Evaluate the Outcome of the Encounter

The Loremaster should keep track of the successes and failures rolled in the introduction and interaction stage of the encounter as normal. A company who exceeds the Tolerance is likely to be attacked, unless the Dragon has some palpable reason not to do so. A company who does not exceed the Tolerance is likely to have struck a bargain of sorts with the Dragon. What happens next is left to the Loremaster to decide...

Dragon-hoards

Bilbo had heard tell and sing of dragon-hoards before, but the splendour, the lust, the glory of such treasure had never yet come home to him.

Every Dragon, no matter the age or breed, has within it a great, greedy lust for gold. They seek to gather these riches to them and fill their lair with treasure. While some heroes come to fight a Dragon for nobler aims, all but the most valiant come looking in some part for the fabled Dragon-hoard.

The Treasure of a Dragon is invariably considered to be both a Hoard (see *Rivendell*, page 85), but also Tainted (see *The One Ring Roleplaying Game*, page 224).

The size of a Dragon's hoard depends on the age of the Dragon as shown opposite.

Breeds Modifiers Table:

Dragon Age	Suggested Hoard Rating
Dragonet	10
Young	50*
Adult	100**
Old	1000*** or more

The Loremaster might like to give some special consideration to what the conquering heroes (or thieving burglars) might find in such a prize, beyond a simple tally of Treasure points. **Other Items** (see below) lists all manner of goods and treasures that might be found there, and the Loremaster should remember too the rules for Precious Objects and Wondrous Artefacts found in *Rivendell* (page 90 onwards).

Other Items

As each Dragon is unique, its hoard should be as well. For the Loremaster to hand out an amount of treasure without any other detail is a waste of the awesome potential of the hoard.

However, counting up the value of every item in the hoard and describing them is a bit too intensive. Instead, use the following list of things that might be found in a Dragon's treasure hoard. Choose items from the list or use these suggestions to craft your own.

- A set of drinking cups, well carved with images of hunting and the wilderness, and accented in gold bands along the rims. These cups are made from ivory, possibly Oliphaunt tusk, and nest one within the other. Nearby is an ornately carved and gilded oak box with a cleverly wrought clasp that neatly holds the stacked cups.

- A long skewer meant for the feast of a king. While the shaft is made from stout iron and shows the stains of having roasted dozens of stags or other beasts, the ends are capped in gold and silver leaf over fine ceramic knobs. Somewhere around here is the frame that it rests in, and together they make a fine centrepiece for any hall.

- Eight stone bowls of polished marble lay scattered about, their shapes worked to show off the red veins in the pale white stone. Each bowl is encircled in alternating bands of turquoise and gold.

- A large and ornately decorated lintel for a doorway or gate. This massive piece of gold leaf laid over granite features a dozen small sunken squares, each with a carved scene. A Lore test reveals that the scenes are from the history of an important Dwarf family, showing the first five generations and the accomplishments of the family's greatest members.

- A huge two-handled cup of Númenórean make. It is easily too large for one man to lift, and can hold at least three gallons of drink. The cup is made of silver, artfully cast in one piece with intricate designs showing great ships crossing the ocean. Inside a massive kraken is carved on the bottom, with its tentacles flowing up the inside of the cup to pour out and form the handles.

- A Mithril shield boss carved into the shape of a snarling beast, the eyes bright rubies. While no shield is attached, the rim of the boss is sound and can be used to form the centre of a new shield.

- A skull that once belonged to some great beast, perhaps a lesser Dragon or other foul creature. The bone has been highly polished and the teeth and horns accented in gold and silver. A clever set of hinges and a lever allow the mouth to be opened, and inside the back of the head sits a horn made of silvered steel. If the mouth is opened and the horn sounded, a terrifying roar is produced.

- A ewer of beaten gold over wood, chased in silver and of a size that boggles the mind: a grown man could crawl inside and have room to turn around. The craftsmanship is crude, but effective in a primitive way.

- A plain ebony box made of tight-fitting panels conceals a finely wrought lantern of stone with thin panes of rosy quartz. The lantern does not have a gate or door, nor is there an opening in the bottom to place a wick or oil. Through either ingenious manufacture or some small enchantment, the lantern enhances the light of whatever environment it is in, reflecting starlight at night and sunlight during the day.

- A string of amber beads on gold thread that most likely came from a craftsman's workshop or a merchant's supply. They are unworked but finely polished, and are ready to be placed on jewellery or used to decorate clothing. The beads range in size from a fingernail to a fist, and are sorted on the string.

- A puzzle box made from dozens of strips of wood, each chosen for their complementary colours and laid in such a manner that a successful Riddle test is needed to open it. Inside is a sheaf of paper, a dozen golden quill nibs and a small glass jar embossed with images of fish and waterfowl chased in silver. The ink in the jar has long since dried to a fine dust, but the paper appears sound.

- A bust of a long-dead king. While the material of the work is fine marble, the small statue is undecorated. Its wealth lies in its craftsmanship; for the carving is so fine one can see every whorl of hair, every wrinkle of the brow.

- Yards of chain, each link longer than a man's arm and nearly as thick. The links are made of precious metals, gold, silver, platinum and even Mithril, with electrum and other alloys in between. At each end of the great chain is a massive hook made of polished steel etched with scenes of Dwarfs at the forge.

- An egg, just a small, delicate, blue-white egg with a slight dappling of grey across the ends. The egg is enclosed in a cage of thin gold wire with sapphires and diamonds at every joint and join.

- A long wooden pipe carved with whorls and made from a single piece of wood. The mouthpiece is forged from silver-coated wood. The bowl is chased in gold, and tiny diamonds can be seen glinting in the eyes of the luxuriantly carved whorls. The pipe is long enough for the smoker, when seated, to rest the bowl upon the ground.

- A bird made from platinum and gold, in the shape of a finch, with sparkling agate eyes and a beak made of silver. If tossed into the air, the bird flies in a great wide circle while singing its song, and then comes to rest in the hand of whoever released it.

- A stone doorpost of smooth granite and covered with scores of small horizontal lines filled with gold. Each line has a name and year carved next to it in the secret Dwarvish script. The names repeat, but at increasingly higher lines. Some of the names are hard to read for the post is heavily scarred by Dragon-fire.

- A set of keys forged of a variety of precious metals. The keys range in size from those used to open a locket to a massive key that must have opened an equally massive lock and door. The larger keys are decorated with geometric designs of inlaid gemstone dust, precious metals and rare minerals.

- A cloak pin wrought from a single knapped piece of quartz and reinforced with bands of gold. The point of the pin is tipped in steel. Upon the face of the pin is a carving of a heron taking flight, its wings forming the body of the pin. The spring is cleverly constructed to lie inside the quartz and yet not be visible through it.

Treasures to Slay a Dragon

While it is unlikely that the following items would appear in the hoard of a Dragon (unless they intend to guard the means of their own downfall closely), they are suitable for inclusion in the Magical Treasure Index of a campaign that features a Dragon as a prominent foe.

Dragon-bane

In a past age, the Elves and the Dwarves found themselves with a common enemy and bent their prodigious skills to creating weapons that might slay a Great Worm. In the Third Age, such weapons are all-but lost, in no small part due to the efforts of the Dragons themselves.

- A Famous Weapon of both Elven and Dwarven Craftsmanship may have Dragons selected as its Bane creature, as described on page 96 of *Rivendell*.

Dragon-scale Brooch
A small brooch fashioned from part of a Dragon's scale, supposedly from Scatha himself. Contains a Greater Blessing of **Riddle**.

The Black Arrow of Bard
Type: Arrow
Craftsmanship: Dwarven (Erebor)
Banes: Dragons
Qualities: 1. Sure Shot 2. Keen 3. Fell

Notes: Said to have been forged in the Lonely Mountain, the Black Arrow was passed down the line of Girion until Bard the Bowman slew Smaug with it, the last arrow in his quiver. Whether this is that same arrow is unknown, although many a Barding would claim it so.

Scatha's Tooth
Type: Axe
Craftsmanship: Dwarven (Erebor)
Banes: n/a
Qualities: 1. Gleam of Terror 2. Fell 3. Curse of Weakness (Dragon-sickness)

Note: When Fram slew the Dragon Scatha, he took his hoard as his own, much to the dismay of the Dwarves of the Grey Mountains. As recompense he sent them a handful of the Dragon's teeth, one of which is embedded in the haft of this axe. Although the blade strikes true, something of the Dragon's greed remains about it.

Biting-storm
Type: Great Spear
Craftsmanship: Dwarven and Elven (Khazad-dûm and Eregion)
Banes: Dragon
Qualities: 1. Superior Grievous 2. Piercing (see page 29)

Notes: Forged in Khazad-dûm and wound with the spells of the Elves of Eregion, Biting-storm was fashioned with one purpose in mind: to pierce the heart of a terrible Dragon, whose name has long been lost to legend.

Dragons of the Third Age

Lytegan

Like so many tales of Dragons in the Third Age, Lytegan's begins on the Withered Heath. She descends from a line similar to that of Smaug the Golden, but she was born far smaller than most of her brethren.

Though she does have wings and foreclaws, her rear limbs were partially stunted even as she was hatched. Lytegan swiftly realised that her days were numbered if she remained on the Withered Heath and while many of her siblings were fighting with one another for supremacy, she slithered her way south into the Grey Mountains.

At the time, the Dwarves still firmly held the Grey Mountains, and Lytegan was cautious at avoiding their attention. She grew adept at slipping into and out of Dwarf-holds unnoticed, careful to leave no trace of her presence. Eventually, for all her restraint, her thefts grew too bold and the number of missing guards too many. When the Dwarves began to hunt after her, she flew west on a moonless night, with such wealth as she couldn't bear to part with.

In 2472 of the Third Age she entered the northern Misty Mountains and slowly began working her way south along the range. Though Lytegan could not have known it, her timing was excellent, as the mountains were not yet teeming with the Orcs and Goblins that would populate them less than a decade later at the Dark Lord's behest.

She slept in mostly abandoned caverns, only occasionally leaving the deep tunnels to hunt in the rich vales east of the mountains when the taste of fish and Goblin grew stale.

Lytegan's southward trail eventually led to the gates of Moria. She plundered what she could from the Black Pit, making certain to stay mostly in the upper halls so as not to draw attention to herself. Soon, the numbers of Orcs grew too great for stealth and she withdrew from the mines, though she did not go far. Lytegan chose to make her lair in the heights of Cloudyhead, one of the three great mountains over Moria.

Called Fanuidhol the Grey by the Elves and Bundushathûr by the Dwarves, Cloudyhead suited Lytegan because of the clouds that perpetually concealed its peak. Now she sleeps high in the mountain, directly northwards of the Dimrill Dale, far above Moria, occasionally waking to pick off likely travellers on the Redhorn Pass or bands of Orcs carrying worthwhile trinkets.

Lytegan is as large as three large draft horses, standing end to end. Her scales are a fine silvery-grey, shot through with traces of gold along the edges. Her snout is triangular, filled with several rows of serrated teeth.

She moves with an almost-feline grace, frequently folding her arms and wings against her body to slither like a snake if she is underground. She possesses the old-fire and her breath still promises a fiery death, but she is wary of using it if it will draw attention to her.

During her wakeful periods, she likes to fly high within the clouds of Fanuidhol keeping her presence concealed, while still allowing her to inspect the lands about her lair with keen eyes.

Lytegan is not interested in fair fights. Cunning as all her kind, she has, on occasion, simply caused an avalanche to bury particularly dangerous heroes, then melted the snow off with her breath to acquire whatever takes her fancy from the corpses of her targets. Unlike most Dragons, she has few compulsions about withdrawing to fight another day.

Lytegan's hoard is worth Treasure 200**. In addition to gold, jewels and many finely-wrought Dwarven items, she has several large chunks of shimmering Mithril ore that she took from Moria.

Lytegan, Great Fire Drake:

Attribute Level	
11	
Endurance	Hate
110	15
Parry	Armour
10	7d/1d*
Skills	
Personality, 3	Survival, 4
Movement, 3	Custom, 2
Perception, 4	Vocation, 3
Weapon Skills	
Bite	5
Rend	2
Tail-lash	2
Crush	3
Traits	
Cautious	Cunning
Nimble	-
Special Abilities	
Bewilder	Mountain-dweller
Craven	Savage Assault
Dreadful Spells	Thick Hide
Fell Speed	Thing of Terror
Fire Breath	Weak Spot
Great Size	-

Weapons:

Weapon Type	Damage	Edge	Injury	Called Shot
Bite	9	8	22	-
Rend	11	9	22	Piercing
Tail-lash	22	👁	20	Knock-down
Crush	22	👁	22	-

Kibiluzn, The Silver Shadow

When the Dragons descended upon the Dwarf kingdom in the Grey Mountains, many fell to Dwarven axes and cunning. Of those that died, one, nameless Long-worm left something behind, hidden in the deep beneath a fallen Dwarf-hold: a single egg. None can say why this Worm would choose to leave behind its progeny, only that it lay forgotten for centuries.

Centuries passed in silence and neither the Goblins of Mount Gundabad nor the Dwarves of the Grey Mountains knew what lay slumbering beneath their halls. It was on the same night that Esgaroth burned that this forgotten evil entered the world. Slithering from his broken shell, a silver-scaled Dragon was born into darkness.

In the depths of the world he not only survived, but flourished. He was a keen hunter, silent and deadly. He stalked the wretched creatures that lived in these abandoned depths, but as he grew in size, so too did his hunger grow.

He slithered south and into the Grey Mountain Narrows, where he began to stalk the scattered camps of Dwarf refugees who lived about the foothills there. The Dragon saw that his prey carried fine weapons and well-crafted armour, but they also carried something far more precious: jewels and gemstones.

Greed and malice consumed his heart. Taking these riches back into his hold, he became driven by lust, hunting for more Dwarves, more miners, more treasure seekers. Legends and whispers grew amongst the Dwarves of the Grey Mountains. "Kibiluzn," they called him: the Silver Shadow.

Kibiluzn searched out fresh prey in newly dug passages. He journeyed west beneath the stone peaks until he discovered the Goblin tribes that cowered near to Mount Gundabad. They were diminished and broken, still recovering from wounds suffered during the Battle of Five Armies. They had no gold, no jewels, no treasure.

As Kibiluzn lay in shadow, watching the Goblins, there came to his mind, as if by a whisper, a new idea. Kibiluzn descended upon the Goblins, but rather than consume them he instead compelled them. The Goblins screamed and cowered, grovelling before the awful worm.

It would do well for a Dragon to have servants to command, so Kibiluzn bid the Goblins serve him. Promising them riches beyond imagination and Dwarven blood upon their blades, Kibiluzn has drawn scores of Goblins to his service.

Still they come, countless Goblins and other wretched creatures, to the service of Kibiluzn. All live in the depths of the earth beside the Dragon, basking in the glory of his wealth, slaves to his terrible beauty.

Soon, the Dragon will have an army. Then the Dwarves of the Grey Mountains will know terror and horror anew. Kibiluzn is young, yes; but ambitious. A longing for gold and carnage grows with each passing season in his heart, yet a deeper desire grows in its breast. There is a calling in its heart from the East. As the Silver Shadow grows in strength, so too does a longer darkness reach out to claim all of Wilderland.

Kibiluzn, Long-worm:

Attribute Level	
7	
Endurance	Hate
70	8
Parry	Armour
5	4d/1d*
Skills	
Personality, 4	Survival, 4
Movement, 3	Custom, 2
Perception, 3	Vocation, 2
Weapon Skills	
Bite	4
Tail-lash	2
Crush	3
Traits	
Clever	Lordly
Secretive	-
Special Abilities	
Commanding Voice	Hatred (Dwarves)
Great Leap	Weak Spot*
Great Size	-

Weapons:

Weapon Type	Damage	Edge	Injury	Called Shot
Bite	8	8	18	-
Tail-lash	14	👁	12	Knock-down
Crush	14	👁	14	-

Rumours of Worms

Dragons are creatures of dread and terror, but also creatures of wonder, living curiosities that some might dismiss as tales of yore or wild stories told by fools. Still, there might be truth in the rumours and legends surrounding Dragons, their lairs and their hoards.

These are things a company might hear about Dragons should they seek out wisdom and lore concerning them. Not all of them are true, but some might well be.

- "There are many kinds of Dragons, and you may know them by their limbs. There are Dragons with no legs that slither like serpents, those with two legs that walk not like a man but like a great scaly bear, some with four or more legs, and those with wings. The last may have any number of limbs, though six is the normal amount."

- "They say that a foul serpent of the line of Scatha crept silently into the forests of Mirkwood in the days when that dark wood was known as the Greenwood. Do not be deceived by those who say that a Necromancer lairs in Dol Guldur, it is a Dragon, of that I am certain."

- "Dragons are creatures of fire and stone, that is why they lair under mountains. If you plan to slay such a beast, do as good King Bard has done; take them on the wing and plunge them into water. Now, flushing the beast from its roost, that is the trick."

- "Whosoever might taste the heart of a Dragon would know all the tongues of Men and Elves, of birds and beasts."

- "None can taste the blood of a Dragon and live, for it is as a poison of fires that slays all save the mightiest of strength."

- "A Dragon must wake from its slumber from time to time to feast, and by watching for that moment, a brave warrior can sneak in and lay a trap."

- "It is well known by learned people that the Grey Mountains are rife with slumbering Dragons, but what is not known is why so many sleep now? Will they stir in time, perhaps at the call of some changing of the stars or the rise of some great master?"

- "In my grandfather's youth his uncle told him that a Dragon swooped down and snatched up an entire caravan of merchants travelling from the East to Dale. Now, this was in the days before Smaug came to the Lonely Mountain. This caravan was loaded with wealth, for it was the desire of some Eastern king to purchase many finely wrought suits of armour from the Dwarves. What might have come of this treasure... or this Dragon?"

- "The only tale I have heard of Dragons is that of Eón daughter of Eanar and distant cousin to Grór brother of Thrór. Many long years ago, longer than even the coming of Smaug to Erebor, Eón journeyed into the Grey Mountains to seek revenge on the Dragon that had slain her father and kin. Now, she went alone, and was never heard from again, and let that be a lesson to you to never face a Dragon without stout companions. The thing to remember, though, is that she took with her the only item saved from her ancestral home from when the Dragon came, and that was an axe forged in the first days of Durin's folk, an axe said to be so sharp it could cleave a column of smoke in twain."

- "There is a Dragon named Sticlas that lairs not far from here, or so the tales go. While it is true that there is no wasteland about its peak, smoke rises there from time to time and shepherds report a strange and terrible beast that comes down from the sky and gobbles up entire flocks, and shepherds too!"

- "The tales of worms are many, and they are creatures of great diversity. There are three types they say: those that spit poison, those that breathe fire, and then there are the 'Cold-drakes' that do neither."

- "The worm Eletredde was the first of a brood of three and fought her siblings to the death. Although in the end victorious, the broad curve of her horned head was damaged, so you will know her by her many broken horns. Between those stumps of horn is the place to lay your blow, for the armour of her hide and strength of her bone is weakest there."

- "Dragons are creatures of greed, and as such can always be tricked by that same greed into rash actions and cunning traps."

- "The sight, hearing and other senses of a Dragon are especially acute, but one must keep in mind that their memories are even sharper than their fangs. A Dragon knows by sight every item in its hoard no matter how small or how fleeting the first viewing was. Just so, they know this by its smell, its touch and its taste. Keep this in mind, for they will not forget any theft nor wrong nor slight, and will seek vengeance."

- "Should you seek the worm Brégnes, look not in the caves of the mountains nor in the depths of the forests. for she is a great thing of long body and no limbs save the two forepaws she drags herself along with, is a burrowing creature, a worm that lives beneath the earth. She sleeps in old barrows, loots from those same tombs and lairs in a muddy pit filled with the grave goods of ancient heroes, but also the mouldering remains of those same warriors of old."

- "The mind of the Dragon is the true danger, for their thoughts are wicked and evil, so wicked and evil that they leak out and pollute the hearts of others. This wickedness does not end with their deaths; it lingers like a foul odour and taints all they touched."

- "It is rare that a Dragon should make slaves of lesser creatures, but some do. Mostly it is the lowest form of Goblin, but the corruption of Dragons might make even the wild animals that frequent the land about a worm's lair into its unwitting sentries."

- "Of the land the Dragon resides in, it is always tainted and thus you may tell where they lair. Beware, though, for the taint of worms takes many forms and depends on the nature of the beast in question. Some cause such widespread destruction that the land is torn, burned, and ruined. Others send out their terrible thoughts and thus pollute the trees, animals, and even the rocks and streams."

- "People speak of the greed of Dragons, but that is but a manifestation of the true nature of their taint, namely selfishness. To a worm, there is no more important creature than itself, and all that is in the world is measured based on that. When looking for the Dragon-sickness in others, do not just look for covetousness, but for overweening pride, prickly dignity and furious self-righteousness."

- "Cûtæl, a Fire-drake of the line of Ádfyr, attacked a fortress of the Men of the West in ages past. He did not find a wealth of gold, though there was some, but this fortress was an armoury of a king. Thus the worm took to his treasure hoard finely wrought weapons of powerful might, and he lay down upon them to sleep."

- "Of the Dragons that spit poison much has been said, but it is not just they that are poisonous. The very body and blood, every bit of a Dragon, is a danger to mortals. Touch not a worm with your bare hand, but only with a mailed fist, or better yet, a stout pole tipped with a bright head."

- "Few know this, but I have heard tales of it. Dragons fight with other Dragons and even with other servants of the Enemy. Indeed, they are not so much slaves of the Shadow, but creations thereof. With this knowledge, one can turn beast upon beast and foe upon foe, but who is cunning enough to trick the mind of a Dragon? Who is foolish enough to try?"

the war of - the dwarves - and orcs

Then Nár turned the head and saw branded on the brow in Dwarf-runes so that he could read it the name AZOG. That name was branded in his heart and in the hearts of all the Dwarves afterwards.

The woes of Durin's folk in the Third Age are many, but perhaps none more tragic than the death of their king, Thrór, and the War of the Dwarves and Orcs that followed. Never in the Third Age has so mighty a Dwarf-host gathered, and never have so many fallen in battle as in that war of vengeance.

The Eve of War (2790)

Throughout the Third Age, the Dwarves of the line of Durin fell upon hard times. After fleeing the Grey Mountains following the wars with the Cold-drakes, they returned to the Lonely Mountain, to rule over Erebor for a time. When the Dragon Smaug fell upon them they were forced from their domains once more, suffering exile anew.

In the year 2790 of the Third Age, Thrór, their elder King, made a fateful journey to the eastern doorstep of Khazad-dûm, his kin's ancient stronghold in the Misty Mountains.

There he found the gates of the vast hold open; gazing upon the true birthright of his people the King decided to venture within its halls alone. His only companion, Nár, waited for him in the valley outside.

Thrór delved within Moria for some time, exploring the deep halls and dusty storerooms of his ancestral home, until he was set upon by the Orcs who dwelt there now, led by the cruellest of their kind: Azog. He suffered dire torture and unremitting interrogation, yet Thrór frustrated his captors, refusing to answer their queries or succumb to their devices.

On the third day Nár heard a horn blared from inside the gate, and crept nearer to investigate. The body of Thrór was flung through the gate onto the steps. To his horror, his lord was dead and on his brow was a freshly carved word written in the runes of the Dwarves: "AZOG", it read.

Then Azog came forth from the gate and, pointing to the body with clawed finger, he announced that such was the fate of any Dwarf who dared to come to Moria. Azog declared himself King of Moria. He demanded that Nár

Dwarf Player-heroes and the War

Older Dwarf-heroes – 150 years of age or older – will undoubtedly have fought in the War of the Dwarves and Orcs. Some might carry the burdens of the Battle of Azanulbizar still; a kinsman who fell beside them, perhaps, or an injury they themselves sustained. Perhaps their arms and armour are from that dark day. Undoubtedly a hatred of Orcs continues to burn in their breasts.

Younger Dwarves who did not fight in the war will still have been touched by it. Perhaps their father or older brother did not return from the Battle of Azanulbizar, or maybe they now bear an heirloom made significant by its use in the war.

As a player of a Dwarf, you might like to carefully read this chapter and consider what role it plays in your hero's background.

carry the brazen threat and the ill tidings back to his scattered folk. Before he left, the dismayed Dwarf was struck with a small pouch of cheap coins: rude weregild for Thrór's body.

Nár fled, weeping at the loss of his King. After a long, wretched journey, he came to Dunland, the land of their exile, and related the tale of Thrór's fate and Azog's threat. As the story came to its terrible end, the fury of the assembled Dwarves boiled over into a seething anger. For seven nights, Thráin son of Thrór sat alone in his chambers. At last he emerged, vengeance burning within his breast.

The Mustering of the Host (2790-2793)

What Thráin planned was no simple murder. It was no mere bounty to be hunted down. This would be the marshalling of all the might the Dwarves could muster. This required careful planning, a meticulous consideration of strength and a methodical gathering of warriors and weapons.

He gathered his own folk in Dunland and informed them of his intent. In time, news spread to Dwarves that resided nearby, until all of Durin's folk heeded the call to arms. Such was the size of their assembled numbers that it was likened unto the days of old. And yet, more were needed.

Thráin next sent messengers to those Dwarves living in the Blue Mountains, and also to the hold in the Iron Hills where their cousins resided still. His messengers even took Thráin's news into the farthest reaches of the East. The message was the same for all who received it: Thrór was dead at the hands of Azog, who now claimed Moria as his own.

Three years passed before Thráin stood at the head of his host. Durin's folk gathered all their strength in Dunland, but they did not gather alone. The fathers of all the Houses of the Dwarves dispatched great forces of their own to answer Thráin's call. The Dwarves had assembled and were ready to set upon their hated foe to enact their revenge.

Planning and Scheming

In Dunland, Thráin gathered the fathers of the Dwarf Houses to plan the war of vengeance. Maps were unrolled, mountain peaks and vales were indicated where pertinent tactical suggestions were considered. It was clear the vastness of the Misty Mountains would impede the mission. Some suggested attacking Moria alone, but Thráin bristled at the idea. It was not enough to kill Azog: all the Orcs must be slain.

After much deliberation, a plan was formulated that detailed an onslaught upon all of the Orc holdings in

the Misty Mountains. Initial attacks were organised targeting the largest of Orc lairs; it was to be a mailed fist closing around Moria itself. The strategy was relayed to all the Dwarf-thanes and, in due course, the host made preparations to depart. On that day, Thráin led his own household at the vanguard of tens of thousands of Dwarves. Iron-shod boots pounded the dusty plains as they departed north. Carts and wagons laden with supplies, weapons, tools, gear and all manner of equipment were pulled by oxen and pony behind. Siege engines, built to attack the Orc lairs, were dragged along behind. This was a host of Dwarves the likes of which not seen in the Third Age.

The War of Vengeance (2793-2799)

The Fall of Mount Gundabad

The Dwarves marched northwards, towards the Orc-nest in Gundabad. It took many months to traverse the lands north ofDunland and west of the Misty Mountains. Crossing the Glanduin, they came upon Eregion and stayed for a time near the Hollin Ridge, where they sent scouts to spy on the Orcs of Moria. In time, they crossed the great East Road and entered the Ettenmoors. Here the land rose up to meet the Mountains of Angmar. It was a land of haunted spirits and foul reputation, but the Dwarves were troubled little. After months of trekking the wilderness of Eriador, they neared Mount Gundabad.

Stealthy scouts selected the shortest possible route to the east; speed was critical to this plan. Over half of the Dwarf army awaited the summer solstice to begin their journey. With Thráin in command, they marched through the narrow pass. With the long summer sun as their shield, they were unimpeded in their march to the eastern slopes. The Dwarves emerged from the valley just as the sun set. They encamped in a fortified, shielded enclosure beyond the eastern gate of Mount Gundabad.

The next day, horns declared their presence as the Dwarves arrayed themselves before the gates of the stronghold. Orc defenders mustered on the high walls of the fortress, growling their threats and howling their challenges. At Thráin's command, the Dwarf warriors surged forward, bringing forth their siege equipment. Ladders rose to meet the walls, catapults swung into action and battering rams were muscled towards the gates. Ominously, clouds covered the bright sun that morning, causing a ripple of unease amongst the Dwarves. They looked on as the great gate swung open. Suddenly, the Orcs poured out, eager for melee.

Throughout the morning, the battle lines swung back and forth across the vales beneath Mount Gundabad. By midday, however, there was a commotion among the Orcs who had remained within. Something had distracted them from inside their own lair. A quarter of the Dwarven forces had been left on the western slopes of the mountains, and had ventured within Mount Gundabad through smaller entrances left unguarded in the face of the frontal assault. Led by Thráin's chief scout, Huthrar, hundreds of Dwarven warriors surprised the Orcs, forcing them back towards the eastern gate. The Orc chieftains were hard pressed to hold back the invaders. Fleeing their own halls, Orcs spilled out into the vales, where they were met by Thráin's eager warriors, themselves augmented by the remainder of the host entering the fray from the mountain pass. Thousands of Orcs fell, the Dwarves slaughtering them in every cave and tunnel they could find.

It took more than a month to rid the lair of all its vile creatures, but in the end, Mount Gundabad was cleansed of Orcs. Thráin's vengeance was only just beginning.

Catastrophe amidst the Middle Years

In the months that followed, the Dwarven host rooted out many of the Orc lairs south of Mount Gundabad. Ancient records brought from Erebor proved invaluable in their efforts. Thráin spent many long nights surveying the ancient lore of the mountainous region by lantern light. Time-worn maps revealed old entrances into the holds and helped the Dwarves outmanoeuvre and outflank the Orc defenders within the mountains. The superior arms and armour of the Dwarves, and Thráin's cunning, won many a battle. Bastion after bastion, the Orcs were defeated. But in the tunnels beneath the High Pass, the Dwarves grew overconfident.

Soon after the fall of Mount Gundabad, Orcs throughout the Misty Mountains came to realise the full extent of the Dwarven aggression. What they had mistaken for the

wanderings of an exiled enemy, was in fact war come to the mountains. It was fortunate the foul creatures of the entire range were never united under a single black banner, for had Azog possessed the might of all the Orcs he might have ended Thráin's war before it truly had a chance to begin.

In time, however, the foul denizens of the mountains came to arms and each lair was more prepared for invasion than the last.

Resistance became stronger, the Orcs more devious. The advantage of surprise abated, and Dwarven casualties mounted. Yet, it was only in the caves beneath the High Pass that the Orcs sprung their deadliest scheme...

A contingent of Dwarves, led by Thráin, had traversed many of the underground chambers and tunnels beneath the mountains when they emerged in a cavernous opening that appeared to have been the Orcs' pit. It was deserted, which was nothing unusual, as the Orcs were always a cowardly lot. Glad of the reprieve, a temporary encampment was established. And then, an explosive din heralded the fall of the ceiling: in a brief, horrible moment, the host of Thráin was buried beneath falling masonry. Countless died, crushed or suffocated under the weight of the stone.

Once the dust had settled, the cavern was filled with the groans of the injured and the laments of the dying. For long days, the survivors lay trapped, awaiting death. Soon their water was gone, and efforts to find an exit from the chamber were abandoned. Hope was lost.

Fortunately for the survivors, scouts were sent out to search for them as soon as the King went missing. Thanks to the extensive records in their possession, the scouts were able to locate the area where the King would most likely be trapped. When they reached the blocked tunnels, the Dwarves made contact with their brethren by tapping carefully on the stone. They set to delving through the rocks, mattocks tirelessly chipping away. Progress was slow, and made slower still by prowling Orcs. Many died protecting the tunnelling Dwarves, as four waves of Orcs attempted to stop them. Eventually the attacks ceased and the Dwarves broke through. Many grieved the loss of life that day. The devious and underhanded guile of the Orcs would never again be misjudged. Indeed, the Dwarves would turn those same tactics against the Orcs as the war continued southwards.

The Blockades of the Late War

During the months that followed, Thráin assessed the losses and weighed them against his triumphs. The balance was favourable, though barely so. He gathered often with his thanes and such able and wise counsel as was available. Together, they formed a cunning plan to block major paths leading to Moria as they continued to clear the smaller Orc holdings along the way. If successful, Azog would be unable to amass a large enough counter-attack to hold the Dwarves back.

Though he would have preferred to relentlessly advance, Thráin heeded his advisors and sent miners to collapse the main tunnels leading to the northern reaches of Moria, while he himself attacked more remote Orc-lairs to detract attention from their main objective. The plan took time to develop, and the fighting in the tunnels north of Moria was as bloody as any in the war. In time, three entrances to Khazad- dûm were brought down, but at the cost of many Dwarven scouts. Huthrar himself perished before the last tunnel collapsed.

With the blockade in place, Azog could not summon reinforcements, and Thráin's armies quickly swept through the Orc-nests north of Moria. By year's end, the conquest was complete.

But many smaller, unmapped tunnels remained intact, and it was through these that hundreds of Orcs fled back to the Black Pit, arriving in Moria with tales of vengeful Dwarves. Azog gathered these survivors, adding them to his own host. The Orc-chief believed the incursion could be stopped when it arrived at his doorstep, and so Azog prepared.

The Battle of Azanulbizar (2799)

After six years of war, in 2799, Thráin was ready at last to come to Khazad-dûm. From the very start of the campaign, Dwarf scouts had watched the Orcs and studied the lay of

Blighted Dreams

"The men of Carn Dûm came on us at night, and we were worsted. Ah! the spear in my heart!' He clutched at his breast. 'No! No!' he said, opening his eyes. 'What am I saying? I have been dreaming."

There are places in Middle-earth where deeds so dark and sorrowful were committed that a darkness has descended upon them. While the passing of years normally washes away all grief, here that shadow has never been lifted. It blights the land and the air, hanging like a dark cloud capable of confusing the minds of any who dare wander there.

These are the sites that saw the bloodiest battles, or the blackest treacheries. Blighted places like the valley of Azanulbizar, the Dead Marshes, the darkest recesses of Moria or the Barrow-downs.

Haunted Places

"There are dead things, dead faces in the water," he said with horror. "Dead faces!"

Following the rules introduced on page 223 of *The One Ring Roleplaying Game*, all heroes entering, traversing or tarrying in an area that is considered blighted are required to make a Corruption test, lest they gain a Shadow point. But there might be something more in store for those who wander in such accursed lands...

When an area has been corrupted beyond healing, its sorrowful past may return to haunt those who traverse it. To reflect this, the Loremaster may apply the following additional effects should a player roll an ᚠ on the Corruption test.

When this happens, the hero is directly affected by the tragic history of the place, slipping into a dream-like state while awake, or having lucid dreams about the past when asleep. The following entries are based on the outcome of the Corruption test.

- Failure: *Haunted!* The hero gains 1 point of Shadow as normal and for the following day and night suffers a number of additional nightmarish apparitions, equal to 6 minus his current Wisdom score (to a minimum of 1). The Loremaster describes the visions, taking into consideration that they are direct manifestations of the blight plaguing the area. Each additional vision causes the haunted hero to automatically gain another point of Shadow.

  For example, a heroine fails her Corruption test while in a dark corner of the Old Forest, additionally rolling an ᚠ. She is now haunted, and in the following 24 hours she will see things nobody else will see, like rotting trees attempting to strangle her, or stumble upon open graves containing the corpses of travellers who lost their path in the forest.

- Success: *Insight.* The hero does not gain Shadow, and experiences visions granting a *minor insight* into the source of corruption of the area, generally going back to the time when the place endured its most

tragic occurrences. Visions and dreams are experienced in first person, and the player-hero is unable to do anything but witness the outcome of events inevitably leading to a tragic ending (but always providing some useful information).

A hero experiences a minor insight while in the Barrow-downs. He appears lost in thought and mumbles to himself in an arcane language while marching along. When the hero eventually snaps out of his reverie, he tells of how he was looking out of the window of his home a moment before, looking out over his family's lands while the host of Angmar was drawing close, burning and pillaging... the ruins of a burned farmstead is buried somewhere in the vicinity.

- Great or Extraordinary Success: *Insight.* The hero does not gain Shadow, and experiences visions granting a *major insight.* When this happens, the hero sees things that took place in the area at any time in its past (Loremaster's choice). Visions and dreams are again experienced in first person, but in this case the player-hero may alter the vision, taking action while in his dream-self. In game terms, the player can frame his actions so that they pose a question that the Loremaster must attempt to answer at the best of his abilities. The question must naturally concern the Blighted place or the surrounding area. Regardless of the events occurring in the vision, the player may never avoid the inevitable dramatic outcome of the experience.

The same hero experiencing a major insight would get to narrate how he reacted upon seeing the advancing army; maybe he ran downstairs, looking for his family sword. If the Loremaster accepts the suggestion, it might reveal some treasure hidden nearby.

the land surrounding the East gate. In the winter weeks leading up to the final battle, Thráin conferred with the fathers of the Dwarf Houses. They all agreed that battle would be joined in the Dimrill Dale, next to the sacred waters of the Mirrormere: Azanulbizar.

Yet, Azog had not sat idle. His host was still vast and, as the Dwarves arrived at Azanulbizar, his horde met them there, arrayed for the last great battle of the war.

The Orcs stood ready on the higher ground afforded by the slopes of the surrounding mountain peaks, Redhorn, Silvertine and Cloudyhead. The creatures were emboldened during that cold and dark winter day for they were many and the sun was hidden. Below them, the Dwarves stood outnumbered atop a hill to the east of the Dimrill Stairs. With a great shout, Thráin sounded the charge, and the battle commenced.

The Battle of Azanulbizar has been described in great detail in many songs and tales. Suffice it to say here that the Dwarves conquered their foe, but at great cost. Azog was slain by the red axe of Dáin, but so too was fully half the Dwarven host lost that day.

Aftermath

In the aftermath of the battle, Azog's head was mounted upon a great spike, his host destroyed or fled, but there was to be no feast nor song, only silent grief. It was not possible to bury so many fallen Dwarves, so the bodies were stripped of arms and armour so they could not be looted, and then the fallen warriors were laid on a massive pyre. The surrounding forest was hewn to provide fuel for the fire, the pall of smoke rising from the flames so great the reek could be smelled in Lothlórien. Though Thráin sought to reclaim Moria, Dáin persuaded him of his folly. Durin's Bane remained within the Black Pit; this was no

home for the Dwarves. Instead, the Dwarves dispersed once again to their distant homes and exiled havens. For many, it was enough that the Orcs had been defeated, leaving the Misty Mountains free of their taint for over a century.

The cost, though, had been terribly high, and it is a rare veteran who speaks of the horrors of the long, cruel war. But they remember...

Treasures of the War of Vengeance

"I have heard that there are still forgotten treasures of old to be found in the deserted caverns of the mines of Moria, since the dwarf and goblin wars."

The Dwarf-host that marched to war was equipped with arms and armour of exquisite craftsmanship, and who knows what other treasures. Although the survivors of the Battle of Azanulbizar stripped the dead of their weapons and armour, who knows what was lost that day?

A Loremaster seeking to use the history of the War of the Dwarves and Orcs in his campaign might add some of the following treasures to his Magical Treasure Index.

Wondrous Artefacts

Durin's Ring
The first of the Seven Rings of Power given to the Dwarf-lords, Durin's Ring was said to have been given to Durin III not by Sauron but by the Elves themselves. The ring was said to breed gold from gold, but it also inflamed the bearer's heart to greed. Durin's Ring was lost to the Necromancer, but what then became of it?

(Greater Blessing of Search, Curse of Weakness)

Famous Weapons and Armour

The Armour of Náin
Type: Coat of Mail
Craftsmanship: Dwarven
Banes: n/a
Qualities: 1. Cunning Make 2. Rune-scored Armour

Notes: The force of the blow that Azog struck Náin was strong enough to break his neck, but it could not pierce his armour. Small comfort to the Dwarf, no doubt, but testimony to the craftsmanship of the smiths of the Iron Hills who made it.

The Red Axe of Dáin
Type: Great Axe
Craftsmanship: Dwarven
Banes: n/a
Qualities: 1. Keen 2. Cleaving 3. Gleam of Terror

Notes: Dáin slew Azog with a blow from his red axe, cutting his head off. But surely Dáin kept his axe when he returned to the Iron Hills; so why does this weapon bear his name, and a blade stained crimson with the blood of Orcs?

Dwarven Grudges

...in [their] hearts still burns the ancient fire of Aulë the Smith, and the embers smoulder of their long grudge against the Elves...

Dwarves are a staunch folk, intended by their Maker to oppose firmly any domination. It is said that even the seven Rings of Power could not enslave the will of their bearers. But Dwarves are not free from the threat of the Shadow; in many ways they are affected by its corruption more subtly and more profoundly.

During a Fellowship phase, a Dwarven hero may opt to develop a grudge, representing the stirring of a personal animosity, emanating from ancient grievances and slights suffered by the Dwarf-folk in their long history. To do so, the player cannot choose any undertaking during the phase, and annotates the new sentiment on his character sheet, by writing *Grudge*, followed by the name of the folk the feeling is directed to in parentheses. For example: *Grudge (Bardings)*.

The chosen folk must belong to the Free Peoples, and possibly be one that the character (or the Dwarven folk at large) has had contact with previously (mainly Bardings, Beornings, Wood-Elves and Woodmen, but possibly the Riders of Rohan or Bree-folk). Then, the player cancels all Shadow points accumulated so far, gaining 1 permanent Shadow point. (Any previously accumulated permanent Shadow points are retained too.) A Dwarf hero may only develop a single grudge.

The positive aspect of nurturing resentment is that the Dwarf now may focus his frustrations and sense of discomfort, easily finding relief.

- From this moment on, whenever the Dwarven hero chooses the *Heal Corruption* undertaking, he foregoes entirely to make a roll, and instead reduces his Shadow rating by 6 points, as if he had rolled an extraordinary result.

But of course there is a negative aspect in being bitter, as it worsens the attitude of the Dwarf hero when he deals with members of the folk he begrudges (members of the company excluded).

- When the Dwarven hero takes part in an encounter comprising individuals who are the object of the grudge, he must pass a Corruption test or suffer a deep sense of discomfort and irritation, gaining the character a Shadow point. The difficulty of the test is equal to TN 10 plus the Dwarf's current Shadow score.

Frár ends the current Adventuring phase with 9 Shadow points. Deeming the amount to be dangerous (his Hope score is 10), he decides to reduce his Shadow score by cultivating a grudge. Frár's company has had a rough time recently due to the deeds of a band of mercenaries from the Dalelands; during the following Fellowship phase, the Dwarf's player determines that Frár gives in to his folk's old dislike for Northmen and annotates that now his character has a grudge towards Bardings.

Frár's Shadow score of 9 is replaced by a single permanent Shadow point. From now on, Frár will easily vent off steam by blaming those Northmen for his misfortune and that of his folk, but will find it hard to hide his vexation in their presence.

- Dwarves of the Iron Hills -

With cries of "Moria!" and "Dáin, Dáin!" the Dwarves of the Iron Hills plunged in... Panic came upon the Goblins.

Beyond the Waste, where the river Redwater runs swiftly south, rise the Iron Hills, the old kingdom of Dáin Ironfoot. Named thusly because their roots were rich in the metals of martial craftsmanship, they are the home of a hardy breed of Dwarves, survivors who left the Grey Mountains almost five hundred years ago under the leadership of Grór. For centuries the Dwarves of the Iron Hills have toiled in deep places under the earth, in dark mines and brightly lit smithies, and the sound of their hammers striking anvils has never ceased to ring in the surrounding dales and valleys.

Today, the Iron Hills have a new ruler. Dáin Ironfoot is now King under the Mountain, and the best part of his folk followed him to Erebor when he took the throne. His young son, Thorin Stonehelm, remained behind to act as a steward to the King. He currently rules over Dáin's old abode, in the company of his most trusted warriors and retainers, and of those who chose not to leave their ancient homes to go west and rebuild the kingdom under the Lonely Mountain.

The remaining Dwarves of the Iron Hills are for the most part very much like their young ruler, a proud and stern folk, and among them are warriors who have seen many wars. Though they are not as rich in treasure as are their kin in Erebor, they take great pride in their smith-craft, especially in the making of weapons and armour.

Description

The Dwarves of the Iron Hills live the simple but harsh life of miners and smiths. They are often gruff and terse when dealing with outsiders, as choosing to remain on the far eastern edge of the Wild has made them short-spoken, short-tempered and often quick to seek out a physical solution when a threat arises.

More pragmatic than their cousins in Erebor, when they are on the move they wear simple and functional clothes, never carrying anything more than what necessity requires. But when they march to war, the gear they carry betrays their long tradition of a battle-hardened warrior race. The Dwarves of the Iron Hills often sport long, forked beards, plaited and thrusted into their belts when they travel, fight or work the forge.

Standard of Living

What lies under the roots of the Iron Hills cannot compare to the wealth in precious stones and gold that rests below Erebor. The death of the Dragon has improved the trade between the Iron Hills and the lands to the west, but the eastern Dwarves remain much poorer than their western cousins. Because of this, their culture ranks as *Martial*.

Dwarven Adventurers

The majority of denizens of the Iron Hills are too focused on their smithcraft to ever contemplate leaving their workshops and taking up a life of adventure; their latest undertakings seem always unfinished to them, or there is always a new forging technique to experiment with. But the great achievements of their neighbours in Erebor are prompting more and more young Dwarves to take to the road and go to see with their own eyes what the King under the Mountain has accomplished in a handful of years.

Finally, the truly noble among them, and the most superstitious, believe that the death of Smaug could mean that greater, darker threats may soon come and they would cut the head from such sleeping darkness before it awakens.

Suggested Callings: *Slayer, Warden*. The Dwarves of the Iron Hills count on great strength of arms and toughness of fibre in most endeavours. They rarely forget a slight or insult, and many of them seek to follow in the armour-clad steps of their warlike ancestors.

Unusual Calling: *Wanderer*. So martially minded are they that the Dwarves of the Iron Hills have neither the time nor the dedication to roam the land and find what beauty remains in Middle-earth in this age of twilight.

What Thorin Stonehelm Says...

- **Bardings:** "The heirs of Girion have lived under the shadow of a Dragon, and that makes them close to us, as our folk long suffered what they suffered. But Men oft forget the lessons of old, and while they are stout of heart, I fear their blades will dull and their armour rust as the glory of Dale is restored."

- **Beornings:** "Their chieftain, Beorn, saved my namesake, Thorin Oakenshield, from the butchery our enemies would have inflicted upon him when he fell at the Battle of Five Armies. I hope one day the folk of Durin will be able to repay him. Until that day, we will honour Beorn and those who follow him with our trust and respect."

- **Dwarves of the Iron Hills:** "Though we choose not to dwell in Erebor, still we are loyal to the King under the Mountain. Should darkness rise again, our mattocks are ready and our shields are broad. The Enemy has only to look to the east and tremble!"

- **Dwarves of the Lonely Mountain:** "Our cousins. Our kin. Our king."

- **Elves of Mirkwood:** "When he took the throne of Erebor, my father Dáin restored the emeralds of Girion to the Elvenking. Will he ever repay such gesture in kind? I doubt this, for the immortal Elves seem quick to forget when it is not in their best interest to remember..."

- **Woodmen of Wilderland:** "I can say little of them, save only that they survive in the darkness of that foul forest and that speaks to their merit."

Cultural Blessing

Dwarves of the Iron Hills share the *Redoubtable* Cultural Blessing with their cousins from Erebor (as described on page 48 of *The One Ring Roleplaying Game*).

Starting Skill Scores

Common Skills

Copy the following skill ranks onto the character sheet and underline the favoured skill:

Awe	1	Inspire	1	Persuade	0
Athletics	0	Travel	2	Stealth	3
Awareness	0	Insight	1	Search	3
Explore	0	Healing	0	Hunting	0
Song	0	Courtesy	0	Riddle	1
Craft	3	Battle	2	Lore	1

Weapon Skills

Choose one of the following two Weapon skill sets, and record it on the character sheet:

1) (Axes) 2, Spear 1, Dagger 1
2) Mattock 2, Short Sword 1, Dagger 1

Specialities

Choose two Traits from:

Fire-making, Smith-craft, Smoking, Stone-craft, Trading, Tunnelling

Backgrounds

1 - Teller of Tales

Always one to relate tales of the mighty at the hearth, or to raise spirits at the coalface, you prosper by the quickness of your wits and the keenness of your tongue. You know that a well-turned phrase can be as sharp as a mattock's edge or as useful as a cunningly wrought keystone. More taciturn than the tellers of ribald stories known to other folk beyond the Dwarf-halls, you can be wry and witty nonetheless.

Basic Attributes: Body 6, Heart 2, Wits 6
Favoured Skill: Riddle
Distinctive Features:
(choose two Traits from those listed)
Bold, Cunning, Energetic, Lordly, Proud, Vengeful, Wilful, Wrathful

2- Master Craftsman

The arms and armour of your people are legendary and you have long toiled at your forge. Whenever you could, however, you took to the road to see that your forge-craft is tested in battle and to teach younger Dwarves the great art of your people. You know that one day you will rest in the halls of your ancestors, but your craft and the craft of your kinsmen will live on forever.

Basic Attributes: Body 7, Heart 2, Wits 5
Favoured Skill: Travel
Distinctive Features:
(choose two Traits from those listed)
Cautious, Hardy, Honourable, Robust, Secretive, Steadfast, Wary, Wilful

3 - Veteran of the Battle of Five Armies

You recall when the raven arrived and summoned you on the long march to Erebor. You fought bravely beside your kin and after the battle was over, glory and honour were heaped upon the Dwarves of the Iron Hills. But you remain a soldier and now that the Lonely Mountain has been restored, you know your place is in the Wild, keeping the shadow at bay.

Basic Attributes: Body 7, Heart 3, Wits 4
Favoured Skill: Inspire
Distinctive Features:
(choose two Traits from those listed)
Determined, Eager, Energetic, Fierce, Gruff, Hardened, Wilful, Wrathful

4 - Emissary of King Dáin

Now that there is once more a King under the Mountain, there are many who wish to hear his voice and know his will. Since the death of Thorin, you have acted as a messenger for King Dáin, travelling across Wilderland to assure that the will of your lord and the safety of Erebor are maintained. Many who have met you are surprised to find you eloquent, for a Dwarf. Yet you know there comes a time when axes must do where words have failed.

Basic Attributes: Body 5, Heart 4, Wits 5
Favoured Skill: Persuade
Distinctive Features:
(choose two Traits from those listed)
Cautious, Cunning, Honourable, Proud, Secretive, Steadfast, Stern, Wilful

5 - Veteran Miner

You spent the earlier part of your life deep underground, in the seemingly endless mine tunnels that lie beneath the Iron Hills. Hard work and harder conditions have made you strong of arm and relentless of purpose, and no amount of toil can dint your spirits. During what now seems a whole lifetime, you have witnessed both the triumph of skill and determination, as well as the folly of delving too deep, too fast.

Basic Attributes: Body 6, Heart 3, Wits 5
Favoured Skill: Athletics
Distinctive Features:
(choose two Traits from those listed)
Determined, Fierce, Gruff, Hardy, Lordly, Suspicious, Wary, Wilful.

6 - Merchant Adventurer

In your wandering far from home you have brought what your folk have to offer to where it can be traded for the goods your people need. Wise in the ways of the world beyond the mine and the forge, you have come to favour a life beneath the sky and the open road. Wilderland is full of opportunities for those willing to strike a bargain, sign a contract and embark on a task others may regard as too perilous.

Basic Attributes: Body 6, Heart 4, Wits 4
Favoured Skill: Courtesy
Distinctive Features:
(choose two Traits from those listed)
Bold, Eager, Hardened, Robust, Stern, Suspicious, Vengeful, Wilful

Names, Adventuring Age, Endurance and Hope

Close kin of the Dwarves of the Lonely Mountain, the Dwarves of the Iron Hills also share their names, adventuring expectations and starting capabilities.

See *The One Ring Roleplaying Game*, page 51 for more on Dwarf naming conventions and Adventuring age, and page 76 to calculate their starting resources.

Cultural Virtues - Dwarves of the Iron Hills

Dwarves of the Iron Hills may pick the new Virtue described below, as well as the following ones listed on pages 107-108 of *The One Ring Roleplaying Game: Broken Spells, Durin's Way, Old Hatred, The Stiff Neck of Dwarves*. (The *Sworn Allegiance* Virtue replaces the *Ravens of the Mountain* Virtue.)

Sworn Allegiance

"We are hastening to our kinsmen in the Mountain, since we learn that the kingdom of old is renewed."

Your do not give your trust to others easily, but when it happens, the bond that is formed is so strong that you treat your friends as kinsmen. If your Fellowship focus didn't become Wounded, Poisoned or Miserable, or wasn't otherwise seriously harmed, at the end of a session you recover 2 points of Hope instead of 1 (see page 132 to 134 of *The One Ring Roleplaying Game*). Additionally, if your Fellowship focus is a fellow Dwarf, raise the company's Fellowship rating by 1 point.

Cultural Rewards - Dwarves of the Iron Hills

Dwarves of the Iron Hills may pick the new Cultural Reward described below, as well as the following ones listed on pages 117 of *The One Ring Roleplaying Game: Axe of Azanulbizar, Helm of Awe*. (The *Ironfoot Hauberk* Reward replaces the *Dwarf-wrought Hauberk* Cultural Reward.)

Ironfoot Hauberk (mail armour)

The ancient weaponsmiths of your folk possessed the secret of forging a hauberk of steel mail, made of a fine and flexible mesh that is especially comfortable and lightweight (for a suit of metal armour).

When you are on a journey wearing an Ironfoot Hauberk, you roll one additional Success die (to a maximum of six Success dice) whenever you are required to make a **Travel** test. Additionally, you may spend a point of Hope to change an result you get on a Travel roll into a instead.

- Dwarves of the Grey Mountains -

But there were dragons in the wastes beyond; and after many years they became strong again and multiplied, and they made war on the Dwarves, and plundered their works.

Long ago, when Durin's folk fled from Moria, many went north into the Grey Mountains. There they found great riches and new wealth, and for a time the Dwarves prospered in their mountain holds. But soon Dragons came from the Withered Heath and, with the death of King Dáin I, the Dwarves were forced to abandon their domains.

Today there is no Dwarven kingdom remaining in the Grey Mountains, only cold caverns and ruined halls. Those descendants of Dáin I who didn't go east to the Iron Hills or back to Erebor scratch out a living as wandering craftsmen and traders in Wilderland. With no forge of their own, they take work where they can find it, but always look north to the lost realm of their ancestors. There lie the graves of their forefathers and every Dwarf who takes to the road longs for the day when they can return home and restore glory to the halls of their fathers.

Now that Smaug is dead, the Dwarves of the Grey Mountains look to their kinsmen under the Mountain and the Iron Hills with renewed hope. For they recognise that before them lies a land where the veil of shadow has started to lift, and many believe this to be the turning of the tide. They are no longer satisfied to cower in the cracks of the earth. Now they take to the road with a purpose: they seek to restore their place in the world and glory to their lost kingdom.

Description

The lean and travel-worn Dwarves of the Grey Mountains have a dour look about them and suspicion ever in their eyes, but when approached prove to be the most gracious of all those belonging to Durin's Folk, a politeness that is probably due to their knowledge of the ways of many lands. Often bent over with toil, they sometimes seem slightly shorter than their kin – though when they stand tall their Longbeard ancestry reveals itself, especially in their proud noses and piercing eyes.

Typically, the Dwarves of the Grey Mountains carry the tools of their craft with them at almost all times, ever ready for the next opportunity to ply their trade. When they do go to war, they seem to favour the same instruments they use when working, as they wield mattocks and stout axes of blackened iron.

Standard of Living

Living a life of constant travel and trade has not allowed for the Dwarves of the Grey Mountains to accumulate great hoards of wealth. As such they are considered to have a *Frugal* standard of living.

Dwarven Adventurers

With a great number of Goblins and Orcs slain in the Battle of Five Armies, many Dwarves of the Grey Mountains now take to the road with more in mind than simply earning their living working as wandering blacksmiths or miners. Indeed, they see themselves as the first in a line of adventurers who will dare to reclaim their ancestral holds in the north.

Suggested Callings: *Slayer, Wanderer.* The Dwarves of the Grey Mountains have lost much, and haven't found a new home to replace the one they lost. So, they look forward to the day they will be able to bring their curses back to those who chased them out of their kingdom. In the meantime, many go up and down the lands, seeing what other folks have accomplished, but never forgetting their stolen heritage.

Unusual Calling: *Warden.* Being a hardy and solitary folk, the Dwarves of the Grey Mountains seldom rise to become great leaders or charismatic rulers. Indeed, there has been no lord among them since Dáin I fell in battle almost four hundred years ago.

What Balin Son of Fundin Says...

- **Bardings:** "The Men of Dale are Dwarf-friends, hearty and true to their word. Their line endured under the shadow of the Dragon for many lives of Men, and we profited much from their friendship."

- **Dwarves of the Grey Mountains:** "I am a Dwarf of the Grey Mountains by lineage myself and I tell you that you are not exiles, as your birthright is your blood. And your blood will never forget that you once claimed the Grey Mountains as your domain, as we once ruled the Misty Mountains from the Dwarrowdelf, the great city that is now called the Black Pit."

- **Dwarves of the Iron Hills:** "All Dwarves owe an inextinguishable debt to the Dwarves of the Iron Hills. For they toiled under the earth as we all wandered the land, wronged by our friends and dispossessed by our enemies. They put the iron in our steel, making sure that the Axes of the Dwarves do not lose their edge."

- **Dwarves of the Lonely Mountain:** "In Erebor we achieved what was considered impossible. Today, we reap the bountiful fruits of a new Golden Age. But the shadows cast by the brightest light are deepest, and we must beware."

- **Elves of Mirkwood:** "I cannot forget the small stone room where I was imprisoned under the Halls of the Elvenking, a most uncomfortable lodging. Yet, the Elves of Mirkwood have done much to improve my opinion of them, and I am inclined to think that they might prove useful should you endeavour to reclaim your lost mansions."

- **Beornings and Woodmen of Wilderland:** "As is the case with all their kindred, among the Men of the vales of Anduin are individuals of noble spirit, mingled with thieves and liars. For all Men desire gold, and the power that treasure brings."

Cultural Blessing

Dwarves of the Grey Mountains share the *Redoubtable* Cultural Blessing with their cousins from Erebor (see *The One Ring Roleplaying Game*, page 48).

Starting Skill Scores

Common Skills

Copy the following skill ranks onto the character sheet and underline the favoured skill:

Awe	0	Inspire	1	Persuade	2
Athletics	0	Travel	3	Stealth	1
Awareness	0	Insight	0	Search	1
Explore	2	Healing	1	Hunting	1
Song	1	Courtesy	2	Riddle	1
Craft	3	Battle	0	Lore	1

Weapon Skills

Choose one of the following two Weapon skill sets, and record it on the character sheet:

1) (Axes) 2, Short Sword 1, Dagger 1
2) Mattock 2, Short Sword 1, Dagger 1

Specialities

Choose two Traits from:

Fire-making, Mountaineer, Smith-craft, Stone-craft, Trading, Tunnelling

Backgrounds

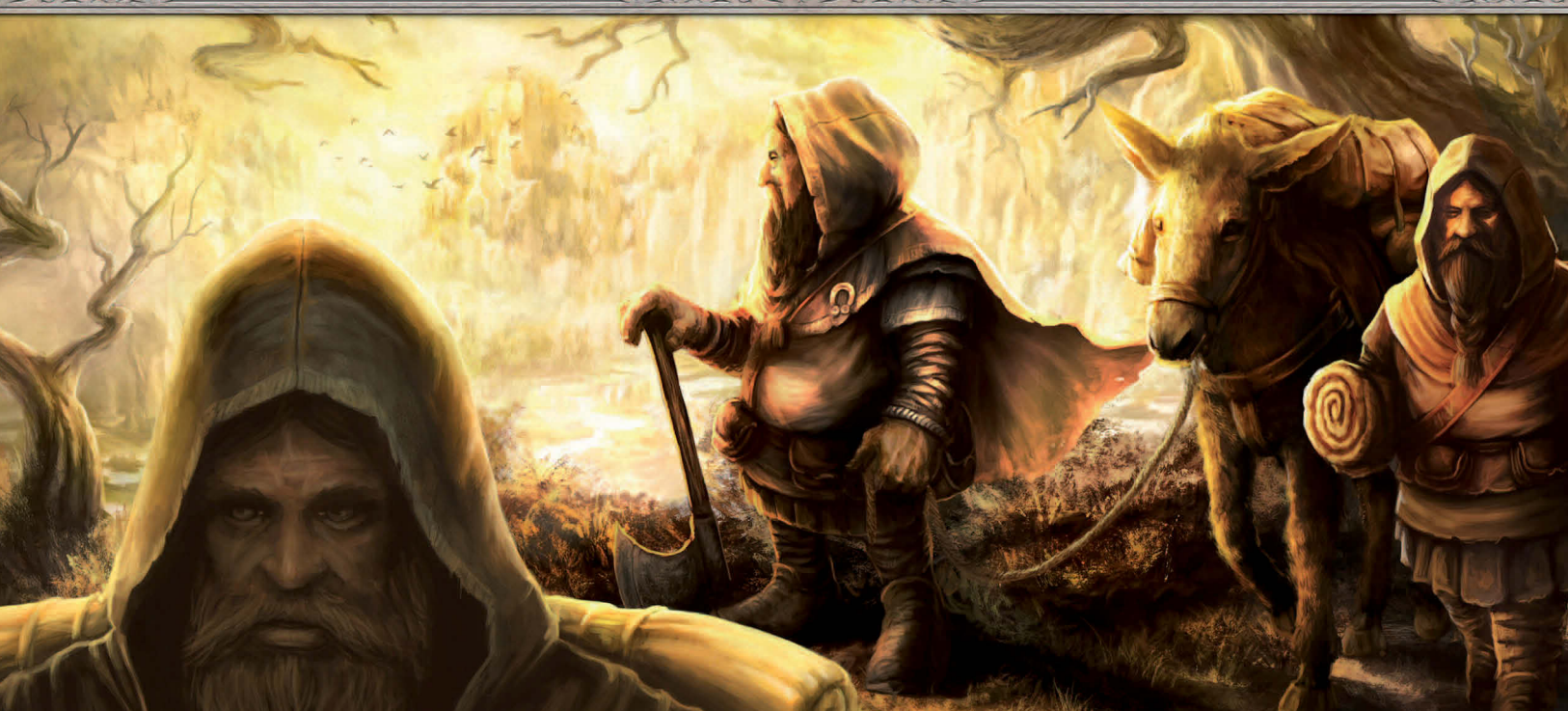
1 - Survivor of the Darkness

You spent many long years hiding in the caves of the Grey Mountains, skulking and sneaking. The Goblin armies and Orc hordes were too numerous for even your brave kin to challenge in open battle. Instead, you dwelt secretly beside them in darkness. In the aftermath of the Battle of Five Armies, you have stepped out of the shadows and returned to the world.

Basic Attributes: Body 6, Heart 2, Wits 6
Favoured Skill: Stealth
Distinctive Features:
(choose two Traits from those listed)
Cautious, Cunning, Hardy, Secretive, Stern, Vengeful, Wary, Wilful

2 - Kin-less

They came in the night, an ambush. The barbed arrows of the Goblins bit deep, and you still bear those scars to this day. You fled, to your continued shame, and hid in the secret caves of your folk. You waited for days until you were well enough to begin a search. You did not have to look long, at the foot of the Grey Mountains, you found the corpses of your kin on gruesome display. But one Dwarf yet still draws breath, and they will be avenged.



Basic Attributes: Body 7, Heart 2, Wits 5
Favoured Skill: Awe
Distinctive Features:
(choose two Traits from those listed)
Cautious, Energetic, Fierce, Hardened, Honourable, Proud, Steadfast, Wilful

3 - Grizzled Soldier

Many times you have heard tell the tales of how your ancestors lost their mansions in their wars against the Worms of the North and how their struggle was hopeless. You do not doubt that the might of a Cold Drake is beyond your strength, but you know that the challenge is certainly something you would not shy away from. Your words bolster the spirit of the youngest among your folk, and prepare them for the tests the darkening of the Age is bringing upon you.

Basic Attributes: Body 7, Heart 3, Wits 4
Favoured Skill: Inspire
Distinctive Features:
(choose two Traits from those listed)
Bold, Determined, Eager, Gruff, Lordly, Robust, Wilful, Wrathful

4 - Wandering Merchant

Long have the crafts of your kin remained hidden and unknown to the Free People of Wilderland. Now the roads are beginning to reopen and songs are being sung again of the great market of Dale. You followed in the footsteps of your forefathers, hoping to see your creations sold in the markets across Wilderland.

Basic Attributes: Body 5, Heart 4, Wits 5
Favoured Skill: Persuade
Distinctive Features:
(choose two Traits from those listed)
Determined, Eager, Energetic, Honourable, Proud, Steadfast, Wary, Wilful

5 - Lessons from the Past

It is not out of simple respect that the Dwarves honour their ancestors. The devotion your people pay to those who came before you recognises that every Dwarf is but a cog in a complex machine that has allowed you to prosper through countless centuries. Knowledge of that is vital for the prosperity of your folk, something the Dwarves of the Grey Mountains possibly forgot at the height of their power. Ignorance of the lore of the Dwarves is a sin you won't commit.

Basic Attributes: Body 6, Heart 3, Wits 5
Favoured Skill: Lore
Distinctive Features:
(choose two Traits from those listed)
Cunning, Gruff, Hardy, Robust, Secretive, Stern, Suspicious, Wilful

6 - Sleeping with one Eye Open

Wilderland is dangerous, and filled with enemies. Smaug may be dead, but other greedy monsters lurk in the shadow of Mirkwood and beyond the mountain ranges of the North. The Dwarves have already suffered the consequences of ignoring that the Folk of Durin have few friends, if any at all. When the time comes and you take the road, you will choose a path leading you headfirst into danger. For it is good to know precisely where your foes lie.

Basic Attributes: Body 6, Heart 4, Wits 4
Favoured Skill: Awareness
Distinctive Features:
(choose two Traits from those listed)
Bold, Fierce, Hardened, Lordly, Suspicious, Vengeful, Wilful, Wrathful

Names, Adventuring Age, Endurance and Hope

Close kin of the Dwarves of the Lonely Mountain, the Dwarves of the Grey Mountains also share their names, adventuring expectations and starting capabilities.

See *The One Ring Roleplaying Game*, page 51 for more on Dwarf naming conventions and Adventuring age, and page 76 to calculate their starting resources.

Cultural Virtues - Dwarves of the Grey Mountains

Dwarves of the Grey Mountains may pick the new Virtue described below, as well as the following ones listed on pages 107-108 of *The One Ring Roleplaying Game*: *Broken Spells, Durin's Way, Old Hatred, The Stiff Neck of Dwarves*. (The *Dark for Dark Business* Virtue replaces the *Ravens of the Mountain* Virtue.)

Dark for Dark Business

'We like the dark,' said the dwarves. 'Dark for dark business! There are many hours before dawn.'

You often have been forced to find sanctuary in cold and lightless caves, to hide from your enemies. In time, your senses have become keen and you are comfortable in even the deepest darkness.

If you are making a roll using **Awareness** while in the dark (at night, underground, or in deep forest), you roll the Feat die twice and keep the best result.

Cultural Rewards - Dwarves of the Grey Mountains

Dwarves of the Grey Mountains may pick the new Cultural Reward described below, as well as the following ones listed on pages 117 of *The One Ring Roleplaying Game*: *Dwarf-wrought Hauberk, Helm of Awe*. (The *Worm Axe* Reward replaces the *Axe of Azanulbizar* Cultural Reward.)

Worm Axe (great axe)

A Worm Axe is a double-headed weapon used by the Dwarves in their wars against the Dragons. Its hooked end is held capable of biting into the armoured skin of a Great Worm.

When you are attacking a foe with a scaled skin (a Dragon, or a Troll, for example) using a Worm Axe, the roll of a ᚠ loosens a scale exposing a weak spot: during the following round, should you or your companions hit your foe with a Piercing Blow, the creature would roll a maximum of one Success die for Protection.

- Dwarf of the Iron Hills -

Móna, daughter of Ginar

Your father fought before the Gates of Moria at Azanulbizar, but he never spoke of what happened that day – and this intrigued you all the more. You grew up to be a stout warrior, a guard of Dáin's halls, but still you yearned to set your axe against the Orcs in battle. Five years ago a raven arrived at the Iron Hills and granted you your wish. You fought at the Battle of Five Armies in the host of Dáin Ironfoot and slew many Goblins that day, and saw many of your friends die to their curved swords. Finally, you realised why your father never spoke of his past battles. You now know that war is not something to glory in, but a grim necessity. You have taken on that burden so that others might be spared the horrors of war.

the One Ring™

Name: Móna, daughter of Ginar

Culture: Dwarf of the Iron Hills — **Standard of Living:** Martial

Cultural Blessing: Redoubtable (subtract Favoured Heart from starting Fatigue)

Calling: Warden — **Shadow weakness** Lure of Power

Experience
Total

Valour 2

Wisdom 1

- TRAITS -

Specialities: Shadow-lore, Smith-craft, Tunnelling

Distinctive Features: Bold, Hardened

- ATTRIBUTES -

	Favoured	
Body	9	7
Heart	6	3
Wits	5	4

- COMMON SKILLS -

Awe	■■□□□□	Inspire	■□□□□□	Persuade	□□□□□□
Athletics	□□□□□□	Travel	■■■□□□	Stealth	■■■□□□
Awareness	■□□□□□	Insight	■■□□□□	Search	■■■□□□
Explore	□□□□□□	Healing	□□□□□□	Hunting	□□□□□□
Song	□□□□□□	Courtesy	□□□□□□	Riddle	■□□□□□
Craft	■■■□□□	Battle	■■□□□□	Lore	■■□□□□

- SKILL GROUPS -

personality	✧✧✧
movement	✧✧✧
perception	✧✧✧
survival	✧✧✧
custom	✧✧✧
vocation	✧✧✧

- WEAPON SKILLS -

(Axes)	■■□□□□	Spear	■□□□□□	Dagger	■□□□□□
_____	□□□□□□	_____	□□□□□□	_____	□□□□□□

Damage 7 (Ranged)

Parry 4 (Shield)

Armour 5d +4 (Head gear)

- REWARDS -

Ironfoot Hauberk

(On a journey, roll one additional Success die for Travel tests; may also spend point of Hope to turn 👁 into ᚠ)

- VIRTUES -

- GEAR -

weapon	Great axe (2h)	damage 9	edge ᚠ	injury 20	enc 4
weapon	Spear	damage 5	edge 9	injury 14	enc 2
weapon	Dagger	damage 3	edge ᚠ	injury 12	enc 0

armour:	Mail Hauberk	enc 20
headgear:	Helm	enc 6
shield:		enc
horse:		

Endurance
Rating 31
26 Fatigue

Hope
Rating 9
Shadow

Weary ◯
Miserable ◯
Wounded ◯

- Dwarf of the Grey Mountains -

Barin Greycloak

You grew up wandering the Grey Mountain Narrows, ever in the shadow of your ancestral home. Occasionally you mustered up the courage to venture into the mountains themselves, delving in empty caves and holes, trading what you brought down from the mountains with the Men of Lake-town. Now, with Erebor rebuilt, you wonder if somewhere, deep in the mountains, the mansion of your kin might also be regained, and you seek out a company of heroes to aid you in your search.

The One Ring™

Name: Barin Greycloak

Culture: Dwarf of the Grey Mountains

Standard of Living: Frugal

Cultural Blessing: Redoubtable (subtract Favoured Heart from starting Fatigue)

Calling: Wanderer

Shadow weakness Wandering-madness

Experience
Total

Valour 1

Wisdom 2

- TRAITS -

Specialities: Folk-lore, Mountaineer, Trading

Distinctive Features: Determined, Wary

- ATTRIBUTES -

Body 5 (Favoured 7)

Heart 4 (Favoured 5)

Wits 5 (Favoured 8)

- COMMON SKILLS -

Awe		Inspire		Persuade		personality	
Athletics		Travel		Stealth		movement	
Awareness		Insight		Search		perception	
Explore		Healing		Hunting		survival	
Song		Courtesy		Riddle		custom	
Craft		Battle		Lore		vocation	

- SKILL GROUPS -

- WEAPON SKILLS -

(Axes)		Short Sword		Dagger	
_____		_____		_____	

Damage 5 (Ranged)

- REWARDS -

- VIRTUES -

The Stiff Neck of Dwarves

(Add your current Shadow score to all Common skill rolls, except Custom skills)

Parry 5 (Shield)

Armour 3d (Head gear)

- GEAR -

weapon Axe	damage 5	edge P	injury 18	enc 2
weapon Short Sword	damage 5	edge 10	injury 14	enc 1
weapon Dagger	damage 3	edge P	injury 12	enc 0

armour: Mail Shirt — enc 12

headgear: — enc

shield: — enc

horse:

Endurance Rating 32, Fatigue 10

Hope Rating 10, Shadow

Weary

Miserable

Wounded

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